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COVER
L
CONTEST

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Two strange, brilliantly painted mask-like heads outside our editor's office made us wonder whether a band of primitive ritual dancers had moved in.

THEN we heard the story.

The heads were sent by Mr. Jack Fossey, of Innisfail, Qld., where, as part of the recent Innisfail Sugar Festival, a contest was organised for the best carved or decorated coconut.

Our two fine examples of the art were carved by an anonymous northerner.

One is a "He"; the other is a "She." She's called "SU"; he's called "GAR." Together they spell "SUGAR."



"SU" and "GAR"

TO raise money for the new Ingleburn (N.S.W.) High School, a guessing competition was organised with the prize a year's subscription to The Australian Women's Weekly. Mrs. M. Richard, of Ingleburn, wrote and told us about this, and we were pleased to offer the subscription free. Now Mrs. Richard has written to us as follows:

NEXT WEEK

A gallery of cats — beautiful color pictures of Siamese, Persian, and Burmese cats, as well as the Cat Next Door . . . Christmas gifts to make for all the family . . . And how to cook the Christmas ham.

"Thank you very much for the good news that your paper was donating the prize I had offered for my guessing competition. It personally gave me a great thrill, as it allowed all the proceeds of approximately 500 tickets to go to the school and helped the success of my afternoon immeasurably. The name of the lucky winner is Mrs. C. J. Turner, Minto, N.S.W."

★ ★ ★

TIP from toppers . . . Mrs. Elizabeth Eyles, a reader, of Babinda, Qld., has revealed some local "folklore" in a letter to us. In those parts it is believed that the cover of The Australian Women's Weekly which comes out before the Tuesday of the Melbourne Cup holds the tip on the Cup winner.

Could the top hats this year — on our November 2 cover — have suggested Hi Jinx?

£3000 Cover Contest

● This week's cover, with the identifying letter "L", is the twelfth to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

IF you have missed one of the covers, you can obtain a copy of the issue at our offices in capital cities—the addresses are listed at the top of this page.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December

21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a businessgirl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes.

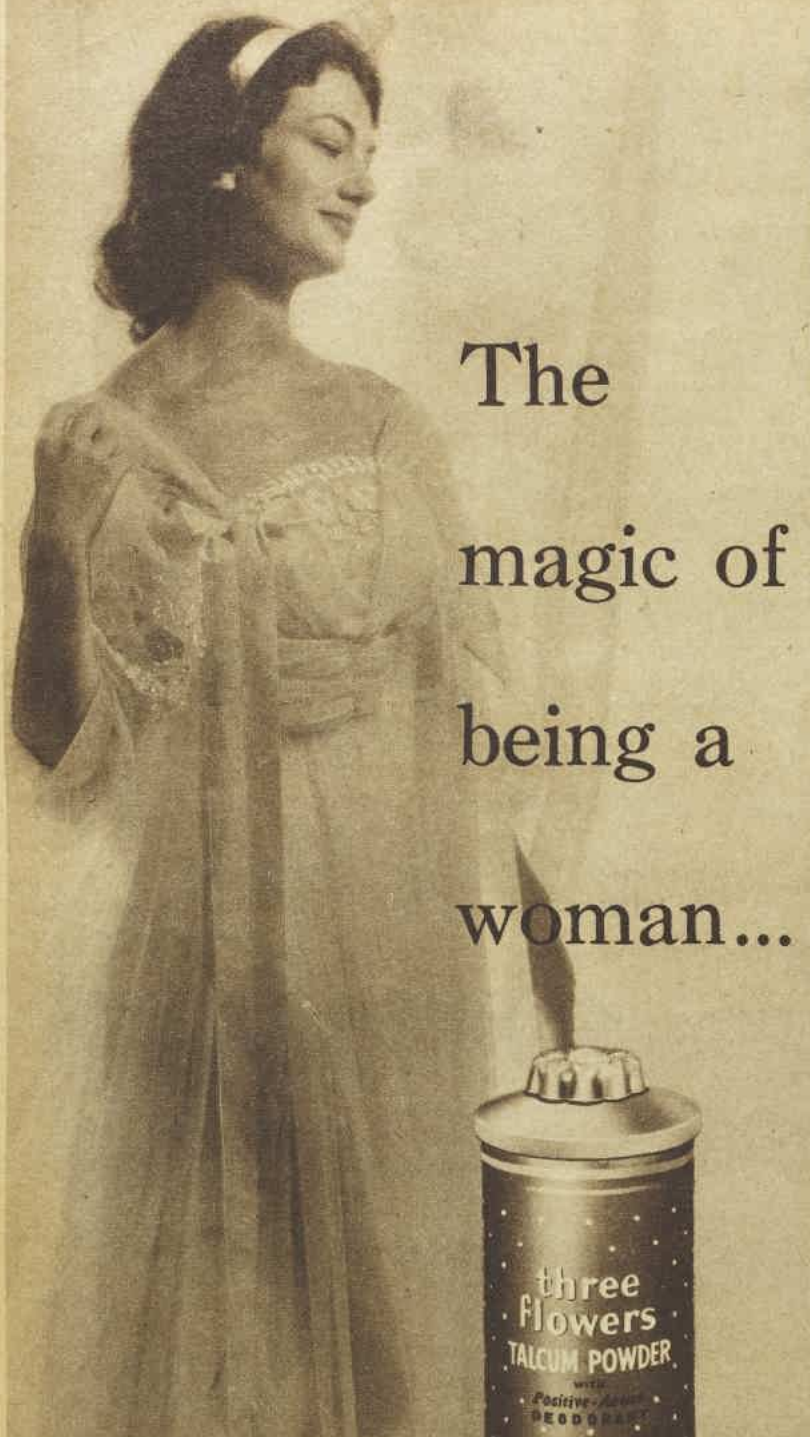
The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided. The additional awards of £10 will be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.

Our cover



● The model on our cover—the twelfth in our £3000 Cover Contest (see details below) — is Phillipa Hall. Her red sombrero is by Eugenia Rochford, and is made of Liachaw straw from Hongkong. Picture by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.



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There is no better talc at any price than super-absorbent, spring-fragrant Three Flowers.

Contains a new deodorising ingredient that neutralises the very source of perspiration odours—

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QUEEN ELIZABETH



PRINCESS MARGARET



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

THREE PROFILES OF ROYALTY...

MOST of the Royal family attended the gala opera performance at Covent Garden, the splendid climax to the State visit of the King and Queen of Nepal.

The Queen, Princess Margaret, and Princess Alexandra all wore full-skirted, embroidered white satin gowns, and, as shown above, made spectacular pictures as they stepped from their cars on arrival.

Onlookers awarded the palm

● For magnificence and dazzle to the Queen, whose dress was embroidered with pearls and diamonds, and who wore pearl-and-diamond tiara, necklace, and ear-

rings, and riband of the High Nepalese Order;

● For prettiness to Margaret, who, too, had pearl-and-diamond embroidery and a pearl-and-diamond tiara;

● For grace and loveliness to Alexandra, whose dress, with true lovers' knots at points ending the skirt embroidery, was mounted on billowing tulle petticoats.

Nepalese Queen Ratna, in a pale blue silk sari, drove to the opera with Prince Philip, who wore black knee-breeches, with the jewelled Order of the Garter buckled under the left knee.

... AND PHILIP IN COURT DRESS



The new First Lady of America

From LARRY FOLEY, in New York

● It will be nearly two months before the new President, John F. Kennedy, and his wife, Jacqueline, take over the White House—but already the dazzlingly pretty “Jackie” is the subject of catty talk.



WHAT makes the young Mrs. Kennedy so controversial?

Just this, apparently: she's too pretty, whimsical and fashion-conscious for the peace of mind of those ladies who, thanks to their husbands' top-level jobs, find themselves in the social limelight.

These dear old souls are usually happier, Washington wits aver, if the First Lady of the land is a bit of a battle-axe. They hate to be put in the shade and made to look—and feel—dowdy.

And Jackie is a gal with a style all her own who has been accustomed—and rich enough—all her life to indulge her every fashion whim and taste.

Informal

The old biddies have a vision of Jackie pitter-patter-ing around the White House in bare feet and pink Toreador pants.

That is how Jackie likes to go about at home in Hyannis Port, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

She is not awed by pomp and circumstance, no stickler for formality, and not the least bit inclined to stand on ceremony.

She is not expected to change her ways too much in the White House—unless perhaps her husband puts his foot down.

But that, too, is unlikely, for the President-elect is also pretty casual, especially in dress. He once addressed the Senate with his shirt-tail hanging out.

Their daughter, Caroline, seems to be an independent little miss, too. When the family on election eve came on to their front lawn to pose for photographers, curly-haired Caroline was much more interested in frisking with her Welsh terrier, Charlie, than in posing.

And when her mother sought to take her hand, Caroline clapped it behind her back.

Mrs. Kennedy is expecting a second child about the end of November.

Their home in Hyannis Port is an eight-roomed weather-board in the plain Cape Cod style, painted white with green shutters.

One side of the house is quite close to the street.

It was a quiet street, with no stickybeaks, until Kennedy emerged as a possible President last summer. Then a

high wooden fence had to be put up to preserve the family's privacy.

Their lawn merges into that of Jack's brother and campaign manager, Robert, whose house is bigger—the Robert Kennedys have seven children.

Then dominating the “Kennedy Compound,” is the big house of the Kennedy boys' parents, multi-millionaire Joseph P. Kennedy and his wife, Rose.

The big house fronts on to the Atlantic Ocean; on the lawn stand three cast-iron pink flamingoes and a tall flagpole flying the Stars and Stripes.

The President-elect chose the “compound” as his election-eve headquarters. It was practically a full gathering of the clan.

There, in the bosom of his family, John sweated out the results.

He was reported to be “jumping with joy” early in the evening. But he was not quick to claim victory, even though many newspapers and radio and TV commentators

“the antithesis of the aggressively communal, public family she married into—a private person who is introspective, passive, at times. She does not like the spotlight.”

All her Kennedy in-laws do—they are performers and platform-speakers and lime-light-lovers. In that clan she is the odd girl out.

A lesser personality might be overwhelmed in such a boisterous, hard-driving, extroverted mob as the Kennedys. But Jackie seems to be able to take care of herself.

At 15, the gawky age for most girls, Jackie was “never gawky or fluttery,” one of her contemporaries said.

As a “sub-deb,” Jackie “had an air of mystery . . . unlike the rest of us, she had great presence and control. She didn't spill out or giggle too much. She has never been a person who easily reveals herself.”

Jackie was born on July 28, 1929, in Southampton, Long Island, the daughter of the late John V. Bouvier III, a rich stockbroker. Her parents

said, “leaned over the asparagus and asked me for a date.”

In June they became engaged. It was a long engagement.

John was a very busy man. On September 13, 1953, they were married in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Newport, Rhode Island, by Archbishop Cushing, of Boston.

Jackie didn't know a thing about politics then and couldn't have cared less. Her bent was artistic, not for the hurly-burly of politics.

Even as late in the day as last spring, in the primary fight in Wisconsin, which began her husband's long climb to the Presidency, Jackie was capable of flabbergasting local ward leaders.

A nice wife is supposed to be a political asset, so a wife is put on view.

Jackie went along—but just for the ride.

She rode through a rally parade, complete with loud-speakers and blaring horns and sirens, between the wives of two local political bosses. She found the whole thing dull and pulled out a book to read—Volume 2 of de Gaulle's memoirs in French.

That sort of thing got her talked about.

Political wives sharpened their claws. They picked on the way she dressed, the way she talked, the books she read, the way she did her hair.

Catty comment

The fashion trade found her “fantastically chic.” But the old ducks in the political barnyard eyed her fashion-model figure and her Parisian and Fifth Avenue styles and condemned her as “too damn snappy.”

Jackie hit back. “I don't see what my hair style has to do with my husband's qualifications to be President,” she said.

There was a catty comment that she spent 20,000 dollars (£A10,000) a year on clothes. Jackie smiled sweetly: “I'd have to wear sable underwear to do that.”

Jackie has thick chestnut hair, big wide-set hazel eyes, extremely photogenic features, and a pleausurably soft, high voice that is at times almost a whisper.

She will, to be sure, make an unusual first lady. There will be many a White House guest, in high society, politics, and diplomacy, who will not know quite what to make of her at first.

So beautiful, but so controversial

had claimed it for him well before midnight.

Kennedy was wise in his caution. Unexpectedly, a tight finish developed by breakfast time next morning.

After lunch, however, John came out to claim his victory.

And, faced finally with the fact that “Jackie” was to be the new hostess in the White House, many a Washington wife began to practise her smile.

Mrs. Kennedy is 31—the youngest First Lady since President Grover Cleveland, at 49, married 21-year-old Frances Folsom in a White House ceremony nearly 80 years ago.

If social prominence, beauty, wit, wealth, a handsome and famous husband, and the blessing of children are what all women crave, then the fates have been more than kind to Jackie, and women everywhere will envy her.

If, on the other hand, all these are too much, if they add up to too big a world, if they make Jackie begin to yearn for a simpler life, she will probably keep such thoughts to herself.

She has been described as

were divorced when she was 10.

Jackie and her younger sister, Lee, went to live in McLean, Virginia, a few years later when their mother married another wealthy stockbroker.

The Bouvier girls got the full eastern socialite training in the “proper” schools.

Jackie studied for two years at Vassar, one year at the Sorbonne, and finished her education at the George Washington University in Washington, D.C. She learned to speak French, Italian, and Spanish.

After graduating in 1951, for a time she worked as a Press photographer for a Washington newspaper. With her background she was well in the social swim in the nation's capital.

In 1951 she was introduced to John Kennedy, then a Congressman and one of the most sought-after bachelors in the country.

They met at the home of wealthy Washington friends, Charles and Martha Bartlett.

“The Bartletts were trying to matchmake,” recalled Jackie, “and for once such matchmaking worked.”

The young Senator, she

JACQUELINE (“JACKIE”) KENNEDY, America's new First Lady . . . will she wear Toreador pants in the White House?



COLOR portrait by Karsh, of Ottawa, of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, who has been elected President of the United States. John Kennedy is the first Roman Catholic to be elected to the White House.

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Baby Day in Sydney



● Minister of Justice, Mr. Mannix, holds the first-prize winner, Ian Braithwaite. Mrs. Mannix is at left; Mrs. Percy Sara, mother of quads (right).

● A crowd of 5000 went to Sydney Town Hall for National Baby Day.

THEY were mostly mothers and babies, with a sprinkling of fathers and friends, and all had a wonderful time.

The N.S.W. Minister of Justice, Mr. N. J. Mannix, officially opened the day, and presented cheques of £250 each to State winners in the National Baby Contest.

Mr. F. V. Kellow, of H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., co-organisers of the contest, presented cheques of £750, £150, and £100 to the first, second, and third national prizewinners.



● Crawling races attracted many entrants. Here are some of the young starters.



● Twins — Michael and Stephen Newton, 17 months, of Chatswood, Sydney.



● Among those who attended was Jannine Zabynek, aged 12 months, of Darlinghurst. Her mother made her dress.



● Winner of the £10 prize for the best-dressed mother was Mrs. Max Dunlop, of Avalon. With her is her son Timothy, eight months (above).

● Brett Moriarty, of Thornleigh, grew rather tired. His sister, Dimity, is pictured with him (see left).

To Glad— with love



AT BEECROFT, N.S.W., Mr. Alan Whatmore and his aunt, Miss Nina Jackson, 86, work on the site of his tribute to "Our Glad." Below: Mr. Whatmore holds one of two plaques he is setting into the rock to commemorate the famous singer.

Fan creates bushland tribute to famous singer

● A seat on "a sunlit mountainside" is Mr. Alan Whatmore's idea of a fitting tribute to singer Gladys Moncrieff, Australia's beloved "Maid of the Mountains."

TO realise this idea, he persuaded the local council to install a seat on an outcrop of rock in the natural bush reserve which adjoins his property at Beecroft, N.S.W.

At his own expense, Mr. Whatmore cleared and cleaned the site, and had two engraved brass plaques made to be set into the rock.

He has also planted ferns, shrubs, and flowers round the seat. Every morning he waters them so they will look their best when Miss Moncrieff unveils the plaques on December 3.

One plaque is a map of Australia engraved with Gladys' name, the other a swallow in flight, engraved: "On Wings of Song."

Mr. Whatmore has been an ardent fan of "Our Glad" for more than 30 years, has all her records, has seen all the musical comedies in which she



Gladys Moncrieff

has played, and has photographed photographs of her.

At the unveiling, Mr. Whatmore's aunt, Miss Nina Jackson, aged 86, will present Miss Moncrieff with flowers.

"I took my aunt to see Miss Moncrieff in 'Beloved Vagabond' 25 years ago," said Mr. Whatmore. "Then we saw her 12 years ago in 'The Merry Widow.' Nobody could sing 'Vilia' like her. Last year we

saw her again in 'Many Happy Returns'.

"I've got all Gladys' records. Many of them are more than 30 years old, and she gave me a long-playing record of all her best-known numbers."

Every year, on Miss Moncrieff's birthday, Mr. Whatmore, a brewery foreman, sends her a present of two dozen bottles of pilsener.

Mr. Whatmore's wife, Myrene, shares his admiration for Gladys Moncrieff and will provide the food and drinks on the day of the unveiling.

Desmond Shaw and other old friends of Miss Moncrieff will turn up for a nostalgic little get-together.

Mr. Whatmore's 15-year-old daughter, Florence, is only mildly interested in the proceedings.

"I'm afraid today's teenagers just don't appreciate a voice as glorious as Gladys'," sighed Mr. Whatmore, getting down on his hands and knees to drill holes in the rock for the plaques.



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WATCHDOG FOR HOUSEWIVES

Association's reports aim to show how you'll get best value for your money

● When Mrs. Ivy Sheahan, of Coogee, N.S.W., spent £1/18/9 on 14 different brands of aspirin tablets, the pharmacy assistant never said a word. She was just another customer—and the customer is always right.

By WINIFRED MUNDAY,
staff reporter



MRS. IVY SHEAHAN, housewife and honorary secretary for the Australasian Consumers' Association, at her home at Coogee, Sydney, with her pet budgie. She often works until after midnight on A.C.A. correspondence.

LEFT: The new offices of A.C.A.

THE chemist would doubtless have been surprised to know that the 500-odd aspirins nestling in this housewife's shopping basket would soon find their way into a laboratory—to be crushed, analysed, and the analyst's findings tabulated into a comprehensive report.

For Mrs. Sheahan was making the purchase on behalf of the Australian Consumers' Association, a non-profit-making body intent on ensuring that Australian consumers get value and quality when spending their money on anything from safety-pins to motor-cars.

That was just over a year ago, when A.C.A. started with about 70 members. Now the association has more than 6000, and new members are rolling in at the rate of 200 to 300 a week.

When I called on Mrs. Sheahan at her Coogee flat she was putting the latest copies of "Choice," the association's magazine, into envelopes to send off.

"So far, everyone has worked for the association on a voluntary basis," she said. "We sometimes work on correspondence until 1 or 2 in

the morning, but that should soon be over, thank goodness."

For the association has now reached the stage of being able to appoint a full-time manager—Mr. David Moore, an English ex-army major—and to transfer to permanent premises in Randle Street, near Sydney's Central Railway Station.

Later it hopes to set up its own laboratories for testing.

Meanwhile, the honorary work will go on, headed by the association's chairman, Professor Roland Thorp, Pro-

fessor of Pharmacology at Sydney University, and the secretary, Mrs. Sheahan.

For months, scientists, engineers, and doctors have been giving their spare time to testing and experimenting for A.C.A., and they're willing to go on with their free services.

I talked to Professor Thorp about the cost of such tests.

"If the aspirin tests, for instance, had been paid for it would have cost at least £180," he said.

"Even small tests cost £200 or more, and in England the Consumers' Association reckon to spend between £500 and £1000 on each one they do."

"We started with aspirins because they were the cheapest thing we could do with the money we had, but during the past year we have been getting more ambitious."

"Our last issue of 'Choice' included tests on frypans, vacuum flasks, and sunglasses. Our next will deal with steam-irons, drip-dry curtain fabrics, travel-sickness pills, and household adhesives."

"The more members we get," he said, "the more we can do with testing."

"Children's shoes are on our list for testing soon."

"We are having a cigarette-smoking machine assembled, on the lines of the one used by the Consumers' Union of America, and in forthcoming issues we'll publish our findings on various brands of cigarettes."

Membership of the associa-

tion costs £1 a year, and members receive "Choice" four times a year. Soon, as membership rises, the magazine will be sent out six times a year.

There are now A.C.A. branches in South Australia, Victoria, and Western Australia.

In fact, it was a Western Australian, the Hon. Mrs. Ruby Hutchison, M.L.C., who founded the Australasian Consumers' Association.

During her travels abroad Mrs. Hutchison had studied the workings of the British

Consumers' Association, which from similar small beginnings now has a membership of about 180,000, and the American Consumers' Union, which has its own elaborate laboratories and 150 paid employees.

A.C.A. has an arrangement with the British and American organisations to publish in its magazine their findings on commodities with world-wide distribution—like watches, petrol, automobiles, cigarettes.

How does a typical A.C.A. test operate?

In the first place, every item tested is bought over the counter, anonymously, just as you or I might buy it.

Reputable manufacturers

have offered generous financial help or the provision of samples for testing.

They have all been turned down.

"We must keep the confidence of our members that we have no vested interest in any firm, and that we are wholly independent," said Prof. Thorp.

The samples of each brand of the commodity are then given a rigorous laboratory test, followed, where necessary, by practical user tests in a member's home.

The professor explained: "Many of our testers are top in their particular fields, and include university professors and lecturers, physicists, other scientists in all States, and medical men, but I do want to stress that all these people do the tests in their own time and with their own laboratory facilities."

After the tests are completed, comprehensive reports are prepared giving full details of every experiment. They are summarised into language which the layman can understand and published in the A.C.A.'s magazine.

The new manager, Mr. David Moore, said: "When we are able to extend our ser-

vices we will make available copies of the full findings to anyone who wants them—to the man with a technical turn of mind, or even to manufacturers—at a nominal fee."

What happens to the items after they have been tested?

Some, as in the case of the aspirins or the vacuum flasks recently tested, are broken up or destroyed in the process of testing.

Perishable foods will be distributed to charities or 'old people's homes.

or she travels to school, and by what method.

"When we have selected the children, their parents will be asked to buy them shoes in the usual way and send us the bill. The parents will send us periodic reports on how the shoes are wearing, and may eventually send the worn-out shoes to us for laboratory tests."

"The scheme will take much working out, and cost a considerable amount of money. But the results could be invaluable to mothers with small children."

When the A.C.A. gets its own laboratory it will employ two full-time technicians who will carry out simple tests like weighing, measuring, and other processes not requiring elaborate equipment.

But where specialist testing is required, consultant scientists, with their own laboratories, will be asked to carry out tests with the assistance of the A.C.A.'s own technicians.

"If we can reach our target of 50,000 members," said Prof. Thorp, "there is so much we could do, testing items like refrigerators, television sets, even motor-cars, as the Americans do."

The A.C.A. magazine carries no advertising, nor does the association allow any manufacturer whose product they have found to be excellent to use their name in any advertising.

On shoes, fabrics, irons...

● Australasian Consumers' Association is one of the founder members of the International Office of Consumer Unions, inaugurated last April at The Hague, in Holland.

There are some 22 consumer unions throughout the world, representing more than a million members and hundreds of millions of purchasing potential.

However, only five are wholly independent—those of Britain, the U.S.A., Australia, Holland, and Belgium.

The other associations accept financial help, either by government sponsorship or through manufacturing organisations.



TEST on vacuum flasks with a machine that takes the temperature inside every minute, saving thousands of man-hours in thermometer readings. RIGHT: Domestic adhesives test—on a broken doll.



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odour so pleasantly

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**Roll-on soothing ARRID
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Gentle ARRID Roll-on Lotion
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Rolls protection into all the
pores. Rolls away perspira-
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6/11 in the unbreakable blue
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**Be sure of your freshness ... be sure of yourself
... with gentle ARRID protection.**

CM 174

GRANDPA (MOSES) BYRNE

● Sam Byrne, retired miner, studied the
abstract pictures at an art exhibition in Broken
Hill, N.S.W. "Reckon I could paint pictures like
that," he observed to friends standing round.

"**H**AVE a go then, Sam," they
urged.

So Sam bought a few tubes of chil-
dren's watercolor paints, paper, and
brush, and set about painting scenes round
Broken Hill that he has known all his life.

Now, six years later, 77-year-old Sam
has had his first Sydney art exhibition
at the Rudy Komon Galleries—and critics
are calling him Grandpa Sam, likening
his talents to those of the famous Ameri-
can Grandma Moses.

Leonard French, of the Victorian Art
Gallery in Melbourne, says he is one of
the three outstanding primitive painters
in Australia. Another critic called him
"an Innocent of Art."

But Sam doesn't understand these high-
falutin phrases. He's never had an art
lesson in his life, doesn't even own a
textbook on painters or painting.

"All I know is that I paint what I
see," he says.

His brightly hued landscapes of the
Silver City and the Barrier Ranges have a
childlike simplicity which everyone can
understand.

Sam doesn't even look like an artist.
He is upright, slim, wears a neat pin-
striped navy suit, a subdued tie. And
his old hands, which have driven trucks
deep underground in the mineral mines,
are gnarled and work-worn.

In the Gallery, as art connoisseurs
studied the details of his painstaking
brush, he held a glass of white wine.

"Don't usually drink this stuff," he said.
"Beer's my drink back in Broken Hill.
Wine's all right, though; very nice."

Mr. Byrne is the only member of his
family with any talent for painting, though
most of the family is musical. He and his
brother, Syd, sing, and love to entertain
the family with their harmonising. His
son Len, who lives at Northbridge, Syd-
ney, plays the saxophone.

Four sons

Two of Sam's sons are schoolteachers
in Sydney, where another is an account-
ant. A fourth son died recently, and
Sam's wife stayed at home at Broken
Hill instead of coming to Sydney for
Sam's art exhibition to help her son's
widow look after the children.

Sam and his wife have seven grand-
children.

Sam kept his thoughts to himself, but
he often suspected he had artistic talent.

"I was good at sketching at school,"
he said, "but I never had time for lessons.
You can't be bothered with things like
that when you work in the mines for a
living, but when I retired I wanted some-
thing to take the place of my job."

He is still bewildered and overwhelmed
at the interest his work has aroused.

"My wife has encouraged me," he says,
"and she makes sure I have my meals on
time. I wouldn't eat when I'm painting if
she didn't remind me."

"Of course, I never expected anything



● Grandpa artist Sam Byrne.

like this. I entered one of my pictures
in an exhibition at Broken Hill just for
a joke. One of the local art teachers,
May Harding, gave me great encourage-
ment and persuaded me to enter other
exhibitions."

By WINIFRED MUNDAY,
staff reporter

From third and second prizes in local
exhibitions, Sam soon graduated to a
first prize in the oil and watercolor section
of a competition in Melbourne.

"June Bronhill's family were neighbors
of ours at Broken Hill," he said, "and I
was very glad when she became so famous
through her singing. But I never thought
my painting would make me famous.
Painters usually have to wait for fame
until they're dead!"

"I didn't take up painting with the
idea of making money. But I'm very proud
that the New South Wales Art Gallery has
bought my picture of Mount Robe. And
Sir Edward Warren, who came from
Broken Hill, too, has bought my picture
of the Castle, in the Mount Lofly Ranges."

Sir Edward Warren, Chairman of the
Colliery Proprietors' Association, who
opened the Sydney exhibition, began his
career in Broken Hill, like Sam, at the
age of 15, but as an office boy.

Many of Sam's pictures are not for
sale.

"They may be worth a lot some day,"
he said, "and they'll be my legacy to
my three sons, my sons' wives, and my
seven grandchildren."

● "Silver City" is the title Sam Byrne gives to this scene (right) of his hometown, Broken Hill, where he was a miner for 50 years.



● "Menindie Bridge" (below) is typical of the child-like simplicity of Sam Byrne's work. "I paint exactly what I see," he says.





Specially tinted to show you where you're tanning, Napro Golden Tan gives you the truly even tan that looks straight off the beach! No streaks, no missed patches because you can actually see Napro Golden Tan as you apply!

saves stocking bills all summer through!

Six pairs of stockings in one bottle of Napro Golden Tan. Gives legs a natural Golden Tan that won't rub off—no stocking bills, no ladder bothers!



It seems to me

THIS European friend of mine is usually bright and cheerful.

So last Saturday, when she complained that life's struggle was too much, I listened with real sympathy.

After working in town all the week, she said, there was the weekend's work in the flat.

There was the shopping and the washing, the shirts to be ironed, the floors needed doing, and the last straw was the vanishing blonde.

Really? I asked, my sympathy turning to alert interest. Usually life in Kings Cross is so disappointingly staid.

The trouble was, said my European friend, that the window was high and she couldn't reach the top of the vanishing blonde.

I might still have been puzzled but for the fact that only the day before I had bought a venetian blind of my own.

AT present the new blind dominates my life.

Visitors find me inattentive. There they sit, prattling about the Crimes Act, the American elections, their new dresses, or next week's winners, and my eye wanders past them through the door to the verandah room.

"Yes, indeed," I say, mentally planning which object I can next paint, wash, or have dry-cleaned to match the shining reproach of the blind.

"Oh, but you'll have to dust it," say the visitors when they eventually realise where my thoughts are.

Then I produce the new feather duster to be admired. "Real ostrich feathers, lady," said the boy in the hardware shop. So they should be, for the price.

Never mind. When the novelty wears off I can dye the feathers pink and sell them to a thrifty stripteaser.

THE day before the blind came home I had tossed out the philodendron and the ivy.

Both of them bore that starved, sickly look which potplants inevitably acquire under my care.

Besides, one economical way to redecorate is to throw something out. It is nearly as good as buying something new.

However, I can feel a fresh indoor-plant attack coming on.

Vanishing blondes and monsteras go together like fish and chips.

WHILE we're in this domestic mood, here's an original household hint.

Suppose you have some parchment wall lampshades with white wool fringe which over the years has turned a sooty-grey.

You consider new shades, but want the money for some useful purpose like the next meeting at Randwick.

Take a pair of scissors and shear the wool till you come down to the original white.

It works.

By



Dorothy Drann

AH, Paris! A columnist reports that the French have passed a new motoring law which forbids passengers to kiss the driver.

Formerly, states the columnist, this action was not deemed illegal, merely imprudent.

Often, standing in a bus, I read over and over those words: "Do not speak to the driver whilst bus is in motion."

I spend a lot of time brooding on why the Transport Department prefers "whilst" to

"while." Possibly they think its hissing sound is more emphatic.

Now it will be a change to consider alterations in wording such as, "Do not kiss the driver whilst bus is in motion." Or, Australia being a more prudish country than France, perhaps the notice would state, "Please do not embrace the driver."

A NOTE this week from Mrs. Robin Schuller, who spent a brief holiday in Melbourne before returning to her adopted country, America.

"Australia seems to be emulating America's old policy of having huge supermarkets miles apart," she writes.

"The present aim in the States is to have more small drive-ins, bring shops nearer to home. These usually consist of six to ten shops selling mainly foodstuffs. There is a rest-room attached.

"There is no ramp or elevator parking, as motorists became impatient at delays caused by these."

We may yet live to see a really novel method of shopping like ringing up the grocer and asking him to send the goods home.

THE B.B.C., after seven sessions, has dropped women as readers of the news on television. A B.B.C. spokesman said both men and women viewers complained. Main reason seemed to be that viewers did not believe news when read by women. Some said that it did not seem natural for women to talk about politics and disasters.

"Here is the news." Oh, look, she's changed her hair!

I like it better dark, don't you, than fair?

"... said the new President"—What President? Dear me,

Those eyelashes are false. Don't you agree?

"... disaster. Rescue teams..." Doesn't she twitch about?

"... Will meet for talks." Oh, Henry, sweet, don't shout.

There's nothing interesting. You're right, my dear.

Somehow the girls don't make the news so clear.



Ask for
BRI-NYLON
socks
in any of
these leading
Australian
brands:

Belworth

Betawear

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BRI-NYLON

so dashing – no darning!



Socks (left to right) by FITWEAR, HOLEPROOF, SUTEX, JOHN HOPKINS, STYLRYTE, WORTH'S

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More style for him . . . less work for you! That's what you buy with every pair of **BRI-NYLON** socks. **BRI-NYLON** means smarter looks, miles more wear, no darning, easier washing, quicker drying, no shrinking. Think of yourself when buying socks for your menfolk — ask for **BRI-NYLON**, the socks that need no darning! Look for the name **BRI-NYLON** alongside the manufacturer's own brand. It's your extra key to quality!

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry

With a gun in her handbag

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

● Distinguished visitors, including Queen Elizabeth, no doubt remember a tall, dark-haired, handsome woman who greeted them as an official representative of the City of New York.



NEW YORK'S Acting-Commissioner of Public Events, Mrs. Emma Alden Rothblatt, in her office on Madison Avenue, N.Y.

Hands that wash dishes
need **NIVEA**
MOISTURISING care

Modern detergents, soaps, hot water, even the weather, dry out natural skin oils and moisture, leaving hands sore and chapped, robbing them of natural loveliness. Regular use of Nivea overcomes the problem. Nivea, containing Eucerite, the nearest thing to natural skin oils, is moisture absorbent. Nivea penetrates deep into the skin tissue, carrying skin oils and moisture where they do the most good . . . keeping hands soft gentle and lovely-to-touch. For lovely hands always, use Nivea daily.

In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Liquid Nivea in bottles.



SKIN needs NIVEA
the moisturising cream

★ JUST DIP, RINSE, DRY!



Good silver stays good forever with **Goddard's**

Silver Dip

Takes only seconds to banish stubborn stains and tarnish even from between fork prongs and filigree. No rubbing. Silver Dip's instant cleaning action is not abrasive . . . can't harm your silver. Only 7/9.

Another of Goddard's world-famous silver polishes

THE handsome woman was Mrs. Emma Alden Rothblatt, Acting-Commissioner of Public Events, who organises, among other things, those giant ticker-tape receptions.

The city's distinguished visitors would, no doubt, have been taken aback had they realised she was packing a business-like pearl-handled revolver in her smart Parisian handbag when she shook hands with them.

Mrs. Rothblatt won the revolver by graduating top of her class when training as a policewoman.

"Mayor La Guardia himself handed me the revolver at graduation exercises," she says proudly.

"I have had it with me ever since — and, fortunately, I have never had occasion to use it. I hate to shoot, although I won a medal for marksmanship as a policewoman."

Longfellow

The dynamic Mrs. Rothblatt has been working since she was 12, and shows no signs of letting up at 42.

A member of the Alden family of New England, she is a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, immortalised by the poet Longfellow in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

"My father suffered business reverses during the depression and I had to help out," she said.

"I got a job reading to the blind. Then I worked in a departmental store selling fur coats. Later I worked as a

teacher while in university and in law school."

Mrs. Rothblatt is a Bachelor of Arts (cum laude) in social science; a Master of Arts in economics, an LL.B., and a Ph.D. in public administration.

What inspired such an academically minded young woman to join the police force?

"As a qualified high-school teacher I was on the civil service lists," Mrs. Rothblatt said. "I received notice of an upcoming examination for police-women and decided to take it, just to see if I could qualify. My family was opposed to the idea, but I went ahead. To my surprise I passed the test."

Mrs. Rothblatt rose quickly through the ranks to become Acting-Director of Police-women.

"I got into public events as a result of assisting Grover Whalen, the City's famed greeter, in organising several large civic receptions. He induced me to take leave of absence from the Police Department to work full time for the Department of Public Events."

"I'm still on that leave — which is why I am permitted to carry a pistol," she said.

Nowadays, one of her biggest headaches is the search for a substitute for the traditional ticker-tape which used to come from the Stock Exchange and the many brokerage houses in the area.

"But now ticker-tape is made of re-usable plastic," she explained. "We have tried all kinds of other paper, but it does not give the effect that ticker-tape did as it floated down from windows 30 and 40 storeys above the street."

"Distinguished visitors expect to be greeted this way and we must continue the custom. Confetti is out — it gives too much of a carnival effect."

Mrs. Rothblatt is a stickler for detail. She leaves nothing to chance.

Royal visitor

When Princess Beatrix, the 21-year-old heiress presumptive to the Netherlands throne, was expected in New York last September, she assembled representatives of the Armed Forces, the police, and the Department of Marine and Aviation for a rehearsal of the greeting ceremonies at Pier 1, near the Battery.

She gravely timed her steps as she went through the motions of disembarking from a liner that was not yet there, walking at a princess' pace across the pier, shaking imaginary hands, posing for news photographers.

Planning and organisation of a ticker-tape reception usually require two weeks.

But in the case of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip the civic reception was so tremendous that Mrs. Rothblatt went to work on it two months in advance.

She had a problem with Genevieve de Galard-Tarraube, "the angel of Dien-bienphu," the heroine of French fighting in Indo-China.

Because of military regulations, the French nurse could not remove her beret, nor was she permitted to hold it with her hand. She was afraid it would blow off in the breeze in an open car.

Just as it seemed that a closed car would have to be ordered, Mrs. Rothblatt solved the dilemma — she lent the nurse a hatpin to secure her beret, and the parade went on as scheduled.

Mrs. Rothblatt lives with her lawyer husband and their schoolgirl daughter in a flat just off Park Avenue.

"I have no hobbies apart from this job, which I love," she says. "But I would like to do more travelling with my family."

"I have wanted to go to Australia ever since I was a child. My aunt was an actress named Annie Mack, who toured Australia many years ago."

"She gave me a little golden kookaburra bird. I wore it for years and always wondered if I would ever see a real, live kookaburra. I'm still hoping to."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960



MINK RANCHER Mason armed himself with heavy-duty gloves to take a mink from its pen in Central Canada.

Meet a mink—forget the coat

- Mink — chocolate-brown or silver-grey, or white, or pale beige, or blue, or lilac . . . You may take your choice. But meet a mink and the chances are you'll lose your yearning for that mink coat.

MASON'S mink ranch is about 20 miles out of Regina, Saskatchewan, in Canada. It's a small wooden homestead, surrounded by sheds.

Almost like "Eggs for Sale," a faded notice-board near the fence tells you minks are bred there.

Mr. Mason took us to rows of mink houses—wire-netting pens, about 4ft. long, about 3ft. above ground-level.

A mink lived in each one—some 400 in all. They're inquisitive little creatures with puzzled eyes, and noses and whiskers which twitched in disharmony with each other.

All colors, from chocolate-brown to palest silver-grey and white, they all looked sweet and very lovable.

But Mr. Mason didn't put a cuddly bundle of fur into my arms the way the proud owner of new puppies might. Instead he pulled on a heavy-duty pair of leather gloves and plunged his hand into the nearest pen.

The soft bundle of innocence nuzzling the wire turned into a miniature banshee. As Mr. Mason picked it up, it curled into a wire-hard ball, sank its little needle-shaped teeth into his glove, released an unpleasant odor from a special gland beneath its body the way a skunk does.

And it still managed a scream that would have haunted any castle.

I no longer wanted a mink coat.

A mink is one of the world's most vicious animals.

Some of the more highly bred ones are gentler. Mr. Mason explained later as he fondled a pale lilac charmer—but nothing could convince me the lilac mink's bites were only playful ones.

A mink's life is a short one. The natural life span of the crossbred is not much more than 12 months, as they are not strong.

A ranch mink lives only about six months. In May the babies start to arrive in batches of three to five.

Babies are only about 2in. long when born, and sometimes need a great deal of care. Feeding takes place more often than the normal once a day, and if the litter has a poor mother then it has to have individual attention or be destroyed.

Some of the white minks, for example, are deaf and never hear the cries of hunger from their young.

Killing is done painlessly by gas in November. A machine skins each animal in three minutes, separating skin from carcass by vibration.

Then the skins are thrown into a rotating drum filled with ground corn cobs which dry and strip the inside of the skin and leave the fur unharmed.

The minks have a large food storage house. As Mr. Mason pushed the door open, he said kindly, "Don't mind the smell."

As smells go, it was indescribable. That they could possibly eat anything in this shed seemed quite impossible.

It costs about £9 a year to feed a mink on a diet of minced fish, beef, rabbit, and chicken waste. Mr. Mason has a monster grinder which turns out the mince at the rate of 15,000lb. an hour.

Prices for pelts vary considerably. A sapphire mink may only reach £9, but a wild mink, still the best, might bring nearer £30. An average of 71 pelts go into one coat, so it's no wonder they are expensive.

Story and picture by Joan Cobb.

DANDRUFF'S GONE

WITH **CAPSEBON**

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT

IN A
FOAMING
BASE

NO WASTE — CAN'T SPILL
CAPSEBON COMES IN
A SQUEEZE BOTTLE

5 FLUID OUNCES

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**FOR THE
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DANDRUFF**

Contains Cadmium Sulphide 1%
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**10 MINUTES TREATMENT
FOR DANDRUFF**

Capsebon contains Cadmium Sulphide,
proved by extensive research to be one of
the most effective anti-dandruff agents.



Capsebon is pleasant to use . . . you medically
treat dandruff as you wash your hair.

Capsebon penetrates and removes layers of
dandruff adhering to the scalp whilst
antiseptic action works against associated
bacterial growth. Dandruff is whirled away,
leaving your scalp clean . . . clinically clean.
Capsebon leaves your hair soft, clean, easy
to manage, with a delicate lingering fragrance.
Keep the family dandruff-free. Use Capsebon
regularly.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

french perfume
for me?

Oui Oui

GiGi

The French have a word
for the most fascinating perfume — GiGi!

Wear GiGi and, magically, the many
moods of Paris touch elusively about you.

The first hint of GiGi is all lightness, freshness
— Paris in Springtime.

But GiGi is will-o'-the-wisp, mischievous.

In the next breath GiGi whispers of daring
sophistication — and romance is in the air.

GiGi awaits you in handbag-size perfume
— just 6/6; silky-soft talcum powder —
5/11; delightful skin perfume —
large bottle 9/11, small bottle 6/6.

Just arrived! See the Paris-styled
GiGi gift sets at your favourite
perfumery counter.



Potter
& Moore

Created in Paris and brought
to you by Potter & Moore.

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By PATRICIA
O'CONNELL

COOTAMUNDRA, here I come: that's the theme song of the moment with the Coota bachelors (35 of them) having their annual dance in the Town Hall on Friday, November 18.

Phillip Last is president this year and some of the other eligibles are Stephen Ward, Ross Last, Rick Forster, and Joe Manning.

Joe's having one of the biggest house-parties in the district. Roslyn Walton, Jane Hill, and Elena Garay (daughter of the Spanish Consul-General) are coming down from Sydney, Bill Rankin (home again after a super trip overseas) will be there from Goulburn, Michael Bucknell from Yass, and Billy Day from Talbingo. It's going to be a wonderful party.

WHAT a wonderful surprise when Diane Greaves and Tim Allen announced their engagement last week — congratulations have been pouring in. They haven't made any definite wedding plans, but it will be in either January or February — "before Tim's mother leaves for England in the Oriana." Diane isn't wearing her ring yet—it's still being made from a heirloom sapphire-and-diamond one. Diane is the younger daughter of the E. S. Greaves, of Darling Point, and Tim is the elder son of the Dick Allens, of Edgecliff.

HAVE you tried the latest teenage craze, ice-skating? There's a fabulous opportunity coming up on November 21, when the Bondi Junction Ice Rink opens, and that night's proceeds go to Legacy. The 12 Sydney younger sets who work for Legacy are organising the evening and, besides trying the ice for yourself, there'll be displays of figure skating and ice hockey. See you there!

MET Anne Ramsay the other day and caught up on all the news of her brother, Peter, who's been overseas for about 20 months. He's being married in Belfast, Northern Ireland, on November 28, to Kathy Charters, an Irish lass he met in Toronto, Canada. Then early in December they'll have a honeymoon trip out here on the maiden voyage of Oriana. Peter is the second son of the Oscar Ramsays, of Point Piper—the family are thrilled with the news and are already planning a big welcome for Peter and his bride.

DID you know that the attractive Begum Kharas, wife of Mr. "Jumbo" Kharas, High Commissioner for Pakistan, flew home last week on a brief visit to her mother? While in Pakistan, she'll be on the lookout for ideas which will give the furnishings of the Embassy in Canberra a national character.

I JUST don't know how Mrs. Millard Hagon does it — she's one of the busiest women in Sydney, but somehow she's found time to build a divine terrace in the garden of her home in Bellevue Hill. She carted bags and bags of pebbles from the beach of the Singing Sands (marvellous name!), on the South Coast, mixed four bags of cement with her own hands and went to work. Now it's finished and she says proudly, "It's all my own work."

A LETTER from Paris brings the latest news of the Deke Colemans, who are busy moving into their new house near the Bois de Boulogne. "The painters are everywhere," says Louise, "and my cooking's full of plaster!" Remembering what a marvellous cook she was in her Sydney days, I'm sure she could even make plaster taste good.

I REALLY envy the sunbats of Mrs. Laurence Vass and daughters Pat and Linda. But they're not Gold Coast souvenirs — they've all been sunbaking and swimming in their pool right on the water at Darling Point. Mr. Vass is the U.S. Consul-General.

HEAR that Bev Barber has a dreamy dress for her wedding this Saturday, November 19, to Bob Perry, of Canberra. Bev designed her dress of white satin brocaded with roses and it was made by her mother, Mrs. B. E. Barber, of Penshurst.

THE captain and officers of H.M.A.S. Quiberon will all turn out to give brother-officer Lieutenant Michael Shutter a full naval wedding when he marries Patricia Bennett at Chatswood South Methodist Church on November 26. Michael is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Shutter, of Collaroy Beach, and Patricia is the daughter of the O. C. Bennetts, of Forestville.

NEWLYWEDS . . . it's a honeymoon in the sun up north for June and Bill Halstead, who married recently at St. Stephen's, Willoughby. June is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kaufman, of Lane Cove, where the newlyweds will be living in a few weeks' time . . . Phyllis and Dennis Logan will soon be busy furnishing their new house on the Logans' property, "Peep-O'-Day," Tottenham. Phyllis is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Hagarty, of "Toulby," Brewarrina.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960



AT LEFT: Gail White (left), Reg Freeman, and Caroline Stewart at the Christmas buffet party given on board *Patris* by the ladies' committee of the Australian-American Association. Gail wore pink satin and Caroline chose a white organza dress tied with a dark blue sash.



WORLD CHAMPION Neale Fraser, with sisters Patricia (left) and Linda Vass, at the buffet dinner given at the White City clubhouse by the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Noy leaving All Saints' Church, Moree. The bride was formerly Annette Fing, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fing, of "Gun Flat," Pallamallawa. Tony is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. L. Noy, of Bellata.



AT LEFT: U.S. player Dennis Ralston with Rosemary Wright at the party given at the White City clubhouse to welcome the visiting tennis players. Dennis is a member of the U.S. Davis Cup squad who are playing in the N.S.W. championships.

PRETTY SISTERS, from left, Simone and Jacqueline Dekyvere and Mrs. Paul Reader in the audience at the one-woman matinee given by Cornelia Otis Skinner at the Phillip Street Theatre in aid of the Sydney Opera House Appeal Fund.



BONDS

Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

Dri-Glo

TOWELS

Maypole Stripes...

NUMBER **SEVEN** FROM OUR DAZZLING
NEWLY DESIGNED SERIES



See fresh 'n festive

Maypole Stripes... in shop
windows all over Australia this week!

Bath towels have never been prettier than these lilting, new 'Maypole Stripes' by Dri-Glo!

Ribbons of sweet, fresh colour ripple across twirly bands of white—and our 'Maypole Stripes' are richly textured with a bouncy new cable design. At every stage of their making, Dri-Glo towels are double-checked for perfect finish. Dri-Glo's are stronger—last longer. Their luxurious pile is twofold yarn for longer wear, greater absorbency. Dri-Glo towels are far and away the best-value towels in Australia.

Christmas reminder Dri-Glo towels make a welcome gift for anyone of any age! An early lay-by will hold them for you until Christmas.

0917

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

Towel Talk

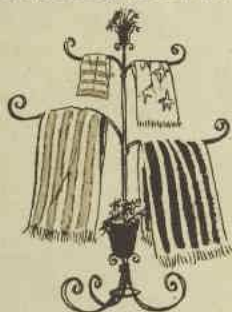
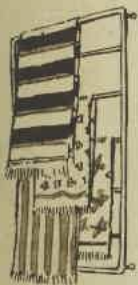


Planning a tea
For a bride-to-be?
Here's a bright idea:
Make towels the theme
For gifts she'll love
Year after happy year!

Yes! Next time you plan a shower, make it a rainbow-coloured shower of Bond's Dri-Glo towels. Every bride-to-be would appreciate soft Dri-Glo towels... a gift that's pretty AND practical, that lasts through the years as a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness. And remember, many Dri-Glo towels come in exciting gift packs that just need your card attached to be ready for presentation.

P.S. If you're nifty with a needle, here's an idea for place cards: Choose Bond's Dri-Glo face-washers in many colours, and embroider each one with a guest's Christian name or initials. They'll look so pretty on the table—and of course, make wonderful little take-home mementoes.

DECORATE WITH TOWELS!



For a smaller bathroom: Use one side of a discarded playpen as a wall rack. Simply paint it a pretty colour, attach it to a wall, and thread your loveliest towels through the slots. (N.B.: If you need it for its original purpose, it can always be reassembled—and don't forget, Bond's Dri-Glo Baby Naps are the finest you can buy!) For all-out glamour, perhaps for a party, just do this: Take one of your tall, wrought-iron flower-pot stands, complete with greenery, into the bathroom. Then use it to hold a bouquet of flower-fresh Bond's Dri-Glo towels.



How to be snug in a brug!

What's a brug? It's a Bond's Dri-Glo Beach Rug—the biggest, beautiful-est way to relax on the sand, or dry off after a plunge. Big enough, in fact, for two people... a gay and perfect gift.

Give a Dri-Glo Towel

Still struggling with your Christmas shopping? Relax! Everybody on your Christmas list would appreciate super-absorbent, longer-wearing Bond's Dri-Glo towels.

And it's such a pleasure to shop for Dri-Glo's. So many colours... so many patterns and sizes... you'll find the "just right" towel for everybody you know among the host of glorious Dri-Glo towels at your favourite store. Always ask for Bond's Dri-Glo towels by name... for Christmas-giving and every gift occasion. No one can have too many Dri-Glo towels.

BOND'S
Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

Dri-Glo TOWELS

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST

And a merry, merry, merry Christmas to you!



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

She saw a fairy

HOW many readers have seen fairies? I'm nearly 40 years old and of average intelligence, but I can still see quite clearly "my fairy" of many years ago. Nobody, except possibly my children, believes it was real—yet I'm convinced it was. I had always believed that moths, as they flew towards the headlights of the car, were fairies. One night, after miles of moth-fairies, I saw HER—she was so much larger, with long golden hair and wearing a blue dress. There was a glow of light around her. Could it be that my sublime faith in moth-fairies had been rewarded by a glimpse of the real thing?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Powell, Toowoomba, Qld.

Shy shoppers

LET me assure you, Miss I. Dressler (N.S.W.), that your embarrassment when purchasing cosmetic and toilet aids from a male chemist is very rarely shared by the pharmacist. We are accustomed to it and accept it as no extraordinary part of our job. We take pleasure in helping you look and feel your best. Why not? We are males.

£1/1/- to "Male Pharmacist" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

MISS DRESSLER is far from being alone in her dislike of being served with toilet articles by male pharmacists. Take a tip and, when it seems you will be approached by a man, go straight to the cosmetic counter, smile and say, "Oh, I'll wait and see one of the girls, thank you," with a vague motion towards the cosmetics. Believe me, they won't mind.

£1/1/- to "No Offence" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

I SYMPATHISE with Miss Dressler because I, too, suffer embarrassment in front of a male chemist. What I can't understand is why we suffer this embarrassment. After all, they're only there to serve and not to query what is bought.

£1/1/- to "Also Shy" (name supplied), Wynnum Central, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

TWO ladies were discussing a baby who lives near us—Wayne Jenkins by name.

"Hasn't he got lovely curly hair!" said Mrs. Donkling.

Mrs. Postle, who has a straight-haired baby, lowered her voice as she replied: "It doesn't curl naturally. His mother rubs it with Kid-dicurl."

This conversation, which I chanced to hear, gave a glimpse of the keen rivalry over babies in our locality.

Hair is one of their most-discussed features—its color, curliness, and quantity. Especially quantity.

Wayne Jenkins scores well, being an unusually hirsute infant. Some mothers feel it is unsporting of Mrs. Jenkins to use Kid-dicurl. But she says she has "a perfect right to make the most of Wayne's hair."

I have become more aware of this competitive spirit since we had a new baby.

The subject of weights keeps cropping up.

My wife came back from the Clinic and announced—a little complacently—that Sister Simpson had said our baby was making "a per-

BABY GRAND

fect gain." The perfect gain was an ounce a day.

At the same time the Sister shook her head over little Sandra Marples, who was making an imperfect gain.

Babies are lucky in this regard. All they have to do is gain weight and everyone stands around cheering.

It is different later on in life. The time may come when baby Wayne Jenkins is a portly business



man. Then he will go through miseries of dieting in the hope that he will achieve a perfect loss.

A baby gains prestige, I have noticed, when it starts eating solid food. Mrs. Taplow, mother of Deirdre Taplow, has been preening

herself for days over the fact that Deirdre eats crushed prunes. They are Deirdre's status symbol.

Baby Winston Finch, who lives next door, sticks to the bottle and won't look at prunes. I don't blame him, but his mother is disappointed.

Rivalry in the clothing field, too, is very brisk.

Sandra Marples' mother makes a speciality of bibs. She decks Sandra in linen bibs with applique pictures of Little Bo Peep and other characters on them.

My wife argues, with some force, that the most important thing about a bib is its absorbing power. She criticises Sandra Marples' ornate linen bibs as impractical, and favors one made of towelling.

These come in three varieties—the alphabetical (with letters A to I or L on them), the arithmetical (with figures 1 to 0), and the "My Darling" type.

Winston Finch wears alphabetical bibs, but I feel there is something pretentious about them. They seem to imply that the baby who wears them is already learning the alphabet.

My preference goes to the traditional "My Darling" bib because—well, hang it, that is how their parents feel about babies.

Unhygienic counter habit

WHEN we go into a bank the teller has a wet sponge on the counter to wet his fingers when separating notes, but when we go into a shop for bread the counter hand always wets her fingers in her mouth to separate the wrapping paper. How much longer are we going to put up with this filthy habit?

£1/1/- to "Disgusted" (name supplied), Naremburn, N.S.W.

For cuffless trousers

BY the time I'm married I hope Australian males will have the sense to wear their trousers with the cuffs down. This would give their legs a longer and smarter look. And it would save wives the job of cleaning out fluff and dust which collect in the cuffs.

£1/1/- to Miss N. Johnson, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Picasso has her puzzled

I FIND it hard to understand why Picasso paintings bring such fantastic prices overseas. To me they're absolutely stupid. I get a tremendous feeling of appreciation, pleasure and gratitude from the works of artists such as Dobell, Drysdale, Namatjira, yet when I look at a Picasso my mind goes blank. As far as I'm concerned, Picasso will go down in the history of art as the greatest self-promoter of his time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bennett, Ghinni Ghinni, N.S.W.

The baby and the bulldog

MY sister has a ten-month-old baby and a repulsive-looking bulldog. I've seen this dog lick the baby's face, an action the child certainly didn't appreciate, but which is apparently a normal occurrence in the household. I'm no doglover, but I would be interested to know how other readers feel about dogs and babies.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Williams, Bulleen, Vic.

Small fry of the TV-age

A FRIEND, who has had a TV set in her home for three years, was visiting me with her four-year-old daughter. The wireless was playing quietly. Suddenly Miss Four-year-old turned to her mother and said: "Look, Mummy, isn't that clever—music and no pictures!"

£1/1/- to G. M. Ramsay, Birregurra, Vic.

Summer Comfort
was never like this!



Country Club's magnificent collection of Swiss Airmesh Cottons (12 different weaves) makes it a pleasure to dress well. You enjoy wondrous coolness without sacrificing style, for these fabrics keep their shape and crispness. The well-bred look of Country Club tailoring now comes in five different styles too — the choice was never like this! Sports Shirts with short sleeves from 55/9, with long sleeves from 59/9.

SPORTS SHIRTS BY



Make it
yourself:

DOLL'S HOUSE FURNITURE

● This furniture was designed and made by Andrew Waugh to fit the doll's house published in last week's issue. Directions for furniture begin below.

It is best to begin by drawing the full-size shapes for each room-setting on thin cardboard. Carefully study the diagrams on this and the following page. Use these cardboard shapes as templates.

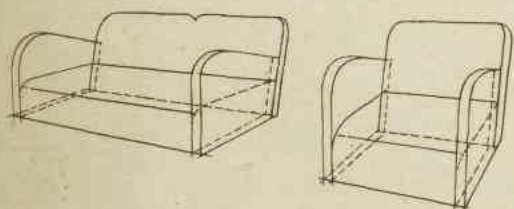
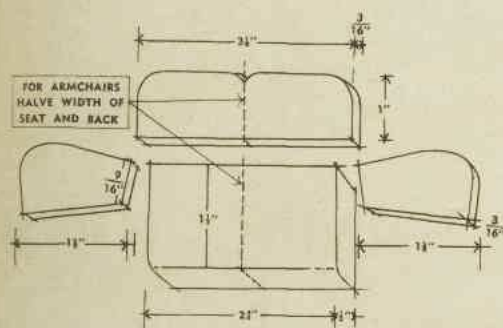
You will need a fretsaw or fine coping-saw for cutting the plywood, hardboard, or solid timber, which should be held in a vice.

An important point to remember is that the blades in these saws should have the points of the teeth facing towards the handle. This means that cutting is done on the return stroke as distinct from normal sawing when the teeth cut on the forward stroke.

SITTING-ROOM

The shaped ends and backrest of chairs and sofa are of 3/16in.-thick three-ply with a length of 2in.-thick plywood or solid timber forming seats for the three units. The seat material is planed or filed to taper from the front to the back and is rounded over on front top edge.

Continued overleaf



DIAGRAMS for sitting-room furniture.



SITTING-ROOM sofa and armchairs have striped cotton cushions made from scraps of dress material. Rug is a piece of mohair with threads pulled at each end to form a fringe. A piece of velvet makes curtains.



BEDROOM setting with plenty of cupboard space. A small oblong piece of velvet forms a rug. Sheet and pillow are made from scraps of white linen, and the bedcover is gingham.



DINING-ROOM table has chairs in a contrasting color. Dresser with cupboard underneath completes the set. Cloth on the table is a piece of lace and circular rug is velvet.

Whatever the game!



NUGGET WHITE

is the name for
dazzling white shoes

No matter what your favourite sport, you can keep your white shoes dazzling white with NUGGET white cleaner. NUGGET flows on in a smooth, even layer that won't streak or cake. NUGGET covers grass stains and marks completely and it just won't rub off. You can choose the new NUGGET with Squeeze-on tube, it's so much easier and cleaner to use because of the unique sponge applicator built into the cap. Or if you prefer, you can have the handy-size glass jar or a tube, without the applicator.



NUGGET white in squeeze-on tubes, handy glass jars or tubes, without applicator, available at stores and grocers everywhere.

WHATEVER YOUR GAME, INSIST ON NUGGET WHITE CLEANER

Page 22

Continuing DOLL'S HOUSE FURNITURE

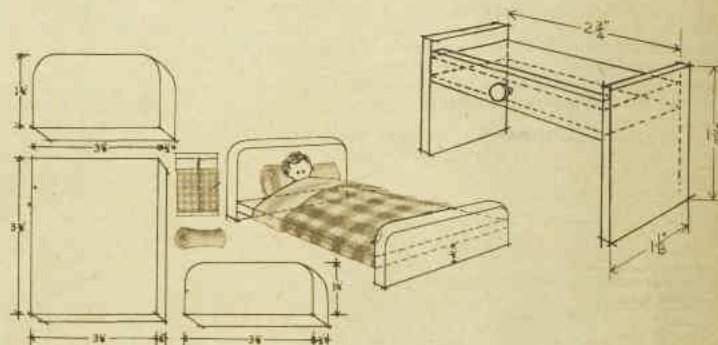
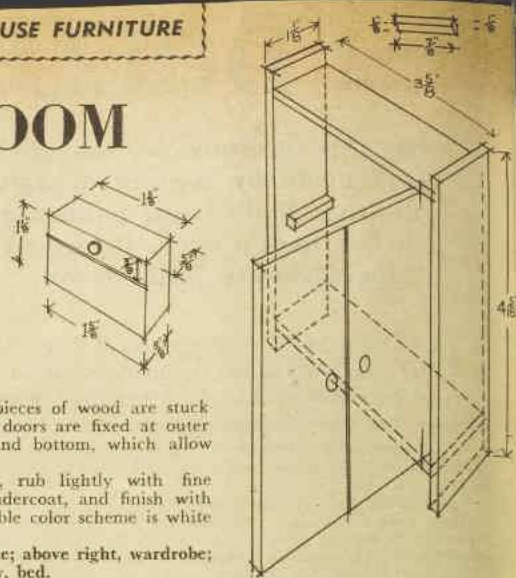
BEDROOM

THE bed-ends are made of 3-16in.-thick plywood glued and tacked to a mattress section of 1/2in.-thick plywood. The bedside tables are of 1/2in.-thick wood with a fine groove chiselled along the top to form a drawer and a small piece of wood stuck on to form a handle.

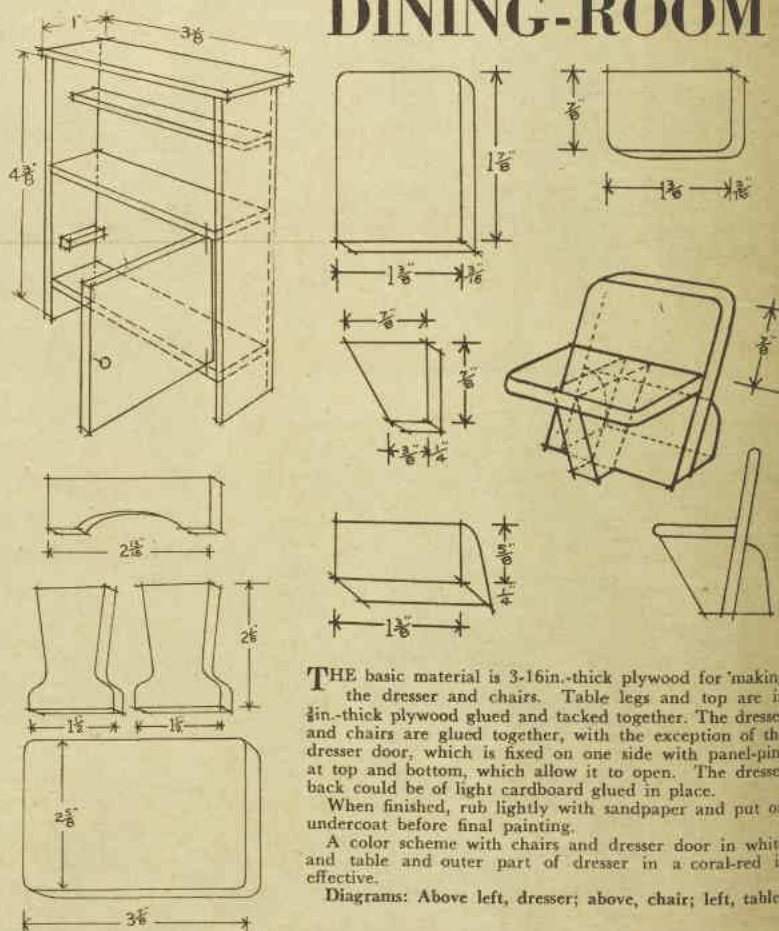
The wardrobe and dressing-table are made entirely of 3-16in.-thick three-ply. Small pieces of wood are stuck on to form handles. Wardrobe doors are fixed at outer edges with panel-pins at top and bottom, which allow them to open.

When furniture is finished, rub lightly with fine abrasive paper, apply a flat undercoat, and finish with two top coats of paint. A suitable color scheme is white and powder-pink.

Diagrams: Above, bedside table; above right, wardrobe; below right, dressing-table; below, bed.



DINING-ROOM



THE basic material is 3-16in.-thick plywood for making the dresser and chairs. Table legs and top are in 1/2in.-thick plywood glued and tacked together. The dresser and chairs are glued together, with the exception of the dresser door, which is fixed on one side with panel-pins at top and bottom, which allow it to open. The dresser back could be of light cardboard glued in place.

When finished, rub lightly with sandpaper and put on undercoat before final painting.

A color scheme with chairs and dresser door in white and table and outer part of dresser in a coral-red is effective.

Diagrams: Above left, dresser; above, chair; left, table.

SITTING-ROOM Continued from previous page

Assemble with glue and 1/2in.-long panel-pins. Rub lightly with fine abrasive paper, apply a flat undercoat, and finish with two coats of glossy enamel or washable plastic paint. A good color would be calypso-blue.

The chair cushions are made from pieces of striped cotton, folded in two and stitched underneath.

Extras for the doll's house could include trees for the garden, flower-boxes and furniture for the outdoor living area. Once you have made the furniture shown on this and the previous page you will find it easy to make up designs of your own.

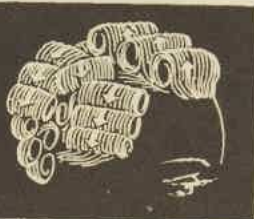
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

Summer Hairstyles

● In this three-page hairstyles feature are 12 new, eye-catching hairdos and easy setting directions for each style. These fashions are simple to care for and a joy to have in hot weather. The newest hair length stops just below the ear and the shape — Paris shows two widely different versions of the look on this page — is changeable. The “forward” style at right was designed especially for Australia.



FRINGE CUT, 1960 style (above). Hair length varies from 3in. on top to 2in. at temples, and 1in. at neck. Rollers, flat curls, and standing curls are all set toward face (see sketch). Back is set in two big rollers turned up, and three rows of large reverse curls. When dry, hair is brushed forward. (By Henri Provost, Paris, release by hairstylist Mr. Claude.)



CLEAR-BROWED (left), with summer's new look of smoothness. Hair tapers from 5in. at crown to 2in. at sides and 1in. at nape. Large rollers on top and medium ones at sides turn back and down. Discard rollers at centre-back of head; arrange remaining hair in reverse curls. Keep hair wide and high in brush-out, press in wide waves at temples. (By L'Oreal, of Paris.)

Continued . . .

12 How-to-set



● What prettier way to show off a golden-blond head than the ever-fashionable page-boy, sleek but casual? This one began with a gentle color rinse to give it glowing highlights, then was parted on the side and turned under in fat rolls all around the head (see sketch). Those lovely blond locks fall nicely, casually into place—high or low, depending on the hair length and brushing after the set. For the young this hair-do is superb. To give it its due, it needs a good, natural hairline, plus lots of brushing to keep the hair smooth and glowing.



● Smooth, soft, and thoroughly eye-catching for summer, this medium-length hairdo is set with rollers—row after row of them turned back from the forehead and over the crown. Sides that roll up (as sketched) make the deep soft waves, and a few pincurls at the sides shape the shorter lengths. Brush all hair back and press in waves to form the natural-looking style. Have hair trimmed slightly shorter around face.



● Symmetry flies to the wind in this attractive style, as hair takes off in new directions. Rollers placed as shown in the sketch below at carefully plotted angles from a diagonal part give it a natural, just-happened look, plot or no. A few sculptured clip-curls handle shorter hair-ends nicely. Remember, the hank of hair being rolled should be narrower than the roller itself. Hair sets better just after shampooing, while it is still wet.



● If you fancy a sleek, classic hairstyle to play up a pretty hairline, here it is. The hair, gently tapered in length, is rolled loosely, and so falls into soft waves with longer ends turning under to above-collar length. Three rollers turn sideways on top, back and side rollers turn forward, and so do those big sculpture curls seen in the sketch at right. Neat and trim, and softly feminine, this hairdo is easy to keep that way. Rolling tip: Use end papers on your hair as you roll it. This stops hair turning on the roller while drying and making "fish-hook" ends in the final brush-out.



● Pretty as spun-sugar is this blond bomb of waves, swooped here, swirled there most effectively, and most becomingly framing the charming features of its wearer. See how the rollers do the setting trick, rolling back and up in nice fat sections. Set flirty bangs in sculpture curls on forehead and at ear level, and the short back lengths in reverse curls. A relaxed set is needed here in order to give loose but still controlled waves. Use hair-clips when needed in preference to bobby-pins, which leave a ridge on the hair.



summer hairstyles

● Close-to-the-head and ever so trim, this new-season coif is completely controlled, yet still has a soft look. A trio of rollers across the top of the head give height to the short cut, backed as they are with two big "crown" rollers and forward-turning ones on the sides. There's a suspicion of a part in this hairdo; and pincurls at sides and back produce crisp waves hugging the head and nape. If you set your hair at night, don't try to sleep on rollers. Set hair and let dry for two hours. Take it down, "trace" set with clips, then net hair till morning.



● A hair expert has turned his talents to the grey head, and created this style for the older woman. It's distinctly becoming, not at all "set" looking, and a silver rinse gives it a lovely, iridescent sheen. Sketch at right shows how hair rolls back from brow and under on the sides where it "finishes" with rows of sculpture curls. Back hair is trimmed short, sleekly, smoothly waved. How you set the rollers (four on top, two at sides) and turn those sculpture curls around the face makes or breaks this hairdo.



● Sleek on the top and brushed up at the ends, the brush cut gives a young shapeliness to the hair and does pretty things to the wearer. Hair is rolled under from a short side part and up from the sides, and little pincurls eliminate any straggly ends. Crown hair remains smooth and caplike. Brush the hair up and flip the ends round in the brush-out. This hair is cut evenly on sides and back, slightly "layered" around face. Setting hint: Hair-set lotion or flat beer helps add body. Add whoosh of hair-spray as finishing touch to make the set breeze-worthy.



● This "unfurled curl" starts with a shaggy bang from the side, with a soft rise at the crown and loose, unfurled curls around the head and over the ears. It is achieved with a flexible pattern of pincurls, as sketched below, with medium rollers forming the high rise. Changing the way you set the pincurls will alter the "do" when you want another look to it. The "lifted" crown is still a fashion note, gives a flattering shape to the head. The short bangs look perky.



● Beautifully symmetrical portrait coif parts on the side, with short hair swirled forward on the right, waved back on the left side. The hair-set pattern couldn't be simpler, with medium-size rollers turning back from brow to crown, and down and under on the sides and at the back. To get the true effect, brush all the hair back and down when dry, then press into shape. Use brush rollers for short hair.





There's a world of difference in wonderful Westinghouse

Here at last is a refrigerator range the world acclaim... a refrigerator range with a world of difference. It's got everything! Every model gives you more of all the features a refrigerator ever had... and then some. All the features you've ever dreamed of, the big Westinghouse performance you expect... in ten wonderfully new and different models from just **119 gns**... each specifically designed to make sure you weren't left out. And you weren't!

To the cold hard facts. Now Westinghouse has a refrigerator at a price and capacity to suit you. A price that fits what you're prepared to pay... a refrigerator in a size and style of your own. All the space is where you want it—*inside!* Shelf area?

Incomparable. Larger than ever before. As for features, just look at a few of the many wonderful luxuries the new Westinghouse ten-model range has for you. Giant capacity freezer... Humidrawer for fruit and vegetables... Push-button defrost... famous non-slam magnetic door lock, perfect self-sealing, opens at a touch... powerful 1/6 H.P. sealed unit with 5-year protection plan... egg racks... special bottle storage... cold storage meat keeper. No, nothing has been overlooked to ensure you get the best refrigerator available in the new Westinghouse ten-model range. The model you want... the style you want... the world-famous Westinghouse quality and value you're entitled to expect... a model with a world of difference, especially for you. Prices from just **119 gns**. See your Westinghouse retailer today for details of easy terms.



Model E70. 7.1 cu. ft. Shelf area, 10.1 sq. ft., 119 gns.



Model E75. 7 cu. ft. Shelf area, 13.2 sq. ft., 129 gns.



Model ST75. 7.5 cu. ft. Shelf area, 14.5 sq. ft., 152 gns.



Model E57. 9 cu. ft. Shelf area, 15.1 sq. ft., 169 gns.



Model ED90, 9 cu. ft. Shelf area 16.1 sq. ft., 149 gns.



Model ST90, 9 cu. ft. Shelf area, 17.1 sq. ft., 181 gns.



Model ST110, 11 cu. ft. Shelf area, 18.7 sq. ft., 210 gns.



Model PST110, 11 cu. ft. Push-button defrost, 220 gns.



Model ST120, 12.2 cu. ft. Shelf area, 19.2 sq. ft., 220 gns.



Model PST120, 12.2 cu. ft. Push-button defrost, 231 gns.

WOW! Here's the grand-new, ten-model range!



YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S
Westinghouse

(Prices slightly higher in Nth. Queensland and West Australia.)

HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN



ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly . . . after one lather . . . your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair! Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo



Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3

Worth Reporting

THE woman surgeon consulted the case histories.

Laura Lee, chicken bone in neck . . . Phillipa, nervous breakdown . . . Gerald, ate razor-blades . . . Mirabelle, beaten up . . . Bill, concussion. Busy city hospital? No, the



DOGS IN SPLINTS . . . they just skid into trouble.

Veterinary Hospital, North Shore, Sydney. The patients? . . . domestic pets — some, the victims of the loving-kindness of their owners.

If you have a pet pooch, puss, budgie, or goldfish in the house, check up now.

A pet centre at Homebush, N.S.W., confirms, and adds this advice:

THE TOY-BOX: For dogs, be careful with plastic toys — a dog will chew them and



I get so very bored on wet days.

choke on the remains. But a cat will ignore them.

GOLDFISH: Go easy on rock formations, divers, sunken ships, and treasure chests. Give the poor little fish room to breathe and swim.

BUDGIES: Pull down half the hanging bells and trapeze equipment. Mid-air collisions will trap his beak or claws — or cause nervous depression. Buy floor toys.

DIET: For dogs, bone all fish, stone all fruit, NEVER give splintery bones, rabbit, chicken. Keep poisons under lock and key and razor-blades in screw-top jars. (Dachshunds are demons for chewing razor-blades.)

IN GENERAL: Keep dogs from jousting with electric lawn-mowers, radiators, and ironing-boards.

Refuse budgie the freedom of the kitchen . . . he'll land in the soup. Don't take your eyes off mice and rabbits — they're always getting "beaten up," says the vet.

Finally, watch WET DAYS! Even clever car-chasing dogs skid to fractures. All pets get rain-bored, seek dangerous domestic diversions.

A MAN we know has just returned from overseas. "Ohhh, yes. I've been right round the world," he says. "Very interesting, too. But I wouldn't want to live there."

Call for the doctor

WE panicked again the other night and called for the doctor for No. 2 son's stomach-ache.

(Don't believe parents who tell you you get blasé after the first child — you get worse.)

Out of the raging storm came our G.P., with his black bag and king-sized confidence . . . only this time he walked with a queer, stiff-backed gait . . . knelt awkwardly, camel-like, at the bedside.

Surprise, coupled with guilt that our former "dying" patient was now smiling happily (all dying kids do this to you some time between the S.O.S. and the arrival of the medic), prompted, "Was he

"Oh, don't take any notice of me," said the physician, slowly levering his one-piece-head-and-body around. "I slipped a disc two days ago . . . I'm in plaster from the waist up."

What WOULD we do without these G.P.s?

You've got your favorite, too . . . but we've loved ours ever since he confided after a visit to No. 1's high temperature: "I could ponder and hummm and look erudite — but frankly I haven't got a clue what's wrong with her."

"I'm quite sure she'll be all right by morning — but if you find out what the dickens it was, I wish you'd let me know."

King-size hot-dog

IT is a good idea to keep up to date with what's happening overseas.

Which is why we are being helpful and reporting a new British invention: the "Droozle-dog," brain-puppy of Mr. Alan Da Costa.

A droozle-dog is a sort of hot-dog. But it is 12in. long.

Droozle-dogs are becoming very popular in England, even though Mr. Da Costa says, "They are still considered a bit non-U."

We have been wondering what inspired the name of this new delicacy.

Of course, no hot-dog is really complete without tomato sauce. And since this is such a big hot-dog, the sauce probably droozles all over the face.

Secrets of the male models...

JUNE DALLY WATKINS

. . . yes, the same, of the same modelling agency cum charm school . . . was appalled!

London, we said, had just graduated 15 students from its first Charm School for Male Models . . . was there a similar charm school in Australia? Perhaps she herself was considering?

"We wouldn't dream of TRAINING Australian male models," said Miss Dally Watkins.

"Sydney has about 15 male models . . . several full-time . . . and all are successful, only because they are UN-TRAINED. Their secret is their individuality and naturalness."

Top-liners like Ross Hombrook — lean, lanky, young Gary Cooper Type — and Waverley Ford — thicker set, dark . . . are personality boys in their own right, we learnt.

They have to be, said June, to meet the exacting demands of TV, fashion parades, and commercial advertising. Models like these two may be called upon at any time to fit "rugged out-door," "egghead or professional," "executive" or "father" types.

"There's a sense of the actor in them, but not posy, trained charm," she added.

However, there is a male-model course in her mind . . . a "model businessman's" course.

"The Junior Executive's Course for Men" — it's designed to impart the "know-how" of "How to Succeed in Business" to ambitious boys 17 to 25 years.

Being a Dally Watkins inspiration, it will cover not only sales promotion and human relations, but personal appearance, confidence, dress, and speech.

Twelve ambitious young men have already enrolled . . . course starts in January . . . and mothers and girl-friends eager for the man in their life to make good, are inquiring.



MALE MODEL in training . . . but it won't happen here.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

INN THEATRE
JE SABRINA
BAR

Pamela found it exciting to play a different role . . . a short story

BY GABRIEL DUNDAS

Stand-in for Sadie

IF Pamela Binns and Sadie Carson had met in the street in Cranbury—population 3000, market day Wednesday—they would have exchanged civil but unenthusiastic smiles and a comment about the weather. Coming face to face in Piccadilly Circus one Saturday they stopped with cries of surprise.

"Pamela!"
"Sadie!"
"Imagine meeting you, my very first weekend in London!"
"You're staying, then?"
"Oh, yes, I've got a job. Let's go and have a coffee," Sadie suggested, "and then I'll tell you all about it."

Ten minutes later they were cosily installed at a corner table. When Pamela had finished questioning Sadie about mutual friends in their home town, Sadie asked: "Where do you live?"

Pamela was staying at a boarding-house; it was comfortable but not very gay.

"Someone was telling me the other day about a furnished flat," she said. "Two rooms and a bath, but the rent is more than I could afford."

"But if we club together?" Sadie said. "Where is it? Let's go and see it."

Next day, Pamela, feeling slightly dazed, found herself unpacking in the flat. It was all-electric and would be easy to run, and with the polished floor they could, Sadie pointed out, roll up the rugs and have dancing at their parties.

Pamela looked dubious. Parties? Dancing? Eight months in London had taught her that as far as getting to know people was concerned, London was very different from Cranbury.

"Do you know any men in London?" she asked.

"Not yet, but I will," Sadie replied with casual confidence. And she did.

There was the man who called to sell Sadie's office a duplicating machine, and ended by buying Sadie a dinner; the one who rescued her when she got lost on the Underground; the one who—but why go on? Sadie accumulated men nearly as fast as she did bus tickets. And when they came to take her out she introduced them all to Pamela.

"Pam and I went to school together," she would explain. "Of course, she was a big girl when I was a little one. Pam's terribly clever, you know; she's studying company law in the evenings. Not like me — my shorthand's so rocky I expect the office to fire me daily! Pam is so independent, she can put up shelves and she knows how to read the electric meter. I look round for a man to do a job like that."

It was always said in affectionate, admiring tones, but somehow Pamela stiffened. And so did the men. They talked to her politely—too politely, rather as if they were addressing a prim maiden aunt or their old kindergarten mistress. They said good-night to Pamela with relief, and gay, relaxed laughter floated back to her as they went downstairs with Sadie.

The flat always seemed very quiet after they had gone. Pamela would turn on the radio, eat her solitary supper, and afterwards read a chapter on company law. Long after she had gone to bed Sadie would come in, tip-toeing, with the flushed cheeks and bright eyes of a girl who has just been kissed.

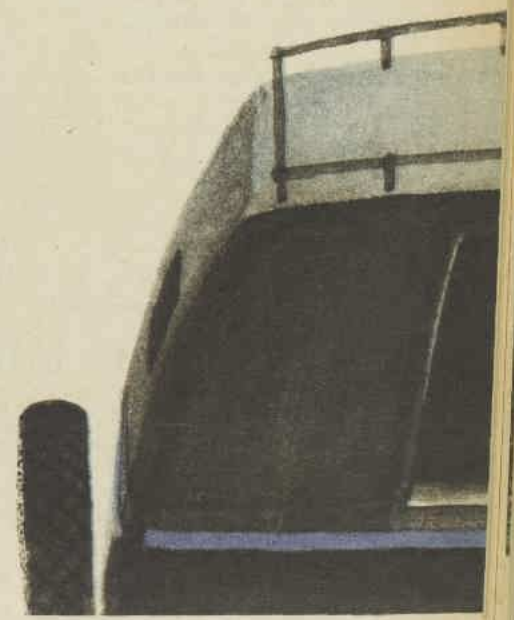
Well, thought Pamela, she's welcome to her boy-friends if they're the kind to fall for an act like that. For Sadie's helpless-little-woman personality was just an act. She could have read the electric meter perfectly well if she had wanted to, and she was an efficient secretary.

To page 30

The night glittered with gay lights as David and Pamela walked towards the restaurant.



ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT ROBERTS



Safe First Aid hangs by this thread!



Insist on BAND-AID

TRADE MARK
ADHESIVE STRIPS

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Continuing . . . STAND-IN FOR SADIE

from page 29

But Sadie's theory—and very well it seemed to work—was that men liked little, fragile, feminine women who wore glamorously impractical clothes, didn't know how to drive a nail in, and were ready to hang admirably on a man's lightest word.

That was not Pamela's idea of partnership between the sexes. She liked a man to treat her as an equal, and be ready to discuss things with her intelligently. Like Norman Denning.

Pamela had met Norman some months ago, during a weekend spent with her god-mother in Wiltshire. They had played tennis on the Saturday afternoon and gone walking on the Sunday.

Norman was a keen photographer; he had taken several landscape pictures with Pamela posing in the foreground, and later he had written sending her prints of the photographs and saying that he would be in London soon and hoped to see her again.

PAMELA was a not—she told herself firmly—in love with Norman; she hadn't known him long enough. But she had thought about him.

It was quite early one evening when Sadie brought David Gillies home—or rather David escorted Sadie home from a party. Pamela had finished studying for the evening and was curled up on the couch drinking coffee and listening to a Bach concert on the radio.

The door opened suddenly and there they were—Sadie and quite the handsomest man yet—long-legged, with a square chin, a pleasant smile, and thick fair hair.

"Sit down awhile," Sadie invited. "The night is young and perhaps we can find some more cheerful music on the radio. Pam, is there any coffee left?"

"No, but I can easily make some," Pamela suggested.

"Can I help?" David offered with prompt politeness. "I've a strong arm with a coffee-grinder."

"No, really, thanks; our grinder is temperamental and I know how to manage it. It won't take five minutes."

While she was busy in the kitchenette, Pamela could hear their voices—David's deep, rather quiet, Sadie's light, running up and down the scale as she registered surprise, admiration, amusement. When Pamela brought in the coffee she was asking David's advice about burglar-proof locks.

"I'm an awful coward," Sadie was confessing. "If there's a noise in the night I'm terrified. Not like Pam, she has got no nerves. And she's so strong—I believe she'd go for a burglar with a poker!"

Pamela—who was only about three-quarters of an inch taller than Sadie—felt like an athletic giantess.

"She makes wonderful coffee," David said, smiling at Pamela. He had nice even white teeth. Oh, there was no denying that he was very attractive, if that was what you wanted in a man, and if you were prepared to use Sadie's kind of stratagems to get him. And if you weren't too particular about what kind of mind might be under that thick fair hair.

Sadie went into the tiny hall to see David off when he left. It took a long time; no doubt another date was being arranged.

Pamela went to wash up. She wondered again when Norman would be coming to town.

The following evening after Sadie had gone out with yet

another man, Pamela tidied up some of the things Sadie had as usual left scattered round the sitting-room. She collected irritably six snapshots, a laddered stocking, a half-eaten bar of chocolate, a bottle of nail polish and a handful of hair clips to put them in one of Sadie's drawers.

That was how she came to see the letter Sadie had written to her sister; it had been laid into the drawer, finished but unfolded.

Pamela would not have read the letter, of course, if a sentence with her own name in it had not caught her eye.

"You want to know what Pamela is like now. My dear, she hasn't changed a bit! She's not still in school uniform, of course, but she wears something very like it to her office, with flat heels. She hardly ever goes out."

"Imagine, she has been eight months in London and hasn't a boy-friend to her name! She's very brainy, of course, but when it comes to men, she just hasn't a clue, poor dear. I can picture her twenty years from now, a successful career woman in a mannish tweed suit with one of those timeless felt hats

Pamela slammed the drawer

FOR THE CHILDREN

Whiff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



shut. Her cheeks were hot, and she was so angry that her hands shook.

She went to look at herself in the dressing-table mirror.

Of course, she did wear more sensible clothes than Sadie, and didn't spend half as much on make-up, but basically she was quite as pretty. Her complexion, she thought critically, was even better than Sadie's. . . . eight months in London and hasn't a boy-friend to her name!

"Does she suppose," Pamela asked the mirror, "that I couldn't get one if I really decided to?"

"Well, could you?" the mirror seemed to challenge.

The doorbell rang. It would be the girl from the flat across the landing, Pamela supposed, come to collect the laundry parcel that had been left for her. She picked up the parcel and went to the door.

David Gillies stood there. "Good evening," he said, walking in. "It's cold outside tonight."

"Oh—good evening. I'm afraid Sadie isn't in," Pamela said.

"Isn't she? Oh, well, I'll wait."

"I mean, she has gone out for the whole evening."

"That's funny, I thought we had a date," David didn't look unduly crestfallen. He smiled at Pamela. "I suppose," he suggested, "you wouldn't take pity on me and have some supper with me?"

Pamela was experiencing the usual stiffening-up feeling that came over her at the sight of

one of Sadie's boy-friends. Of course, David didn't really want to take her out, and she certainly didn't want Sadie's cast-off men. She didn't want Sadie's kind of man.

Only—had Sadie really cast off David? She had seemed very eager to make a date with him the other evening. Probably there had been some mix-up, and she would be very annoyed at having missed him. More annoyed still if he had taken Pamela out.

" . . . when it comes to men she just hasn't a clue, poor dear."

"I'll show her!" thought Pamela.

"If you don't mind waiting for twenty minutes," she told David, "I'd love to."

The twenty minutes stretched to nearly half an hour, but, Pamela thought, surveying herself in the long mirror, it had been worth it.

The evening sweater Aunt Mary had sent her from New York had come out of its tissue paper. It was a heavenly rich apricot, it showed a good deal of Pamela's shoulders, which were worth showing, and did things for her eyes. She played up to it with a more dramatic eye make-up than she had ever used before.

She brushed her hair up on top and caught it in an inspired twist. She put on her sheerest

nylons and her highest-heeled shoes, and clicked into the sitting-room, her lace-trimmed petticoat rustling under her full skirt.

David jumped to his feet. His face confirmed everything that the mirror had told her.

"Well," he said with enthusiasm, "let's go!"

He called a taxi, and she let him help her in, just as if she had never fought her way on to the top deck of a bus in the rush hour. She let him hand her out again, and keep a hand protectively under her elbow as they crossed the pavement into the glittering gaiety of the expensive restaurant.

She didn't forget a trick. She led him on to talk, and when he felt like arguing made little murmurs instead. She laughed at all his jokes. She asked him to choose her dinner.

She asked him about his job.

She shipped up for a moment then, because it sounded rather interesting, and she sat forward on the edge of her chair and started to ask intelligent questions. But she remembered in time that Sadie's kind of man didn't like girls to be clever, so she relaxed, and asked just enough silly questions to keep David talking.

She notched up points to herself as she talked, because he appeared to be enjoying the evening. For that matter so was Pamela. It was, she admitted to herself, all very pleasant; the food was excellent, the background music agreeable, and David with the lamplight shining on his fair hair and

undeniably good to look at.

And it was exhilarating to find that she could so successfully pretend to be a helpless, glamorous female. She wouldn't, of course, want to go on doing it, but—

"Now," David said, "tell me about your job."

But Pamela wasn't going to make that mistake.

"It's really just shorthand-typing," she said. "Not very interesting. Oh, I love that tune!"

It was very late when they got back to the flat. There was a line of light under the door, which meant that Sadie was in and probably preparing for bed.

"Thank you for coming!" David said. He drew her gently into his arms and kissed her.

That, after her first instinctive movement of withdrawal, was nice, too. It was like riding on a merry-go-round, exhilarating, exciting, a little dangerous.

David released her. He said—and Pamela wasn't sure if he referred to the evening or the kiss—

"We must do it again. When?"

David was smiling a little, a confident, masculine smile. Pamela was angry—disgusted with both of them for playing this silly game, furious with herself because for that shaken moment it had ceased to be a game for her. He knew; that was why he was smiling.

"You've forgotten," she said, fighting to steady and cool her voice. "I was only standing-in for Sadie. She'll be at home herself when you come again. Goodnight."

He started to say something, but she slipped quickly into the flat.

Sadie was sitting up in bed. "Where have you been, Pam?"

"Out," Pamela said sweetly, "with your friend David. He came for you, but it seems you got your dates mixed."

"I didn't!" Sadie said positively. "It was tomorrow, Wednesday, we were going out, not Tuesday."

"Well, he did, then; next time you'd better see he writes it down."

Behind her reflection she could see Sadie's saucer eyes and slightly open mouth.

"Did you—have a nice time?"

"Oh yes, very, thank you," Pamela said in an off-hand voice. "We went to Roderigo's for dinner, and then on to the Peacock to dance. A frivolous evening like that is fun—once in a while."

Demonstration over, she thought. Now Sadie will have to add a postscript to that letter.

SHE found it hard to keep her mind on her work at the office, though. Late nights didn't suit her; she felt very unsettled. And when the switchboard girl told her there was a personal telephone call coming through for her, her heart seemed to stop beating for a minute. Surely David wouldn't?—

"Pamela?" said a man's voice. "This is Norman Denning. I'm in London, and I wondered if we might meet."

It all fitted in very well, because tonight David was supposed to be taking Sadie out.

She arranged to meet Norman in town after she left the office.

"There's a film I'm keen to see, if you don't mind waiting for supper until we come out."

The film was very experimental, Norman explained in whispers—some very interesting photography. There was no story in it, though, which made it rather difficult to concentrate when you were as hungry as Pamela was.

Where were David and Sadie,

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SOMETHING LIGHT

Louisa realises — suddenly — that she had always wanted a family and now finds one ready-made for her.

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

STILL single at thirty, and tired of making a precarious living by photographing dogs, LOUISA DATCHETT decides to get married, but realises she will not find a husband among the helpless and impecunious men who seem to surround her.

Her first choice is FREDDY PENNON, a wealthy bachelor whom she met once in Cannes, only to have her hopes dashed when he tells her he has been in love with ENID ANSTRUTHER for twenty years, and now she is widowed he intends to marry her. From Enid, she learns much more about how to catch a husband, but in spite of this, Louisa's second choice, JIMMY BROWN, a boy with whom she had gone to school, slips away—as he has become a bachelor with such set ways it is apparent that he will never marry.

During the week she had set aside to "court" Jimmy, Louisa had stayed at a residential hotel. There she had made friends with ADMIRAL COLLEY, the star boarder, and MR. WRIGHT, and MR. WRAY, permanents, but lesser-lights. The only person she had not been able to like was ANDREW McANDREW, an architect, temporarily staying in the hotel while on a job in the town.

Dejectedly returning to London, Louisa finds photographing jobs few and far between, and takes a job as a baby-sitter. During the evening, a MR. CLARK calls to collect some work from the absent father, and when Louisa discovers he is a widower she decides on him as her third choice. When he shows her a photograph of his three children she is sure he is exactly what she wants—a dependable family man. **NOW READ ON:**

THE children were rather older than from their father's tone she would have expected: two boys and a girl apparently in their later teens. (Just the ages she'd have chosen!) The girl stood tall and slim between her stockier brothers; otherwise little could be discovered of their looks—save by reflection from their father's face. Mr. Clark evidently thought them the world's wonders. "And no mother!" sighed Louisa.

Sadly he nodded. "I do my best to make them a home. But it isn't easy."

"Especially with the daughter."
"As to that, Cathy's a real father's girl," said Mr. Clark whimsically. "They're all three very good children indeed."
"One can tell they are."

"But, as I say, it isn't easy. Though Catherine is at home, the full burden of a household is too much for young shoulders."

"Indeed it is!" agreed Louisa warmly.

"And, besides, she has her own amusements. When the boys come in—they attend an excellent local Grammar School—I'm afraid they all too often find an empty house."

"But that's terrible!" cried Louisa.

"Not that we haven't very competent daily help. When I say empty, I mean empty of any affectionate welcome, such as children have a right to expect. Even the most competent daily cannot make a house a home."

"That's one of the truest things I've ever heard," said Louisa.

"Friends have advised me to engage a resident housekeeper," mused Mr. Clark, "but there again difficulties present themselves. The truth is, Miss—"

He broke off to fix Louisa in surprise.

"Here I am telling you all my troubles," marvelled Mr. Clark, "without even knowing your name!"

The circumstance was less extraordinary than he imagined it; its only unusualness lay in the fact that Mr. Clark's were troubles Louisa wanted to hear much more of. Hastily, not to break the thread, she said, "Louisa Datchett."

"The truth is, Miss Datchett, we need someone rather exceptional," continued Mr. Clark—and broke off again. Again he fixed Louisa; not this time with surprise, but with the ex-

pression of one upon whom an idea suddenly dawned. Possibly it was a surprising idea at that—at least to him.

"Someone to make a house a home," prompted Louisa.

"Exactly. Someone with both a genuine love of children—or young people—and a genuine sense of responsibility—such as you showed yourself," added Mr. Clark, with a pleasant touch of humor, "when you made me wait outside! Joking apart, that struck me very much; it did, indeed. But our essential want is for a person who could become, so to speak, one of the family—which, without wishing to sound snobbish, implies certain standards of education and interests. How do I put all that to an employment agency or into an advertisement? I admit it," confessed Mr. Clark, "I admit that I am baffled!"

A slight silence fell, and no wonder. Mr. Clark had probably never confessed himself baffled before. But from the mantelshelf the Peel clock ticked peacefully, and from either side of it a Peel grandparent gazed benevolently down. How glad Louisa was that she hadn't met Mr. Clark in an espresso bar! Here every object breathed of that cordial family life he so pathetically yearned after.

The benevolent influences did their work.

"This is going to surprise you," said Mr. Clark abruptly, "but could I possibly persuade you, yourself, to come and give us a try? Just for a week, say?"

Louisa, while her heart leapt, looked as surprised as she could. She only wished he hadn't suggested a week. It was a period that had lately been unlucky for her. Her hesitation did her no harm, however, since Mr. Clark misinterpreted it.

"Naturally you'll want references—"

"Indeed, I don't!" protested Louisa.

"You do—and rightly," corrected Mr. Clark. "I wouldn't wish it otherwise. However, your friends the Peels will, I dare say, vouch for me. As to remuneration—"

"Wait!" said Louisa.

For it was a moment to reflect. Louisa reflected. The photographed images of Catherine and Toby and Paul still lay in her lap—the ready-made family of her new dream. Louisa dropped a loving glance on them. Loving already! Already Louisa's heart opened

to Catherine and Toby and Paul. She had no doubts on their accounts; she was prepared to do her damndest to make them happy. But that she was also prepared to marry their father by this time went without saying, and in the circumstances she wanted to keep remuneration out of it.

"D'you know what I'd like best?" said Louisa at last. "I'd like to come just as—well, just as a friend of the family. For a week or perhaps more or less, just as it turns out. Then, if we find we all get on together, can't everything else be settled afterwards?"

"That's very generous of you," said Mr. Clark appreciatively. "Perhaps you might have a word with your friends the Peels this evening?"

It seemed that his eagerness to begin the experiment almost matched Louisa's. Before he left it was agreed that if the Peels' account of him proved satisfactory he should drive Louisa home with him to Wendover after office hours next day.

"Darling Miss Datchett, are we terribly, terribly late?" cried Mrs. Peel at about two in the morning. "But we've kept the taxi for you—Henry; do look after Miss Datchett!—and were the children good?"

"Absolutely angels," said Louisa warmly.

"How did you get on with old Clark?" asked Henry Peel, pressing paper into Louisa's palm. "Did you calm him down?"

"Well, I had to tell him he'd have those proofs tomorrow—"

"Oh, heavens!"

"—But I think he left," said Louisa, "quite happy."

And that was all she did say. She didn't want to rouse any scruples in Mrs. Peel's maternal breast; Mrs. Peel might feel bound to telephone Mr. Clark and explain how very slightly her baby-sitter was in fact known to her. As for Mr. Clark himself, Louisa felt she could safely take him on trust.

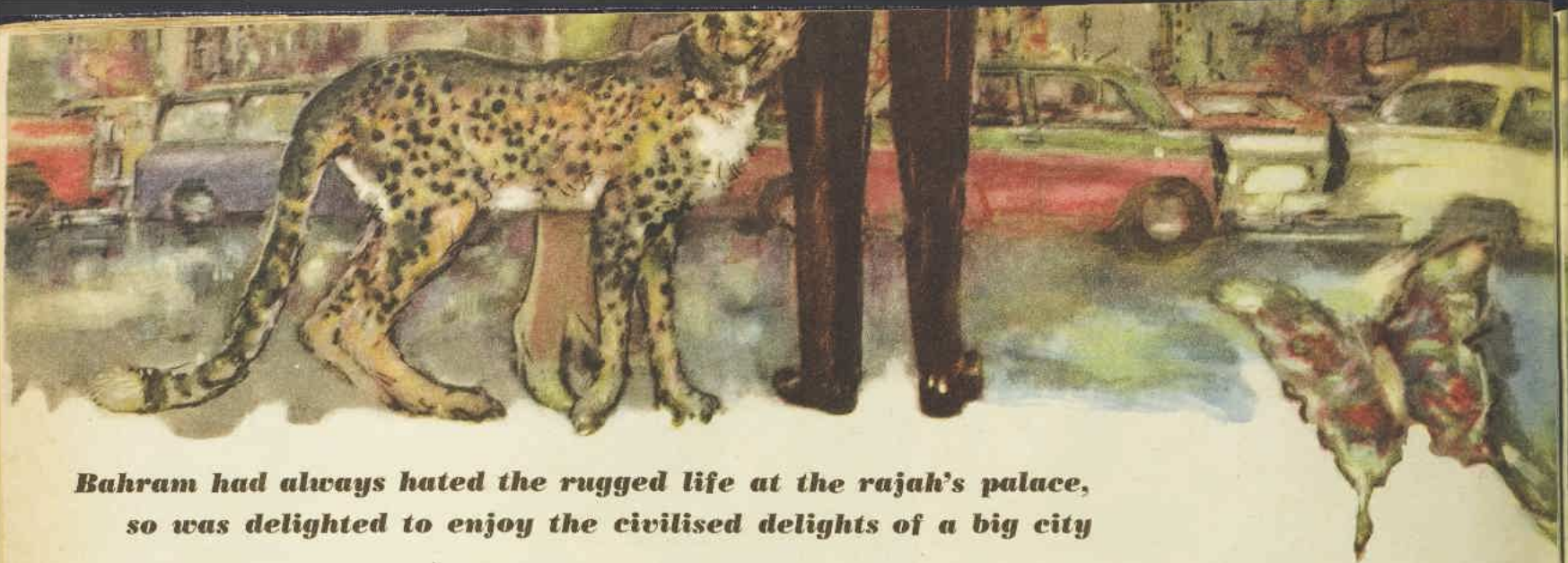
Like a gambler who sees rouge turn up after noir, like an Arab watching rain fall after drought, she felt that a run had broken at last.

Louisa was no more superstitious than the next woman, but a benevolent star having at last directed its rays upon her she was particularly careful, next morning, not to walk

Fourth instalment of our delightful serial

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*Bahram had always hated the rugged life at the rajah's palace,
so was delighted to enjoy the civilised delights of a big city*

A charming short story

By **ROBERT
MURPHY**

The LADY and the CHEETAH

THE old rajah, bedevilled and bewildered by political upheaval, democracy, land reform, and all the other mysterious and incomprehensible tribulations of the modern age, was hard put to it to maintain a ghostly echo of his former splendid state; but he managed to keep a few hawks and three hunting cheetahs in his kennels.

The kennels had fallen into a sad state of disrepair and were continually being propped up here and there by three aged hunters, shikaris, too old to desert the sinking state.

The last elephant had long since been taken by the money-lenders, and many of the long halls of the palace, once populous, spotless, and shining, were shared now by spiders, dust, and an occasional cobra hunting rats.

An air of gloom and melancholy hung over the palace and the ruined gardens. It didn't affect the hawks, for they lived apart in their own fierce and fatal understanding of life and their dreams of the wild freedom of the sky; but the cheetahs were different. Being cats—a swift-hunting leopard type, which ran down their prey like dogs and had several other doglike attributes—they had a sort of social sense and felt depressed because they had come down in the world.

At least Shirin, the female, did. Iskander, her mate, was a matter-of-fact hunter, an uncomplicated beast, who remembered with admiration the cold-tub-and-no-nonsense English colonel who had been the rajah's adviser during the more spacious days of the British sovereignty.

How their son felt was completely beyond both of them. They had never understood him, and when the shikaris at his birth had named him Bahram, after the great hunter of the old books, they had been quite proud and had held great hopes for him. The shikaris had, too, but they had got over it; they looked askance at Bahram now, for he had no apparent ambitions proper to his race.

He showed no inclination to run or hunt; he had a taste for amiable leisure, butterfly watching, decorous walks through the bazaar on a leash, and offbeat music. He longed for affection, but got little of it from his parents, for they were too busy trying to reform him.

There came the day when the shikaris were voluble and active and bustled about instead of sleeping the morning through. Bahram paid them little attention. Lying languidly on his back in a corner of his kennel, he was listening with great appreciation to the wailing practice notes played by the snake charmer.

Iskander and Shirin, however, felt the excitement in the air; they knew that something was up and paced nervously back and forth licking their whiskers. They loved to hunt and hadn't been out for a long time.

As he moved about, Iskander happened to look at his son, and that stopped him. His expression changed; he suddenly looked as though he had tasted something most unpleasant. "Get up," he said. "Show some signs of life and stop listening to that nauseating instrument. It sounds like a stuck pig."

Bahram reluctantly returned from the strange country to which the wailing pipe had taken him and turned a carefully expressionless face to his sire. "Why?" he asked.

"Why?" Iskander demanded, his voice rising. "Because it is only fit for snakes and jackals. How you can expect to come to anything but a wretched end with your mind fixed on that sort of thing—" He stopped and tried a more reasonable tone. "We're going hunting at last, old boy," he said, and his eyes began to glow with a hunter's fire. "Now you'll have a chance to run your best, to leave the ruddy wind behind and pull up on a fleeing black buck and bring him to the earth. A splendid thing."

He suddenly realised that he was getting poetic and pulled up self-consciously. "Well," he said and licked his whiskers. "With your shape you should be much faster than I ever was. We expect to be quite proud of you, really."

Bahram stared at him. What a fusty old character, he thought. Aloud he said, "I don't much like to run, if you recall. It is such a sweaty business."

Iskander reacted as though someone had stuck a knife into him; he leaped for his son with a snarl. The wire between the cages stopped him; he stood there snarling and batting at the wire until his mate saw him. "My dear," she said, coming up. "Whatever is the matter?"

"That cursed aberration you call your son," Iskander snarled, taking a final swing at the wire. "If I could only get at him I'd—"

"Iskander," Shirin said. "Please, my dear. You must admit that we live like hyenas these days, and the poor boy hasn't had the advantages we enjoyed. Difficult as it is, we must continue to set him an example and hope that—"

She never finished the sentence, for two of the shikaris came in, put the eye bandages—which are used to blind cheetahs and keep them quiet until they are loosed at game—and leashes on the two old cheetahs and led them to the ramshackle bullock cart that was standing outside.

The third shikari, Shafiz, went into Bahram's kennel and put the leash and bandage on him, but couldn't get him up. Bahram, who had long since decided that there was little object in running after meat when someone brought it to him if he sat still long enough, lay there collapsed and inert. Shafiz pulled, tugged, and sweated to no avail.

There were shouts from outside, and Shafiz redoubled his efforts but got nowhere. There were more shouts, and the two other shikaris burst in, waving their arms.

"What keeps you, in the name of the All-Merciful?" one demanded. "The rajah—"

"The rajah will have us impaled!" said the other. "Make haste!"

"The rajah," said Shafiz, "has no one left to impale us. As for this offspring of perdition, the Evil One himself couldn't get him up. If by mischance we get him to the plain he will probably refuse to run, and that will be even worse. I am moved to leave him here."

"Are you suddenly afflicted of Allah to think that our heads will remain on our shoulders if we appear without him?"

Shafiz shrugged. "So be it," he said. "We will carry him, then Ahmed, take his head . . . Abdullah, his tail."

The two others backed away. "Whoever heard of carrying a cheetah?" Ahmed demanded.

"It would be an affront to the dignity of cheetahs."

"Bah!" Shafiz said. "This one is an affront to the dignity of all creation; may the demons fly off with him. Besides," he added sardonically, "the rajah ordered him brought."

The two others moved back. Ahmed took his head, Abdullah his hindquarters, and Shafiz his middle; and, muttering maledictions, they staggered into the yard with him and dumped him unceremoniously into the cart. It was a most undignified and ridiculous scene. The driver prodded his bullocks, and the cart creaked off through the bazaar.

Through all the interminable, jolting voyage across the plain, Bahram lay supine on the floor of the cart, which had no springs; and although he found that he had enough bones for three cheetahs and that all of them were pounded unmercifully, he didn't move.

He tried to remember the music of the snake charmer and lose himself in the recollection of it; but the cart's ungreased axles, which made a screeching cacophony, drove everything else out of his head.

Then the cart stopped, because one of the shikaris had seen three black bucks feeding off to the left. For a while they all sat there, and presently the rajah's limousine drove up. Its silver hood was tarnished and its fenders were bashed in, because the rajah himself had been reduced to driving and wasn't very good at it.

He climbed out, a weary-looking little man in his second-best British General's uniform with a row of decorations on the chest; his turban held the only decent stone left to him, a gleaming sapphire. The bullock-driver and the shikaris all climbed off the cart and made profound salaams.

The rajah squinted at the distant black buck and then looked at the cart. Fortunately, Bahram had sat up to ease his aching bones, so everything seemed normal at the moment. "Loose Iskander and the young one," the rajah said. "Perhaps the young one by the force of example will kill his own buck. He will learn much thereby, and we will have a sufficiency of meat for once."

There was a stir among the shikaris. They were all hungry, they all had an idea what would happen, and they each preferred that one of the others speak. Shafiz was the strongest, but the two others pushed him forward.

Shafiz cursed under his breath and salaamed again. "Heaven-born," he said, "perhaps it would be better for Bahram to watch the first run and thus learn all. Later in the day if the Compassionate sends more buck—"

"Loose him," the rajah said.

Shafiz shrugged, climbed into the cart and took the leash and bandage off Bahram. "Run!" he whispered. "By the ninety-nine names of Allah, consider my future if you do not care about your own."

Abdullah had also climbed into the cart and taken the leash and bandage off Iskander. Iskander blinked in the sudden daylight and then saw the buck; the tip of his tail



Enchanted, Bahram sat close to Amy listening to the strange music that came from the record-player.

began to twitch. "Now is the time come," he said to Bahram. "Play up. Follow me."

He jumped from the cart and trotted rapidly towards the three buck, which threw up their heads to watch. Bahram took all this in with mild interest, but didn't move until Shafiz surreptitiously kicked him in the rump. This surprised him so much that he jumped from the cart, took a few steps, sat down again and yawned.

No one heeded him at the moment; they were all breathlessly watching Iskander; for the three buck had whirled about, and as they started to run Iskander leaped from his trot into the bounding gallop that is for a short distance the fastest gait of any animal on earth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

He was a lambent flame, a flying streak across the plain. He pulled up on the buck, picked one, leaped for it and brought it crashing down in a cloud of dust. The four men uttered a sort of collective sigh as the drama ended, and Abdullah started out with his gear to get Iskander. It was then that the rajah's eye fell upon Bahram.

He looked at the seated cheetah for a long time and then turned to Shafiz.

"If the Presence would give me leave to speak," Shafiz said. "Speak."

"The Presence ordered him brought instead of Shirin."

"Are you trying to avoid saying that you knew he wouldn't run?"

"Lord, he seems to prefer the music of snake charmers."

The rajah stared. "And you let me feed him this long time knowing so, fool? I will have you trampled by the elephant."

"Truly the Heaven-born is the father and mother of justice," Shafiz said. "By the Seven Sleepers and Al Rakim, their dog, it is less than I deserve."

"Sell him to the animal dealer today," the rajah said. "And send the man to me with the money. All of it."

Pushed into a narrow cage, stared and poked at, carted here and there, left in noisy hot sheds, and finally dropped into the smelly black hold of a ship which presently began to pitch and

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understand the days of adversity which had fallen upon him.

In the midst of this nightmare he would sometimes recall his airy kennel and the snake charmer's pipe, the leisurely walks through the bazaar with Shafiz; but he never thought of his father.

And so things went on until the ship docked in New York, and his cage was hoisted up into the light of day once more. He looked bleakly out at the circle of faces surrounding him and his heart sank. They were all white and alien. None of the shikaris was there, and it wasn't in the least like home.

He was about to lie down again in desolation when a voice arrested him. It was a female voice, beguiling and sweet, with a timbre that sent shivers of pleasure up and down his spine. "Oh, Derek," the voice said, "he's nice. He has such a pussy-cat face."

"At the moment," the one called Derek said, "he's a bit the worse for wear. But after he's been in quarantine in a bigger cage and has had some good food and quiet, he ought to shape out pretty well."

"Must he be in quarantine? He doesn't look sick. He just looks tired and lonely, as though someone ought to adopt him right away and take him home."

Before Derek could speak, Bahram — roused from his forlorn state by her scent of cleanliness and flowers, the tenderness and sympathy in her voice — laid his head against the bars and began to purr.

"He likes me," she said, greatly pleased. "Oh, Derek, how wonderful." Without fear she extended her hand and began to caress Bahram's head.

"You've made another conquest," Derek said and began to grin. "He can't withstand you, Amy, any more than any other man you ever met."

"Any other man?" she asked. "Any other man but one." An abstraction fell upon her suddenly, and her face grew blank with thought as she absently stroked Bahram's head. "Maybe —" she began after a moment and then fell into the abstraction again. Only Bahram's ecstatic egg-beater purr broke the long silence. "Derek," she said, "would you sell him to me?"

"Sell him to you? Now, what screwball notion have you got into your pretty head? You can't catch that young man with a cheetah, my girl."

"Can't I?" she asked. "Will you help me try?"

Derek shook his head. "I've already sold him to some character out in Montana, who wants to hunt jack rabbits and coyotes with him."

"Will you lend him to me then? Please, Derek."

"Sorry," he said. "I've got the hungry old cowboy's money, and he knows the beast's here." He looked at her stricken face. "My dear," he said, "if the hungry old cowboy finds for some reason that he doesn't want him, then you can have him. How's that?" She nodded unhappily. "Now," he went on, "we'd better go."

"Yes," she said dispiritedly and stroked Bahram's head for the last time. "Good-bye," she said and turned away.

Bahram was stunned. He had lost his heart to the lovely creature; he had found someone whose voice and hands promised all that he wanted in life, and then she had gone away.

When Bahram's time in quarantine was over he was put into another small cage; the cage was loaded on a truck which went bouncing off into the hinterland. It was almost as bad as being on the ship again, and the only thing that sustained him at all was the hope that he was being taken to the girl or back to the rajah's kennels.

In his misery he lost track of

time, for the jolting ride went on for an interminable period and, instead of ending in a happy culmination ended in a splintering crash. Night and the monotony of the mid-western scenery had been too much for the driver; he had fallen asleep, gone into a ditch, hit his head on the windshield, and knocked himself cold.

After the gyrations and uproar had subsided, Bahram groggily collected himself, and after stumbling about in the dark for a while found himself out of the broken cage and on the tailboard of the truck. So far as he could see, the country was very flat, so he thought he must be back on the plains of home; and with a foggy notion of finding the kennels again he dropped to the ground.

He walked and walked, he went this way and that, but the kennels eluded him.

HIS legs began to give out and his empty stomach began to growl at him. He had never realised before that the kennels could be so hard to find or that he could be so famished or leg-weary.

He sat down and thought longingly of home; presently he fell asleep sitting up.

The morning sun found him flat on the prairie, wet with dew and horribly stiff. There was no habitation in sight, but far off he saw a small group of creatures that looked vaguely like the cattle which wandered through the bazaars. After watching them for a while, while his empty stomach clamored at him, he got painfully into motion and started for them.

Exercise and the sun's warmth loosened him up, but the closer he came to the beasts the bigger they got. By the time he was a hundred yards from them his mouth was watering, but he had begun to growl uncertainly to himself to keep his courage up.

He hesitantly covered twenty yards more, and then the largest one of them, which had moved out to stare at him, gave a terrifying bellow, and charged.

For once he forgot that he didn't like to run. He forgot it so completely that he probably established a world's record for cheetahs. He didn't stop until the cattle were lost over the horizon.

Later in the day he saw a farmhouse and started for it, but a pack of dogs came after him and he had to run again.

Dusk found him still surrounded by the prairie as by an empty sea, famished, empty as a drum except for two field mice he had stumbled upon and managed to catch.

The dusk deepened to dark, and far off on the horizon there appeared a feeble glow. Hope rekindled within him: it might be the kennels, although he couldn't recall that they had ever been lighted up at night. He gathered what strength remained in him and started for the glow.

It was a fearfully long way, but he kept on. The glow waxed brighter and finally was just over a roll of the prairie. There was a shift in the breeze which brought the maddening smell of cooking meat and then a confusion of sounds; although he was drooping with hunger, the sounds made him apprehensive; indecision took hold of him.

He started towards the glow and turned away; and then, as he was about to retreat, a weird caterwauling fell upon the air. He recognised it with joy; it was the snake charmer's pipe; he turned again and galloped over the rise into the middle of a small travelling circus which was going full blast.

Before he realised it he was surrounded by a laughing crowd who all stiffened, stared, screeched, and scattered wildly in all directions. They fell over tent ropes, ran into cages, climbed frantically over one another, and magically disappeared, leaving him face to face with a man wrapped in a dirty sheet who sat in front of a basket from which a snake's head emerged.

This man looked up, took the pipe out of his mouth,

ously on the meat; the man closed the door.

"Joey!" the man yelled. A head appeared around the corner of a tent.

"Joey," the man said, "blow down to the village in the pick-up and call that animal guy, Derek Hughes, in New York. Tell him I got a cheetah for sale, and ask him does he want I should ship it."

So now there was another interminable ride in a truck, but this time he didn't mind it so much. At least he was fed regularly, he knew where he was, and no great roaring beasts

she said, "Why didn't you tell me you were bringing him when you phoned? It is him." She dropped to her knees and hugged Bahram, who sat down because his legs suddenly went weak.

She stood up again with her hand on Bahram's head, and they all went into the living-room. Bahram, purring like an overwrought, king-size egg-beater, pressed close to her side, determined never to leave her again if he could help it.

"Why did you tease me so by telling me I couldn't have him?" she asked.

"This isn't the same one. That one was lost in the middle-west on the way to Montana."

"I'd know him anywhere. It is him, Derek. Why do you say it's not?"

"I've perjured myself to the hungry old cowboy. I've got to leave my conscience a reasonable doubt."

"Oh!" she said, obviously not understanding and not trying to. "Derek, it's awfully good of you."

"A pleasure. I only wish you were trying to catch me."

"Derek," she said, and kissed him in a grateful and sisterly way, "thank you ever so much."

"Good luck," he said.

It was truly a halcyon day for Bahram, who followed his friend everywhere. He couldn't bear to let her out of his sight, and even went to the door with her when the bell rang.

A man was there. "Miss Masters," he began, "I'm sorry to bother you, but someone said you had —" His glance fell upon Bahram, and he backed precipitately to the other wall.

"It's true, then," he croaked, staring. "You do have a lion up here. Miss Masters —"

"Oh, Mr. Watts," Amy said in her nicest voice, "don't worry for a moment. He's not in the least like a lion. He's a cheetah — really more like a dog. He's very quiet and affectionate." She put her hand on Bahram's head, and his purr filled the hall. "He won't be a bit of trouble, really."

MR. WATTS eased himself away from the wall and touched his brow with a snowy handkerchief.

"Well," he said in more collected tone, "you have been a splendid tenant, and I rather stretched a point for the weimarner, the greyhound, and even the saluki, but a lion — I mean a chee — What I mean to say is, the other tenants, you know. I'm afraid I'll have to speak to the owner, really."

"Thank you so much," Amy said. "If he's obdurate, perhaps he would consent to talk to me."

"Obdurate," Mr. Watts said. "Well — yes, that would be the thing. Thank you, Miss Masters."

"I'm most grateful, Mr. Watts," Amy said. She smiled ravishingly, watched Mr. Watts go down the hall and shut the door. Her hand trembled on Bahram's head. "Oh dear," she said, and to soothe her nerves started the record-player and sat down. The only thing that Bahram had missed in his felicity was the snake-charmer; but Amy liked very modern music, and the sounds that came out of the queer little box more than made up that lack to him. For over an hour he sat with his head on Amy's knee with his eyes closed, completely transported.

The clock on the mantel struck four, and Amy stood up and shut off the record-player. A new restlessness seemed to take hold of her; she moved aimlessly about, looked out the windows; then she undressed and took a shower. She dressed again in even more beguiling garments, added a subtle frag-

rance, and spent quite a time before her mirror. Then she snapped the leash on Bahram and they took the elevator down to the lobby and walked out on to upper Madison Avenue.

It was better than walking with Shafiz through the bazaar, for there were more interesting things to see and more people. They were well dressed and obviously of consequence; Bahram's mother would have approved of them; several spoke with discreet courtesy to Amy, and she smiled and answered with equal courtesy; but her mind wasn't on them.

It was on a tall, dark, rugged young man for whom she had a yearning and thorough knowledge, who should be appearing shortly a block or two away, walking briskly toward his penthouse apartment across the street. He always walked from the museum when he was in town; in another month or so he would put his foreign convertible into storage around the corner and go off to explore another fascinating and obscure corner of the world.

He suddenly appeared from behind a group of people a few yards away, and Amy's mouth went dry. He had been impervious to the weimarner, the greyhound, and even the saluki, and Bahram was the last arrow in her quiver. Would he stop?

He looked up and saw the cheetah; his eyes lighted up; he did stop. He took off his hat. "Pardon," he said, "but I like cheetahs, and yours has beautiful markings."

"Thank you," Amy said tremulously.

"I don't mean to be pushing, but are you visiting here? I haven't seen the cheetah before." He stroked Bahram's head.

"I live in the Duncannon," Amy said.

"Really? We're neighbors, then. That's very nice. My name's John Groff."

"I'm —" Amy said with just enough maidenly hesitation "I'm — Amy Masters."

"Now, that's odd. A man named Masters was the hero of my youth, for the really outstanding work he did on the Yakuts of Siberia."

"Why," Amy said, turning rosy pink and smiling with relief, hope, and love, "that was my Uncle Angus!"

"Do you know," he said, looking at her with a dawning but obvious appreciation, "you have a dimple." He grinned.

"Now that we know each other, I'd like very much to see the cheetah again."

"It would be nice. He likes you. But," she went on, becoming a bit forlorn, "I'm not sure how long I can keep him. The manager —"

"You mean old Watts? Don't bother your head about him. I own the place." He looked at her. "Not that an apartment is the best place for such a fine beast. I have a house out in the country that would be better. Fresh air and all that. Look, why don't we have some dinner and then drive out and look at it?"

"Oh, I'd love to," Amy said.

"But?"

"But if he was out there, how would I ever see him? And he likes Shostakovitch, and —"

"Don't bother your head any about that, either. I like Shostakovitch, too, and we'll be running out there all the time."

He offered his arm; Amy took it; they started to walk. Bahram padded along beside them, purring quietly to himself. Amy liked the young man; Bahram liked him; there was a fine, salubrious feeling about the entire affair that promised a delightful life. There was one final pleasure that was denied him because he was a simple fellow and lacked a sardonic cast of thought: the mental picture of his father prophesying that he would come to a wretched end.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

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shoved the snake back into the basket with one hand, clapped the lid on it with the other, and said calmly, "Well, blow me down! If it ain't a cheetah I'm P. T. Barnum's lynx ghost."

Bahram looked at the man, who looked calmly back. Then the smell came to him again and he moved quickly to the hot-dog counter, reared up and put his forepaws on it and began to gobble up the hot dogs. While he was so engaged the man got up, walked into one of the tents, and came back with a great chunk of horse-meat.

The hot dogs were gone by that time and Bahram looked around for more. The man walked to an empty cage nearby, waved the chunk of meat at him and threw it into the cage. He ran to the cage, jumped into it, and fell raven-

came thundering after him. It wasn't nirvana, but it was a considerable improvement over what life had been doing to him recently; and when he was delivered into the hands of the one called Derek again he was pleased.

There was no nonsense about Derek, but he was competent and kind; he inspired confidence. He took him out of the cage, put a collar and leash on him, brushed him well, and made a telephone call. Then led him into a car, got in with him, and drove off.

They drove to a big building, were whisked upwards in an elevator, and presently stood before a door. The door opened and Bahram nearly suffocated with joy; for there before him was Amy, the girl of his heart.

Her eyes opened with surprise and pleasure. "Derek!"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

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first impulse on waking had been to stay safely in bed until it was time to go and meet Mr. Clark; however, she needed several articles of toilet, and there was a chemist's on the same side of the street (which reduced the risk of getting run over).

It was manifestly impossible to refrain from any physical action at all; mentally and emotionally, though, Louisa determined to exclude every distraction and just direct grateful thoughts upon her star, also encouraging telepathy towards Mr. Clark.

Thus only ineradicable habit led her to pick up a free lunch from—of all people—Mr. McAndrew.

She was just returning with her purchases, shortly after midday, when she observed him standing on the pavement immediately opposite her front door. Or rather she didn't observe him, she bumped into him. She was rehearsing conversation with Mr. Clark.

Fortunately the architect's substantial form made a good buffer; Louisa in full stride merely bounced off. (Number Ten she might have bowled clean over. Or Freddy.) "I'm so sorry, I beg your pardon—" began Louisa; and only then saw who it was.

"If you don't watch out, you'll be falling over your own feet," said Mr. McAndrew severely, "let alone losing all your wee parcels. It's to be hoped none's fragile."

"Not at all," said Louisa—saving a bottle of skin-lotion just in time. Naturally she wondered what he was doing there, no stately home within miles; more pressingly, what did he think she was? Recalling the build-up she'd given herself in Broydon Court, Louisa would greatly have preferred to be encountered in Bond Street or Park Lane; the peeling paint of her too-adjacent door, let alone six dustbins in the area, struck a wrong note.

"This is my favorite shopping district—away from the crowds," explained Louisa lightly.

"I imagined you lived here,"

said Mr. McAndrew, checking the house number, "that is, according to the phone book."

"My pied a terre," Louisa told him. She could have wrung Number Ten's neck for creeping out just at that moment in a tattered dressing-gown to empty tea leaves into one of the bins. He peered up through the area railings and tactlessly coo-ooed the first notes of a Brandenburg Concerto: Louisa felt almost a liking for Mr. McAndrew, as the latter took no notice.

"The fact is," said Mr. McAndrew, "I happen to be lunching in town; I thought you might join me."

This was where old habit came in. Ninety per cent. of Louisa's mind might be fixed on her ready-made family, but the odd ten was still in rut.

"Where?" asked Louisa uncontrollably.

"I had thought of Stack's in the Strand."

The mention of this world-famous chop-house settled it. Louisa had never fed at Stack's before—though she'd often wanted to: Stack's had the reputation, now almost historic, of providing second helpings gratis to any client capable of tackling one. However, she consulted her engagement book.

"Thank you, I believe you can," said Louisa, surprised.

"Then that's my car parked opposite," said Mr. McAndrew.

He was undoubtedly competent. If she hadn't been so preoccupied, Louisa could almost have enjoyed being taken out by him; regarded merely as a meal-ticket, he was a very good one. At Stack's in the Strand he was recognised by both hat-check girl and head waiter; the latter immediately ushered them to a first-rate table. Seen at close quarters, moreover, across the starched white cloth, Mr. McAndrew proved better looking than Louisa remembered him. (His sheer bulk was, of course, familiar; what she hadn't before appreciated was the really excellent shape of his skull. Also

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

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his sandy eyebrows, like his sandy head, showed quite noticeable tinges of russet.)

But during the car-drive Louisa had once more become a prey to superstitious fears, and was more than ever determined not to let her thoughts stray. Thus while McAndrew talked about restoring stately

His look was genuinely admiring—also regretful.

"I'm sorry, madam; but not since the last war . . ."

Louisa's face fell.

"Are you quite certain?"

"The '14 war, madam . . ."

"Then just serve madam again," said Mr. McAndrew.

Louisa had to admit it was big of him. Not all men would have come up to scratch.



homes, Louisa, though preserving every appearance of attention, concentrated on Mr. Clark. She was so used to men, she could do this quite easily; put in just sufficient words to keep the flow going—such as, "But where did you find the right stone?" or, "What about the staircase?"—and, in fact, gave Mr. McAndrew a very fair opinion of her intelligence. Only over the saddle of lamb did she fall really silent, because she wanted to empty her plate in good time.

"Apple tart?" suggested the waiter.

"Thank you, I'll have a second helping," said Louisa boldly.

Though she refused, she was appreciative. "Really, it was just because I'd heard about it," explained Louisa, "and, besides, I don't often get the chance—"

Here she broke off; what she'd been going to say was, "of a square meal," but just in time recognised this as much a wrong note as six dustbins in an area. Also, it was no longer true; she foresaw the table presided over by Mr. Clark spread regularly with square meals. "Of carrying on a tradition," finished Louisa. For the first time, however, she gave Mr. McAndrew a more than absent, indeed a grateful, smile.

"I recall your appetite from

the Court," observed Mr. McAndrew reflectively.

The smile faded. Any reference to Broydon Court still acted on Louisa's nerves like a dentist's drill on a sentient tooth.

"You left very unexpectedly," added Mr. McAndrew. "I was surprised."

You weren't the only one! thought Louisa, not bothering to examine his meaning. The recollection of how surprised she'd been herself and how painfully, on that last evening spent in the company of Jimmy Brown, flooded back with almost unendurable poignancy. It didn't matter, now that she had Mr. Clark in view; but Louisa's affections, however easily rooted, were never just mustard-and-cress. During that week at Broydon she had become so truly fond of Jimmy, even the prospect of a ready-made family couldn't quite obliterate all regrets . . .

Happier thoughts of Mr. Clark notwithstanding, her appetite was quite cut. All she wanted now was to get away as soon as possible. Attacking apple tart (merely because it was placed before her), she became dumb altogether; so did Mr. McAndrew. From time to time he looked at her thoughtfully, as though he had something on his mind; but Louisa had too much on her own to pay attention . . .

Such a silence might have been companionable, even cordial. For all her preoccupation, Louisa vaguely acknowledged it. She hadn't yet begun positively to dislike Mr. McAndrew again. There was indeed something in his quiet, trustable demeanor (as they scooped apple tart together) that made her almost forgive him his crime of having breathed the same air as Jimmy Brown, and if he'd had the wit to stay quiet they might have ended in amity. Unfortunately a Scot with something on his mind is impervious to emotional climate.

"Who was you old ruffian with the big car?" demanded Mr. McAndrew abruptly.

Louisa actually lowered a forkful untouched.

"If you mean Freddy—" she began indignantly.

"I mean he who drenched a decent hotel in champagne," stated Mr. McAndrew—in less than grateful tones.

"Didn't you have any yourself?" retorted Louisa.

"You mayn't have noticed, but I did not," said Mr. McAndrew. "What's in a 11 amount of whisky I consumed in the course of the evening I saw put down to my own bill."

"How very silly," said Louisa. "Will you tell me what we're arguing about?"

"Nothing at all," said Mr. McAndrew. "I hope, I merely inquired in a perfectly friendly way whether this Freddy—"

"F. Pennon."

"—Whether this F. Pennon, apart from being old enough for your grandfather, happened to be a special, well, crony. I see now it may have been a misplaced question."

"Very," agreed Louisa, unplaced. The term "crony" offended her particularly: it suggested—her imagination was always vivid—a couple of old-age pensioners sharing yesterday's newspaper on a park bench. How different indeed, what Freddy had offered! Louisa would have liked to go into this rather fully—beginning with the point that the car was a Rolls, sketching the villa at Bournemouth, referring back perhaps to junketings at Cannes; but she was even more anxious to disassociate herself from the first picture, even though it probably existed only in her own mind, and even though it meant rather jettisoning Freddy. (Her affection for him, too, no mere mustard-and-cress, but there are moments when pride prevails.) As it were, putting the length of the bench between them—

"If you must know," said Louisa, "he's going to marry a friend of mine."

"Ah!" said Mr. McAndrew.

"A middle-aged widow," added Louisa—taking a swipe at Enid on the side. "Have you any more . . . misplaced . . . questions? Because if not, though I've enjoyed my lunch enormously, I've a rather

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Love and Sally-Ann

A short short story by NELL LAMBURN

SALLY-ANN hadn't got an uncle. She'd got Mr. Bellamy instead. They travelled together daily on the train to London, and, because he boarded two stops down, her parents knew nothing about him, which made him even more special. She told him all her dreams, because to confide in her mother was to reduce them to hard, cold facts.

Then, one shiny spring morning, Mr. Bellamy said accusingly: "Sally-Ann, you've got a secret."

She nodded blissfully. "I'm going to elope!" she whispered, and Mr. Bellamy nearly jumped out of his skin.

"You're—what?" he said.

"Elope," Sally-Ann said patiently. "With Dick." She patted his hand. "It's quite all right, I've got everything planned. We'll hitch a lift to Scotland. Dick's uncle is a parson there. He'll marry us and then we'll each find a job."

"Oh," said Mr. Bellamy. "So Dick doesn't know about the elopement?" She shook her silky head. "He'll be thrilled. It's been such misery since that awful evening."

Mr. Bellamy had heard about that. Sally-Ann's father had been cruelly practical, and her mother had said flatly that they were too young to marry and were never to see each other again. Strange how blind parents could be, he'd thought, seeing Sally-Ann's white, shocked face the next morning. "Never" is a terrible word when you're seventeen.

"And—er, you think Dick will want to give up his good job at the printer's?" He'd met him more than once—a nice, serious lad of twenty, but putty in Sally-Ann's hands.

"But we're in love!" Sally-Ann stared at him, astonished, and he looked away humbly from her wide blue eyes. "There'll be printers and things in Scotland. We'll have one of those tiny stone cottages and I can grow vegetables."

Mr. Bellamy cleared his throat. "And children?"

"Of course! Three boys and two girls—Elizabeth, Mary, Peter, David, and John. Because that's your name, isn't it?"

She glanced at him shyly and Mr. Bellamy blushed. But his heart was heavy. He said diffidently, "And money? Have you any of that?"

She nodded. "We've got twenty pounds between us, so we're quite rich." She frowned. "You know, you sound awfully like my parents. You wouldn't—you couldn't tell them what we're going to do?"

"Oh, heavens, no!" Mr. Bellamy was quite shocked. "I— I was just trying to be constructive."

Sally-Ann relaxed. "Oh, that. That's for old people—I mean, older." She took his hand. "I shall miss you, though."

Mr. Bellamy was touched. "I shall miss you, too. But if you're not eloping too soon, come and spend Saturday at my home. My daughter lives with me, because her husband is away on business so much."

Sally-Ann squeezed his hand. "You're my very best friend," she whispered radiantly. "You understand love."

"Are all Saturdays like this?" Wearily, Sally-Ann pinned the tenth nappy on to the line.

Mr. Bellamy leaned on his spade. "Not all, but most. Three children make a lot of work, you know. Of course, if I'd known Mary was going to have migraine and Bill would be away, I'd certainly have stopped you from coming. It must be just like staying at home."

"Oh, no!" Sally-Ann's thumb was quite raw from washing; her back ached from the shopping, the cooking, and taking out the children. "I mean, our house is very orderly. You know, meals on time and Mrs. Eady to do the cleaning and shopping and get the food ready. And, of course, there aren't any children."

Mr. Bellamy shrugged. "But what is a home without them?" His two eldest grandchildren came whooping past. "Without Elizabeth, Mary, Peter, David, and John?"

"I'm afraid you won't want to come and see us again?" he said sadly as he helped her into the train that evening. "But then, I forgot—you'll be in Scotland, won't you?"

He hurried home. His daughter, looking remarkably well, was in the kitchen; his son-in-law poked his head round the door. "Am I allowed in now? I saw you leave—she certainly looked thoughtful."

Mr. Bellamy sighed. "It was a hard trick to play—but I think it worked. You can tell young people till you're blue in the face, but it is experience that counts. I think there'll be second thoughts now before an elopement. She's seen that marriage isn't all roses and moonlight. But if they are truly in love, then two years will see them wed."

He glanced round the chaos of the normally spick-and-span kitchen. "Now, what about a nice cup of tea?"

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DRESS SENSE

by
Betty Keep



DS431.—Sun-dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● A pattern for this design is available in response to many requests. The dress was originally published in color in our October 26 issue. Details and how to order are given at left, above.

HERE are other queries and answers chosen from this week's fashion mail:

"My husband and I have been invited to a formal wedding taking place at 4 p.m. and we are at a loss to know the right clothes."

You will be correctly dressed in an afternoon dress and hat and gloves.

Strictly speaking, your husband should wear a morning suit — black worsted cutaway coat, grey-striped trousers, and a grey wool double-breasted waistcoat. However, dressing has become less formal in recent years, and it is now accepted as being correct for a guest, even when the bridal party wear morning suits, to wear a single-breasted dark lounge suit, white shirt, and dark tie.

"Do you think a white blouse worn with a black linen skirt would look too hot in summer? If you approve, please suggest a style for the blouse and say whether I should have a narrow or wide skirt."

I think the bold impact of black and white can look summer fresh as well as chic. Have the blouse made sleeveless and finished with a wide, round collar. Bias-cut or narrowly pleated skirts are both popular. Have the twosome held together with a wide, white or black buckled belt.

"MY problem is a good outfit for occasions when I come to town — mainly a five-o'clock show or a luncheon. I did think of a suit, and then wondered if a frock and jacket would be best. My material is a silk mixture in bright navy. I am in my early forties and am well proportioned, except for broad hips."

A cardigan jacket over a sleeveless dress would adapt itself well to a city day. Minus the jacket, the dress could be worn well into evening. Another good point about this type of ensemble is the fact that a cardigan jacket is flattering to a broad hipline.

"A FRIEND of my mother's is giving a pre-Christmas luncheon party for young people and has invited me. The party is in a city restaurant. My problem is to know if I should wear gloves and a hat. I am 17."

Certainly wear gloves, and if you own a hat I suggest you wear it. It is not incorrect to lunch in public minus a hat. However, it's a "hatty" season and wearing one will be a compliment to your hostess, who is not in your age group and may have conventional ideas on this fashion point.

"I HAVE an invitation to a party at which the guests have been asked to wear evening dresses similar to those worn in the 'twenties. What is the correct design?"

Wear a Charleston dress.

This fashion is correctly interpreted by a long-torso dress with a knee-high skirt. Have the bodice made with an easy fit, and have it beltless and sleeveless. The skirt should have all-round gathers from just below hip-level.

"I AM rather worried about the correct garment to wear under my new tulle party frock, which is fairly fitted and makes me look lumpy across the stomach. I am 16 and take women's size. I have never worn much in the way of a girdle, and when I did it seemed to cut me in half."

You probably need a girdle that is designed with a firm panel in front. When you're trying on a girdle, don't just stand there — sit, stoop, and stretch. This will help you to discover if the garment is comfortable as well as giving correct control.

Another tip: Be advised by the shop assistant. She is trained to know the type of foundation best suited to your figure.

"SLACKS do not suit my years or taste, and as I am going on a cruise I wondered what to wear instead. A friend who took the same holiday told me slacks are necessary to wear playing deck games."

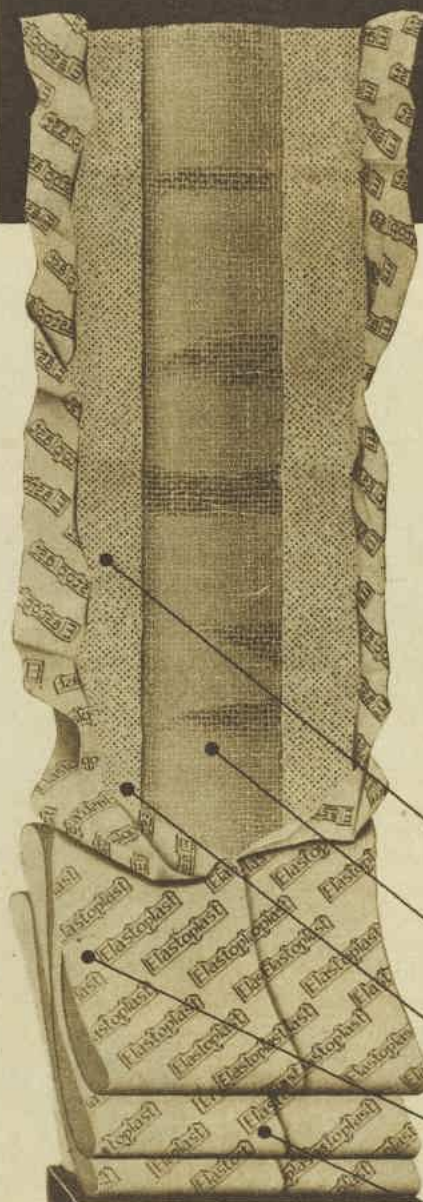
Deck games could be played in perfect fashion taste either in a simple cotton dress or in a shirt and shorts concealed by a front-buttoned skirt.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 23, 1960

Teenagers

WEEKLY

A color photograph of two young women, likely Australian schoolgirls, wearing dark blue V-neck sweaters over white collared shirts and dark neckties. The woman on the left has long, straight blonde hair and is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The woman on the right has dark, wavy hair and is looking upwards and to the right with a more pronounced smile. They are positioned against a dark, textured background.

**THE DO'S AND DON'TS
FOR MAKE-UP, FASHION — pages 6, 7**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Aussie 'say' in U.S.A.?

WITH the Presidential elections in the United States now over, many people, apart from Americans, are realising that the choice of the leader of such a powerful nation affects us all. We in Australia and the people of other Western countries should have some say in future elections, as we will be affected more and more, both financially and politically, by the U.S. — *I.S.C., Brighton, Vic.*

Holidays again

DO other teenagers think we should have an extra week's holiday before Christmas and a week less after? I find that the first ten days go all too quickly, while after Christmas the weeks drag out a little too long. The extra week would be especially appreciated by those who want to get a pre-Christmas job. Employers like to have their extra staff at least a fortnight before Christmas, and this is impossible when we have to go to school. — *"All For It," Burnside, S.A.*

'Human' teachers

DOES it ever occur to you that teachers sometimes hate teaching as much as some children hate being taught? Teenagers often go out of their way to make life miserable for new, just-out-of-college teachers. They should remember that teachers are human, too. — *"Teacher's Daughter," Garnells, W.A.*

Christmas spirit

THERE are many old people who have no friends or relatives, and as a result have a lonely time at Christmas. Teenagers have more spare time than anyone else, so why not go and visit some old person and perhaps take a small gift with you? It could be such a bright spot in someone's life, and really make Christmas the time of giving that it should be. — *Alison Boulter, Townsville, Qld.*

Teen hospital

I RECENTLY had to have a serious operation in a large city hospital. During my two weeks' stay the only company I had, other than friends and relations at visiting hours, was an elderly lady who was well on the mend. This lady showed how strongly she disapproved of my having the radiator on, my light on, my transistor on softly, and lots of other little things which made me very uncomfortable and unhappy. How different it would have been if I had been in a "Teen Hospital" with girls my own age for company. — *"Teenager," Newcastle, N.S.W.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Unhappy at home

I COME from a very unhappy home, and find that saying anything to Mum and Dad when they quarrel only makes things worse. But I have the answer. If you are unhappy because your family life isn't running smoothly, try to go out more, as an outing takes your mind off your worries and you will be able to take a happier attitude to life. — *D.O.W., Boggabilla, N.S.W.*

No longer friend

I WENT steady for several months with a boy I liked and respected as a person, as well as being in love with him. When we finally decided to break up a couple of months ago, I looked forward to having him as a friend still. Since then, however, he has hardly spoken to me. He avoids me if he can, and if he has to speak to me he just mutters a few embarrassed words and disappears. Other girls say the same thing has happened to them, even when the breakup was by mutual consent. Since a boy likes the girl in the first place, when the romance is all off surely he could still enjoy her company. Why must boys treat an ex-steady as some kind of disagreeable animal? — *"Shunned," Adelaide.*

Opera House rock

EDWARD RICHARDSON (T.W., 7/9/60) says that the Sydney Opera House should be used for rock-n-roll shows as well as opera. I agree the Opera House should be available for the use of all members of the community, but the way most rock-n-roll fans behave at shows is enough to make the authorities think again. If teenagers were more controlled at these shows the Opera House is more likely to be made available for their entertainment. — *"Wake Up," Blackburn, Vic.*

Current affairs

HARDLY any teenagers seem to realise the importance of the Congo crisis, or Mr. Khrushchev's policy on the U.N.; to them they are just headlines in the newspapers. How many know the important issues involved in the Kennedy-Nixon struggle in America or the importance of unionism in Australia? As leaders of the world tomorrow we must have an understanding of other nations, so that we can live in peace and happiness in the future. — *"A Teenager," Parramatta, N.S.W.*

Girls' Air Corps

THERE should be a sort of Air Training Corps for girls. I am very interested in aircraft and flying, and I'm sure there must be many girls who agree with me. There are so many opportunities for boys who want to fly, but girls can only do it as a hobby. Even in the Women's Air Force the women don't fly. If there was a Girls' Air Training Corps I'm sure there would be a terrific response. — *Lorraine Wheelton, Bathurst, N.S.W.*

... and cadets, too

THERE should be cadet training for girls in secondary schools. Many girls would like to join the Army when they leave school, but they aren't sure if it would suit them. If they had this elementary training at school it would help most of them to make up their minds. — *K.G., Ulverstone, Tas.*

No vote, no tax!

SURELY if one is too young to vote, one is too young to pay tax. Many of our ancestors cried, "No taxation without representation." This aim they eventually achieved. However, it seems that a similar case has arisen. Why should Australia's young workers under 21 pay tax to a Government in which they have no say? — *"Non-worker," Dalby, Qld.*



Daphne Piant

Feet of clay

WHY do many teenagers try to follow the example set by their particular film idol? In the majority of cases these are not people we should try to copy. Teenagers would find much more contentment from such things as music, poetry, art, sport, and various other hobbies. — *Daphne Piant, Orange, N.S.W.*

Similar sirens

THE sirens of police cars, ambulances, and fire brigades are too similar. I think they should each have a unique siren which could be easily distinguished by members of the public. — *Wendy Nicholas, Parkeville, S.A.*

Police wanted

AS my job occupies me most weekends I often meet girlfriends after work and go to a film. However, we may have to stop this practice, because we immediately become the target of the leering little men or gangs of boddies showing off in front of their mates. If there were more policemen in the city we would be left alone to have coffee and look at the shops after the show. — *Carole Meek, Sydney.*

For French, Latin

SURELY Adrian Hart (T.W., 10/8/60) isn't serious when he writes that French and Latin are useless subjects to take at school. Doesn't he realise that many English words are taken from or originated from French and Latin? In learning these languages we are also learning more about the English language. — *Carolyn Wade, Manuka, Canberra.*

... and against

I AGREE that languages apart from English are absolutely a waste of time. French and Latin are useless to anyone except those who intend taking up professions such as medicine, dentistry, or language teaching. While on the topic of useful subjects, may I also point out that art and science are useless subjects as far as most girls are concerned. If such subjects were cut out of the syllabus and shorthand and typing were introduced instead, the secretarial course would be covered at school and an extra year at business college would be unnecessary. — *Robyn Emery, Berry, N.S.W.*

More holiday job ideas

● Plight of being penniless during the coming school holidays prompted "Broke Teenagers" (T.W. 28/9/60) to ask for suggestions for money-making schemes. Here are some to add to the list we published last week.

AN easy way to earn money is to caddy at the local golf course. Most golfers here pay 7/6 a game. It can also be profitable to hunt for lost golf balls on the course, and then resell them at half the "new" price. Another pleasant money-earning job is to grow vegetables in the back garden and sell them to the local greengrocer. However, if you want to plan ahead for extra cash, buy a pair of good young budgerigars and rear them. They sell for a very good profit and are little trouble to keep. — *"Tephnie," Albany, W.A.*

I SUGGEST that the teenage poor try what I did while still at school. Offering my services to neighbors to do messages, mind the children, sweep floors, etc., I earned enough money to satisfy my holiday needs. — *S. Watson, Yarrawonga, Vic.*

IN the country there are many interesting jobs, and the Christmas holidays is the time for the "big money." We cut apricots, sometimes starting at six o'clock in the morning and continuing until after dark. It's a hard job, but it's fun spending the £50 afterwards. — *Jennifer Palmer, River Murray, S.A.*

WHY not collect newspapers and take them to your local butcher or some other shop that wraps things in newspaper. The other day I received 21/6 for newspapers. — *"Penniless Also," Cheltenham, N.S.W.*

I HAVE a suggestion which provides a lot of fun as well as ready cash. If you buy a developing and printing set you can print all your friends' photos. It is not very hard, and friends would be only too

pleased to have their photographs developed cheaply and quickly. This can become a great hobby, and brings in big profits. — *Jenny Ward, Black Rock, Vic.*

FOR the boys near the coast I would suggest that they get a part-time job on a fishing-boat. Last holidays I earned £40 working on a scallop-boat and was offered a job at £6 a weekend for the rest of the scallop season. — *"Suggestion," Hobart.*

A LAW-STUDENT friend of mine has a solution to the problem. He's a "bouncer" at the local dance on Thursday nights, and serves in a milk-bar on Saturday mornings. He finds this does not interfere with his studies or social life, and he always has some extra cash. — *"Any Help?," Melbourne.*

By KERRY YATES

Schoolgirl to marry leader of Delltones

● When 16-year-old Jetty Bosch leaves school next year she'll just be exchanging one set of bells for another—school bells for wedding bells.

AND just as she pores over her maths book in a fourth-year class at Sydney's Dover Heights High, she can't help peeking at her brand-new engagement ring hidden safely in her blazer pocket.

The lucky boy? He's the idol of many more girls than Jetty—Noel Widerberg, the lead singer of The Delltones, one of Sydney's leading rock-'n-roll groups.

Noel, who is 22, and nicknamed "Elf," met Jetty 15 months ago at a casual date at Sydney's Bronte Beach.

Although Jetty had been going out with boys for only a few months, she knew at once that "Noel is the one for me."

This girl, with the long honey-blond hair, blue eyes, and olive suntan, soon swayed Noel, originally a "confirmed bachelor" (aren't they all!)

Since then she has been Noel's main fan and steady girlfriend.

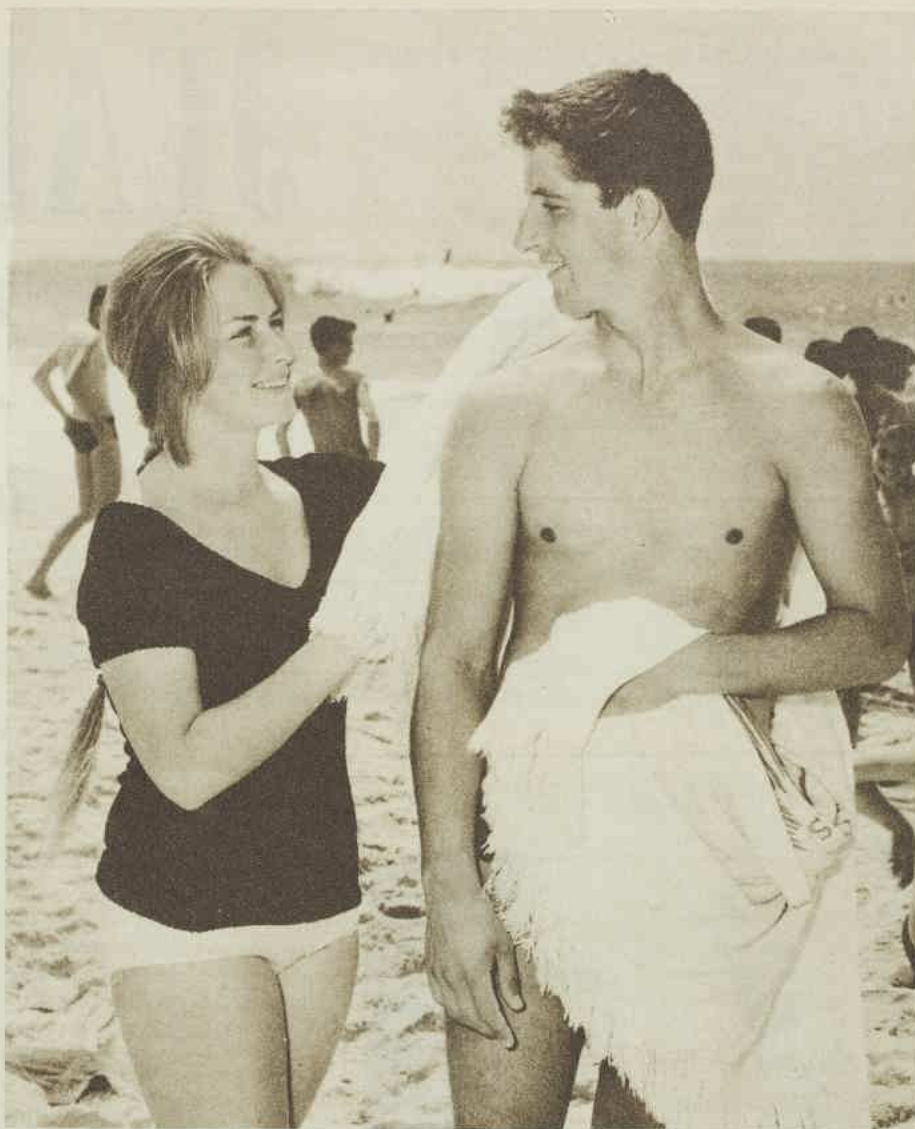
To ensure successful futures, Noel and his fellow Delltones all completed their training for careers before taking up singing as a profession—Noel is an experienced insurance clerk and will return to this if his luck as a singer runs out.

Jetty is a typical "outdoor" type—fond of swimming, surfing, and the sun. She wants to finish high school before getting married, when she will probably take up a business career.

Her engagement has the blessing of her parents. Mrs. Bosch, who was only 18 when she married, says she hopes Noel and Jetty will be as happy as she and her husband are today.

All Jetty's classmates will be invited to the wedding and are nearly as excited as the bride-to-be.

And this girl, who will soon throw away her schoolbooks and reach for a prayer book to walk down the aisle of a church instead of the school hall, simply says, "My dream has come true!"



JETTY and NOEL spend most of their spare time on Bronte Beach, where they met and fell in love 15 months ago.

PLANNING to get married as soon as she leaves school, Jetty nevertheless works hard at her fourth-year high-school lessons.



FATHER of the school-girl bride-to-be admires Jetty's engagement ring. Believing in young romance, he married Jetty's mother when she was 18.



BEATNIK—by Lovell Jones



"Double or quits . . . wattayasay, man?"

JEALOUSY

*The most dangerous
—and useless—of
all the emotions*

By MARCH WINGATE

● "It's all over — my — jealousy . . ." That's the idea. Get it over and done with now if you can, and don't let jealousy bother you ever again. But try not to make a song and dance about it.

IF you feel another jealousy spasm coming on, be wise and don't let it "jell." Just keep well away from the trouble spot for a while, until you get things back into their proper perspective.

Try to remind yourself that jealousy is unbecoming and really rather unnecessary, because — wouldn't it be dismal if all of us had the same things and were all exactly alike?

And cheer up, because you can easily grow out of it. You'll laugh at it in a few years' time.

You've endured it, like all of us, and it was plain torture. So don't let it "take" next time.

For Christians it involves the breaking of a Commandment — Thou Shalt Not Covet — so it's no light matter.

But let's try to throw some light on the cause and effect of jealousy.

It's the most fruitless and embittering emotion in the world. You can't be jealous of things, only of people who have things.

The jealous boy or girl is injured far more than the target of his jealousy — though jealousy actually hurts everyone who is anywhere near it.

Family and friends "feel" it in the atmosphere. They see their loved one being twisted and torn emotionally by a force which warps the judgment and sours the soul.

Hard to help

They wish there was some way they could help. But the jealous person is hard to help, because he's temporarily completely one-eyed.

It's best for him to help himself, and it would be well for him to consider his troubles as a minor illness of the mind which can be cured by himself alone.

After all, it triggers off half the crimes in the world, and all the

mean acts, so jump on it now and stamp it out.

One good tip is to draw a strong line between healthy competition and jealousy, and watch it! Don't step over the line.

Jealousy can take many forms. Do you envy the friend with a nicer home, richer parents, a swimming-pool, a car? That's jealousy. Ridiculous, because your own parents may be twice as nice.

Do you envy the girl with naturally wavy hair, or the boy with the winning grin? That's jealousy.

Be a good sport

Sometimes boys and girls are jealous of a friend's popularity, salary at work, height, waist measurement, motor-bike, singing voice — anything!

But did they ever really try to be popular, get a good job, have a good figure, save for a motor-bike, train their voice?

Nearly all people suffer from jealousy in some form. While most grow out of it in their early twenties, others harbor it all their lives and greater and greater is the burden of it.

Healthy competition is fine, stimulating, exciting. Without it there would be no Herb Elliotts and Dawn Frasers (two young people you can watch any day of the week for a lesson in good sportsmanship).

You must say to yourself, "If the other chap wins, good luck to him. He must have been a little bit better or it was his lucky day. My turn will come tomorrow."

Like everyone else you have to watch out and see that you don't mind too much if you don't always come out on top. If you find yourself hating the winner, that's jealousy.

In the process of growing up we all encounter two or three "friends" who just simply have to be tactfully dropped because they're TOO difficult.

We don't want to become one of those people whom others drop. You know what they're like!

You do your best with them, you flatter them and spare their feelings as much as possible, but they're still difficult because they're jealous.

They lose no chance of chipping away at you, trying to undermine your self-respect. They keep trying to take you down a peg.

You can't do a thing right with people like that. If you're gay, you're showing off. If you're sad, you're drawing attention to yourself.

If you're invited to a lovely party, they'd rather not go because they don't like the people who are giving it (you know they weren't invited because they're too troublesome, but you don't want to be rude about it).

Having tried to do all you can for them, eventually you decide to let them go, and nobody can blame you, because jealous people are hard to help if they won't help themselves.

Courage needed

If your jealousy is in the field of romance — if the boy you like has eyes for your friend instead of you — then you do deserve extra special sympathy. That's really bad luck and that sort of jealousy is known to everyone who has been even mildly in love.

You'll need extra special courage, too, to get over it.

There's one thing certain! A display of jealousy will only make it worse and put the tin hat on it for good and all.

So just mark time slowly, taking great care to be at your very nicest all the time. Look as if you don't mind, even if your heart is breaking.

You might, with luck, win him back — or else (while you're being so nice) you might attract someone a hundred times nicer than he ever was.



At the first
hint of a spot . . .

There's no need to let distressing spots and blemishes spoil your looks . . . and your enjoyment! Yardley have the answer in Clearskin. Simply wash the affected area at night, dry, then smooth on this wonderful new greaseless cream. Whilst you sleep, its purifying ingredients go gently to work to clear your skin. Sponge off in the morning and behold the magical improvement.

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Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, Australia

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

Schoolboys run own radio station

● What's the time in Russia at the moment? What's the density of karri timber per cubic foot? . . . First-year boys at Sydney's Christian Brothers' Intermediate Technical High School can pick up the answers in a flash — from their own amateur radio station.

BUILT into a corner of the classroom next to the blackboard, this workman-like receiver and transmitter has carried a barrage of questions and answers to and from 50 different countries.

"In Russia, Fiji, New Zealand, and America . . . radio hams everywhere watch out for our boys," said the Reverend Brother D. Kinsella, who established the radio station, VK2ATQ, about two years ago.

"It had been my own hobby for several years," he said, "and I thought it would interest the boys as an after-school and lunch-break hobby."

However, from an extra-curricular hobby and the minimum of equipment, VK2ATQ has boomed into a station with a world-wide range and has become an educational boon to the school.

Specialists' talks

"You see, besides the technical know-how the boys pick up from merely learning to use the station," explained Brother Kinsella, "it also serves to underline what's taught in geography, maths, and science lessons."

The station is also used to bring the boys into direct contact with experts on various subjects of study.

As part of a woodwork, metalwork, or technical-drawing lesson, for example, a radio interview is arranged with a leading Australian specialist.

A quarter of an hour's talk by the specialist is followed by a quarter of an hour's questions by the boys, to which the specialist then gives his answers.

Most successful of these sessions was one with a Katoomba timber merchant. Before his talk, he arranged for a bundle of timber samples to be sent to the school, so that the boys could actually see what he was describing.

Other interviews arranged in this way include those with a doctor on health and a scientist on astronomy and moon-watching.

The class also uses the receiver for tuning in to regular educational programmes from the A.B.C.

Brother Kinsella realises that his scheme has to be used with discretion. "We'll be most unpopular with other radio hams if we don't restrict our time on the air," he said. "We must avoid interference with them."

He also has to be sure that the station's equipment is used correctly. Because of this only six boys are allowed to operate the receiver and transmitter.

But training-boys between 12 and 15 to the pitch of perfection required before a licence is issued has its problems.

Officially, a ham has to pass a stiff examination set by the Postmaster-General's Department, and has to be at least 15 years old.

"I had to do a bit of persuasion in the right quarters," said Brother Kinsella, "before the P.M.G. decided to waive the exams and the age limit and give us a licence. And even then, I — or another licensed operator — have to supervise the station."

Nonetheless, each boy operator has complete control when his "turn" comes round in the after-school sessions.

The number of turns a boy has is determined by the number of "contacts" he can make in a given time. The fewer the contacts, the more frequent the turns.

Prized trophies

Competition for exotic and far-away contacts is keen, and the trophies for each success are highly prized.

The trophies are the "call cards" which are exchanged between hams all over the world. They give proof of the call, and the details of the reception. Each station has its individual card and some of them are pretty colorful.

The school's call card isn't as picturesque as some of the ones they've had from Antarctica or Czechoslovakia, but it's as original — a simple photograph of the station in operation.

These bright sparks looked



ABOVE: Tony Patamisse, at microphone, transmits a message from the classroom station, while John Murphy gets set to receive. The boys collected and assembled the station equipment at an initial cost of 12/6. Now, with the help of many gifts, they have a 15-valve receiver and 12-valve transmitter.

RIGHT: Russia is only a shortwave away for Paul Bartolo, one of the six pupils privileged to operate the station. He's holding call cards proving his contact with Russians in Moscow and in Antarctica.

BELOW: Terry Doolan, left, shows fellow first-year students Paul Vella and Ian Meyer one of the valves used in the school's radio station.



very expert as they did a mock transmission for us, before really getting down to business after school.

"We'd far rather do this than go home and play," said 12-year-old John Murphy. "I picked up a Fijian last time." "And I picked up a doctor. Remember, he said he'd call us back today?" said Tony Patamisse.

"And we're going on a field day for the Australian Wireless Institute up at Gosford, soon," broke in 13-year-old Paul Bartolo. "And there'll be a fox hunt. Know what that is? We have to find a hidden transmitter with direction-finding equipment and go in motor-cars to follow the 'fox.'"

"But hey, fellas!" called Terry Doolan. "Whose turn is it now?"

"Your turn, Terry!" confirmed Brother Kinsella, and, turning to us with a smile, he added: "VK2ATQ is a most efficient station."



School fashion parade

Clothes just right

THE CLOTHES, paraded in the assembly hall by young professional models, were all specially chosen as just right for girls still at school. Pupils, with a few mothers (and one young brother) in the background, took a keen interest in this group of outfits. From left, a swimsuit plus matching skirt, super for a swimming party; Bermuda shorts and printed overshirt, beaut for a barbecue; silk shirtmaker, sweet for an end-of-school lunch in town; swimsuit plus matching jacket, jazzy for the beach; and a tulle formal—fabulous for that leaving-school dance. The models showed the right and wrong way of wearing the clothes—how a simple dress could be spoilt by using the wrong accessories. The schoolgirls listened and looked and learnt. This was a lesson they really liked.



An expert's do's and don'ts for make-up

OUR COVER GIRLS were chosen by Miss Woodley to demonstrate the right and wrong way to use make-up. The blonde is just right—light and pretty. But the brunette is oh-so-wrong—make-up piled on so the whole effect is grotesque and cheap. At left, Miss Woodley shows the way to teenage beauty. Her advice: Wash your face every night with soap and warm water, then rinse thoroughly with cold. Gently massage around nose and greasy areas with a soft toothbrush, using a little cleansing cream. Once a week, use a light nourishing cream—but don't leave it on all night, wipe it off after ten minutes or so. Never wear heavy, greasy make-up. Try a liquid powder (make-up base and powder combined), which gives a



glowing natural look. For a special night occasion, put a light dusting of powder on top—but don't try to look too glamorous. Choose a pale lipstick. Don't use eye make-up—except perhaps as a light pencilling on your brows at night if they're so pale they disappear, but don't draw lines around your eyes. Maybe a tiny touch of rouge at night, but not in the daytime. Add a splash of light flowery perfume—and you'll be the sweetest, most-sought-after sixteenager in sight.

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

by BILL SAWYER

● Sandra is still suspected of stealing the dress sketches she had been asked to deliver to Major Scott's flat. In a ticket queue she sees the hand, with the first finger only a stump, which she had noticed when the thug snatched the sketches from her. She follows its owner, but loses him in the crowd. She tells detective Michael Rogers, whose suspicions are now very definitely on "someone else" at Major Scott's, and he is about to get some real evidence. NOW READ ON

MEANWHILE THE DRESS SHOW IS IN FULL SWING.

SO GLAD YOU COULD COME MISS DUBOIS.

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOUR SHOW MAJOR.

AND NOW ELAINE! A COCKTAIL GOWN



RIVETS



DIARY JACKY'S

by JACKY Mendelsohn
Age 32½



They got a SOLDIER there who's job is to keep every body out, Exsept Uncle Jerry's Friends.



Daddy said the man was doing what they call CENTURY DUTY.



Daddy explained me how lots of SOLDIERS got STRIPES on their UNIFORMS, and ALSO how the MORE you got, the HIRE UP you are.



Later on i saw Some guys who must of been GENERALS! You should of seen all the STRIPES they had on!



Finely we found Uncle Jerry on the Drill Peel, where he WAS PRAKTIHING MARCHING information.



We SEEN so many inneresting THINGS in the ARMY, that Necks WEEK i will tell you a-bout Some MORE inneresting THINGS we SEEN, in the ARMY.

Your FRIEND, JACKY.



BUTCH

"I TOLD you to stay away from the monkey bars."



● Dr. Budd, Chris Welkin's colleague, working in his laboratory in Atom City, discovers that something is absorbing Strontium 90 from the earth's atmosphere, and takes a helicopter to find Chris and report. Chris is in the mountains with Koot, the monster from Rigel, who shows them both how he must absorb Strontium 90 for nourishment. He is to blame. Chris, realising that it is no use keeping secrets from Koot, who reads minds, enlists his help to develop a space "sail boat." NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN

PLANETEER

BY RUSS WINTERBOTHAM

CHRIS TELLS ME YOUR TELEPATHY HAS LIMITATIONS, KOOT



MENTAL INDUCTION, NOT TELEPATHY, AMAIZA, MY DEAR. I RECEIVE ONLY THOUGHTS PERTAINING TO ME. OTHER THOUGHTS ARE UNPLEASANT--



SLANDER I CAN TAKE, BUT I ABHOR STUPIDITY.



CHRIS, AMAIZA AND KOOT BLAST TOWARD THE SPACE STATION FOR THE HOLIDAYS



WHAT'LL YOU DO BESIDES TEST YOUR SPACE "SAIL-BOAT," CHRIS?

LIVE IT UP, AMAIZA!



BUT THE SAIL-SHIP'S THE BIG THING. IT HARNESSSES PHOTON PRESSURE FROM SUN-LIGHT. JUST AS THE WIND SUPPLIES POWER FOR A SAIL-BOAT

WE'RE ALMOST THERE. YOU'LL FIND AN OVER-SIZE SPACE-SUIT IN THE LOCKER, KOOT.



DON'T NEED ONE. MY LUNGS EXPEL AIR.

HERE IS WELKIN'S SHIP! HE'S ACCEPTED OUR INVITATION TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS HERE!

ACCORDING TO PLAN, AQUILLA, MY DEAR!



OUR ALLIES FROM CALLISTO WILL ATTACK SOON. WITHOUT A LEADER, THE PLANETEERS WILL BE POWERLESS.



WATCH YOUR THOUGHTS, AQUILLA! THIS CREATURE, KOOT IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO READ MINDS!

SUCH NONSENSE! HE'S A FAKE!



AND THIS IS AQUILLA, WHO HAS BEEN CLEARING THE RADIATION BANDS. AQUILLA, MAY I PRESENT KOOT!

SO I'M A FAKE, MISS?



CONTINUED

TEENA® *by Linda Terry*



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, Narda and Lothar, during their Mt. Arat expedition, have climbed into the well where the "demon photographer" lives. He has been overpowered and Mandrake now demands that he tell his story. He describes how he played on the villagers' superstition that a demon lived in the well and their fear of cameras. As a young man he had had to flee the village for murder, bought a camera in the outside world, and had come back to terrorise the locals by "stealing souls" and demanding gold in return. He is about to explain how he can paralyse subjects when he takes their pictures. NOW READ ON...



● *It didn't seem like school at all.*

There in the assembly hall of a famous Sydney school, girls from second year to fifth year sat in tunics and blazers, not listening to a lecture, but watching a fashion parade. They saw swimsuits, tennis clothes, dresses for barbecues, luncheons, theatre parties, wool-shed dances, informal dates, semi-formal dances, and formals. Then came a demonstration by Pat Woodley on the do's and don'ts of make-up.



**Accessories
just wrong**

DON'T add a mass of jewellery, like this too-heavy too-exotic necklace and glittering bracelet, and spoil the simplicity of this short-skirted dance dress. Without the jewellery, the dress and gloves are perfect for an end-of-school-aged teen.

DON'T add a hat that's old enough for your mother, yards of clanking junk bracelets, and elbow-length gloves. The charm of this dress should be left uncluttered. Discard the hat, the bracelets, and substitute wrist-length gloves. Simplicity is the secret of the best-dressed girl in town.

PICTURES by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.
CLOTHES from Anthony Horderna, Sydney.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

School dance

"COULD you please tell me whether a boy pays for his ticket or not if he is asked to a girl's school dance? Also what would be suitable for a 15-year-old girl to wear on such an occasion? I am tall, but have got quite big bones."

S.J., N.S.W.

If a girl asks a boy to take her to a school dance, or to escort or accompany her, the boy should not buy the tickets. I always think it is best for a girl to say when she asks the boy that she has two tickets for the dance and would he like to go with her. These things should be made clear immediately, because shortage of money and doubt over whether or not he has to pay for tickets may mean that a boy who is simply dying to go to a dance refuses point blank. He couldn't stand the embarrassment of saying, "I'd like to but I can't afford to" — in fact few people of any age could.

Your best or party dress would be most suitable for a school dance. Wear something pretty, simple, and informal, and something you feel good in.

Smoking age

"I WOULD like to know the age you think suitable for a person to start smoking? Do you think that a person should smoke when invited to a girl's place for the evening? Another question is at what age should a boy take a girl to the pictures or any outing? And afterwards should the boy escort the girl home?"

"Wondering Boy," S.A.

I don't know of any age at which it is wise to start smoking. It is very expensive, unhealthy, and these days it is far, far smarter not to smoke.

Many young men and women do start to smoke when they are in their late teens. They seem to think it is a sign of manliness or sophistication. It certainly is neither.

As for smoking when you are visiting a girl's place in the evening, you certainly should not unless the rest of the family smoke, or if you ask permission to do so. Some people object strongly to smoking or to the smell of people who have been smoking.

Boys should not start taking girls out on solo dates before they are 16, and the girl they ask should be the same age, 16.

If you ask a girl out you should call for her at her home to take her to wherever the invitation is, and you should see her safely home again.

Stammer treatment

"I AM a boy of 16 and my problem is stammering. I stammer badly as I am very nervous. I cannot go to the doctor because it costs too much, so could you please help me with my problem?"

A.S., Vic.

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You should contact the Casualty Department at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, Royal Eye and Ear Hospital, Alfred Hospital, Prince Henry's Hospital, or St. Vincent's Hospital in Melbourne, and tell them about your problem. They will then refer you to the appropriate clinic.

You will find that the cost is not great—it varies according to the patient's income.

Ladies' Choice

"I AM 15½ and I have liked a boy very much for two years. He is 18 and we both go to the same school. I am sure he knows I like him, but I have no idea how to really find out if he likes me, as I am rather shy with boys. At a dance once he was very nice to me when I had a dance with him (the Ladies' Choice). The only drawback was that I did not know what to say to him. Would you advise me, please, what to say next time, as there will be another dance soon. Also I was wondering if it would be all right to send him a card on his birthday, to ring him up, or write to him next year when he will have left school. Am I being possessive acting like this? Because I do not want to appear to be chasing him."

"Wondering," Vic.

You are certainly planning to be possessive, but you won't get the chance to put it into action — which is a good thing — if your acquaintance is limited to Ladies' Choice dances.

Bust exercises

"IS there any exercise you could recommend that would help increase my bustline? I have been developing since I was 13. Now I am 15 and am a measly 32. Will I develop any further?"

G.S., Vic.

Yes, you probably will. Experts on the subject say that from the start of breast development it takes a girl about three years to reach full maturity.

But all girls differ. Your own growth rate as well as the size you will ultimately reach is something you can do little about. It is largely hereditary.

But there are some bosom secrets that help every girl to the shape she wants to be.

One of these is posture. Round shoulders and your head tucked down into your neck make your breasts slide down into unbecoming curves. Perfect posture will actually lift your bosom and give it its most beautiful contours. You should stand and walk with your head held high, shoulders back, stomach in, and buttocks tucked under.

This sort of posture does wonders for all types of bosoms. It makes small ones look better because they are clearly delineated; an average one will look fuller and higher; and a full bosom will look youthfully high and better proportioned.

Exercise follows posture as a help to a prettier shape. The idea of this, as

there are no muscles in the breasts themselves, is to develop and strengthen the muscles which support them. Here are some good exercises:

Sit down tailorwise with your legs crossed and your back against a wall. Pick up a book between your hands and fold it in front of you as if you were going to pray. Now, pressing hard with the palms of your hands against the book, turn the book away from you so that the tips of your fingers point straight ahead, then turn the book over so that your fingertips are pointing at your breast-bone. All the time you are doing this press the palms of your hands hard on to the book so that you feel the full pull on the pectoral muscles.

Next exercise is a dual-purpose one. Sit the same way, tailorwise against a wall. Pick up your hairbrush and hold it in your hands with your elbows extended at shoulder level and brush your hair upwards for 50 strokes and then 50 downwards. A sort of up-and-over movement.

The other part of the bosom story is the selection of a well-designed and well-fitting brassiere. Whether you are small, large, or medium in the bosom you need a good brassiere, fitted by an expert. And if you are very small bras with some padding built right into them may make your clothes fit and look better. Only an expert can fit you with any brassiere. Self selection of a brassiere is silly.

Bad manners

"RECENTLY I met a particularly nice young man of 22. I am 19. He is decent and sensible in every way, except that he has shocking manners. For instance, he always walks through the door first, uses the salt and pepper first, walks on the wrong side of the footpath, and many other things. I am not a fussy girl, but after always having been out with well-mannered boys, this has suddenly hit me and I find it quite embarrassing in public. Is there anything I can do? If so, what do you suggest? Another thing — he will wear an open-necked shirt and sports clothes to the pictures. Is this correct?"

"Embarrassed," Vic.

If you like this man so much, he's worth telling that his manners are bad. He probably doesn't know. It may be hard to tell him and he may be hurt, but he will eventually appreciate your action.

If you don't want to be so direct, try to make it impossible for him to be anything but gentlemanly. Surely you can, without being undignified, get to a door first and wait for him to open it for you? He'll probably ask you what you are doing, and then you can tell him.

Good manners are very important in love affairs, and when you notice them now in the first flush of excitement, they'll probably break up the whole thing eventually. If you want to keep this boy and be happy with him, you'll just have to tell him about his manners.

Wearing an open-necked shirt to the pictures may not be bad-mannered. It may be a custom to which he is accustomed, but when you pay him the compliment of dressing nicely I think he should wear a tie. It is a very different thing if it's a hot night and you mutually agree to dress informally, but I'm afraid this is something else you'll have to speak about, too.

It's a hard life, isn't it, but if you get results, it's worth it, and if you don't, you either accept him as he is, bad manners and all, or give him the brush-off.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



GIRLS and fruit have belonged together since Eve took a bite from an apple.

Fruit is nature's gift to girls — beautywise and healthwise — and it's a good friend to have by you at all times.

On a diet? Plenty of fresh fruit eaten daily will help to whittle those hips.

In winter and summer fruit can jazz up the dreariest meal. Smother your morning cereal in peaches and pears and drink a glass of orange juice, and you'll be able to cope with the blackest day.

When cooking fish surround it with slices of bananas cooked in butter and rolled in bread-crumbs — scrumptious.

Fruit can be used in many ways as an aid to beauty. Lemon juice dabbed on your face will keep it white and clear and help fade those freckles.

Elbows are said to be the ugliest parts of a woman's body. After you've eaten your grapefruit rest your elbows in the empty skins for ten minutes. This will keep them white and soft.

Oh, and talking of lemon juice, a few drops squeezed into the rinsing water when shampooing your hair will give it a lustrous sheen.

Next time you have guests to tea, decorate the room with fruit. Put an assortment — pears, apples, plums, and bananas, or whatever is in season — in a fruit basket or pretty dish, add a few loose white flowers (they can go back in water later), and lengths of vine or ivy that trail across the table.

This makes a charming table decoration, tomorrow's health and beauty food, and a good conversation piece.

Stand a Grecian vase (empty) on the end of the bookcase and drape a bunch of grapes around its feet — very Roman.

And out in the kitchen have bowls of rosy-red apples (polish them so they glisten) and a few bits of greenery from the nearest tree.

And eat one every day, for, don't forget, the prettiest sight is the girl with the apple-red cheeks and the peaches-and-cream complexion.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS

Paid to learn to teach

● "Miss Pirkola, are you married?" he asked.
 "No," she said—and explained, "Don't you know that when a girl is married she's called 'Mrs.'?"
 "Miss Pirkola, will you wait till I catch up to you?"

SCHOOLMARM Helina Pirkola grinned. Even a proposal from a pupil in the middle of an arithmetic lesson couldn't surprise her. The only thing she can really expect from her 35 six- and seven-year-olds at Sydney's Bankstown North Infants' School is the unexpected.

That's the charm of the job. And, in Helina's blue eyes, it caps the other advantages of being a fully fledged infants' teacher in her first year—the £31/10/- wages she clears a fortnight, the ten weeks' holiday a year, and the 9 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. working day.

Working day? Well, when you see Helina, blond, full of fun and 21, engrossed in a game of "What's the Time, Mr. Wolf?" you'd think the job was simply child's play.

But for Helina the art of playing children's games is directly linked with some pretty adult subjects like psychology, method, and physical education.

"You see, any primary or in-

fants' school teacher has to study and pass 15 subjects at a teachers' college," she explained. "It's a two-year course."

Helina, whose home is in Gosford, did her course (she finished with a distinction in psychology and six credits in other subjects) at Newcastle Teachers' College.

She'd really have preferred to do it in Sydney, but a student teacher has to go where she's sent, and that's determined by the number of vacancies in the various colleges.

And to enrol at a teachers' college you have to win a scholarship, which is awarded on results from the Leaving Certificate exam.

Helina said that the scholarship was generous—£364 a year for the two training years. "It didn't go very far, though," she added. "I was living in the Y.W.C.A., and the board was £4/10/-."

The only string attached to the scholarship was the bond she had to sign. This binds her to teaching for the Education Department for three years.

If she breaks it . . . Helina had the answer all worked out: "I'd have to pay back the debt I owe the Education Department for the scholarship—up to £300 in all, but the amount would depend on how soon I broke the bond."

"If I couldn't pay it, even in instalments, my guarantors—my father and a friend—would have to."

HELINA leads her class in reciting "Autumn Leaves."

"This worried me at first, but now I've started I'd hate to leave. At first you think all the kids are little pests, and then they're interesting, and then they're nice."

Helina's understanding of psychology has played a large part in holding the respect and affection of the children. Apples for the teacher, they think, aren't quite good enough for her. She gets birthday cake, flowers, and invitations to parties.

"I think my class is the best," she said. "And they think they're the smartest one, too."

That's because they're the only class in the school who can sing the French song "Frere Jacques" in three languages—in English, French, and Finnish, which is Helina's mother tongue.

"My family's been here only nine years," she said in faultless English, "and when I first went to Gosford High School I couldn't speak a word of English."

IN New South Wales a primary or infants' teacher employed by the Education Department earns approximately £945 in her first year.

She gets a rise each year, so that by the time she has been teaching 11 years she would be earning about £1500.

However, it is possible to earn promotion to a headmistress fairly quickly if the teacher volunteers for country jobs or has exceptional ability. The salary for a headmistress is about £2000.

PUTTING LIGHTS INTO DIAMONDS



● Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but young Robert Destoop, of Sydney (pictured above), has found that they do him pretty well, too.

FOR 18-year-old Robert, who lives with his French-born father and 14-year-old brother at Harris Park, is one of Sydney's very few apprentice diamond cutters.

He started to learn the trade from his uncles after passing his Intermediate at Parramatta High School.

Robert said that a cutter could add a lot to the value of a stone, or he could ruin it with one slip.

The stone he is examining in the picture is worth about £2500.

He held up another stone, the size of a small pea. "Uncut, that's worth about £40," he said. "When it's cut properly, it will sell for at least twice that amount."

The stones are imported from London or Amsterdam, and first step is to sort them into different qualities, sizes, and shapes.

"Cube-shaped diamonds have to be sawn, which is one of the most difficult jobs. It is done with a bronze wheel covered with a mixture of diamond dust and oil."

Then comes the polishing, which means cutting facets on the diamond to a set pattern to bring out the lights."

Robert, who earned £3/18/- a week in his first year, will finish his apprenticeship in 1962. Then his wages will be about £25.





HOW'S YOUR SUN SENSE?

By Carolyn Earle

● *It's nice to have a glowing suntan in the summer when it really shows, but sunbathing is a beauty treatment that has to be handled with care and common sense if you don't want to wind up with a coarse, dull skin.*

MOST girls these days are sensible enough to know that whether you tan or burn depends on the type of skin you have and the kind of protection you give it while out in the bright sunlight.

It's elementary that a beautiful brown can be achieved only by exposing the skin in small doses. Watch the clock and start with 10 minutes the first day. Sensitivity will diminish as the sun builds up a deposit of pigment in the skin. This should take about three days.

After that, let sun-oil or lotion and discretion be your armor.

The main thing for everyone to remember when sunbathing is that every type of skin needs special care; a slap of sun-lotion just isn't enough, and the policy of trial and error can lead to a painful burn.

Doctors emphasise the importance of taking the sun slowly, and that should be good enough for any girl. Try, also, to follow these basic rules to achieve a nice color and a skin that feels comfortable and healthy.

Skin that's normal can be kept so with frequent doses of emollient sun-lotion. If the weather looks cloudy—don't be fooled. Summer clouds hide a load of ultra-violet rays which can do damage.

DON'T TAKE RISKS

All skin should be protected all the time, but particularly before you go out in the sun, at two-hourly intervals after every swim, and whenever the skin feels drawn or dry. Pay special attention to bony areas, where the skin is thinner, notably the nose, knees, and shoulders.

Really bad burns should be treated as such. Apply calamine lotion, zinc ointment, or a special cream on your doctor's prescription. Drink plenty of water to counteract dehydration, and rest well away from the sun.

Make-up, to a certain extent, protects skin from the sun, but since summer is the only time that we can

literally bare our skins, it's a good opportunity to keep the face uncovered, wearing just lipstick and perhaps eye make-up.

There are many lotions and creams obtainable now which are made to do a special job for every sort of skin. It's well worth shopping around to find the one that's right for you.

Skin that's dry and sun-sensitive usually also has a tendency to freckle and needs a good deal of protection. Redheads and many blondes have skins that burn easily and tan hardly at all. If you have a skin like this it may become parched and sore under the sun or, even worse, turn blotchy and show signs of allergy.

If you know from experience that this is likely to happen to you, don't go on trying to get brown. Always wear a moisturised sun-cream for protection.

FAKE TAN

Deciding not to tan needn't stop you from looking as if you'd just had a month on the beach at Waikiki; you can always fake a sun-warmed complexion by using a tinted foundation or try an artificial tan once in a while.

Skin that's oily can take the sun well, starting with the prescribed small doses and building up gradually, and particularly if the owner is a dark-skinned type with plenty of natural pigmentation.

Use a greaseless lotion or sun-cream or a suitable oil if you prefer it. Your skin won't actually feel the effects of exposure until some hours afterwards; so, if you're pale pink by evening, cut down sun-time slightly the following day, to avoid a burn. Angry-red, if kept out of the sun for a day, will gradually turn to pale brown.

To avoid a dull, spotty suntan, always sunbathe in the morning or early afternoon, not in midday hours, turning often and lying on the side to tan the insides of the legs. Cover up as soon as time's up. When you like your color, taper off sunning before the tan turns muddy or start using a sun-block lotion whenever you're out in the sun.

A (NOT SO) SILLY SEASON SPECIAL

● Now, I'm not the marrying kind — both by my inclination and, I'm quite prepared to believe, that of the girls!

BUT if I wasn't prepared to give wedded bliss a miss I'm sure that, for all my faults, I could have lasses by the load in a to-do for my "I do."

I insist that such a boast is not an idle (or, should I say idyll?) one. I could pick and choose my bride and joy.

How? Simple. All I'd have to do would be to advertise myself as a bargain.

"Special," I might announce in the public prints, "Clearance sale of bachelor, ideal for matrimony."

By now, however (I'm glad you've got this far), you must be saying, "What's this clown up to this time?" Well, I'm only putting up the seemingly ludicrous situation of girls, vying for my vows to make a point—that a belle is a bunny for a bargain.

In my opinion (which I value very much, I'll have you know) a girl would buy a bowler hat for herself if they were sold as "specials."

Yes, the label of bargain has a strange fascination for females.

Penny-wise pretties (there are only a few of these, of course) who would shudder at unshackling a shkel for a normal purchase become putty in the hands of a salesgirl peddling a price-cutting purchase.

The way traders play on special sales must surely be proof of what I say.

Consider, for instance, the standard method of selling seasonal fashions.

You could reasonably expect spring clothes to be sold during that season or, at the most, only slightly in anticipation of the weather's change for the better.

But what happens? Spring collections are cunningly sprung while autumn is still taking leaves out of nature's book.

And at the end of spring—that's really the end! Shops are left with funny sunny fashions they couldn't unload. So they become "specials"—usually in every way except price.

Why, in heaven's name, a girl will buy a "dead" spring item which will be out of fashion by the time, climatically, she can wear it beats me.

Girls, to sum up, are false economists with their bargain-hunting. Impressed more by a so-called "steal" price than the usefulness of the item, they lose money buying things they don't want.

Now, I can hear girls gloating in the background as I write. If you're right, they are saying, why hasn't your offer of marriage been snapped up?

Well, if you remember, I only said I *might* have a spring clearance of Adairs. I didn't, though.

For while, generally speaking, womanly weakness for bargains is good for business, I'm afraid it would take a bit too much wind out of my sales!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● If that busy-beaver Melbourne record company White and Gillespie keep up the good work, you'll soon be hearing the sound of Australian music wherever you go. W. and G. have just placed 12 locally recorded LPs and three EPs on overseas markets.

THE Victorian Trumpet Trio's EPs are already on the Decca label in all countries except America and Australia.

Australian albums to be released in America include Denis Gibbon's "Trad and Anons," "The Horrie Dargie Farewell Concert" (recorded way back in the early 'fifties, before their first tour abroad), and "Rockin' Like Wow Dad," with Bruce Clarke and The Rockers.

A world-wide release is to be given "Hymns of the Catholic Church," sung by the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne. "Anglican Hymns" (the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne) and "Methodist Hymns" (the Mitcham Choral Society) are due out soon in America.

As well, three LPs by Melbourne's maestro of Old Time, William Flynn, are to be released in Canada.

Local talent: First recording by Johnny O'Keefe since his car smash is a truly terrific version of "Save the Last Dance For Me"—flip to his new Leeson single, "Ready For You," which he composed and recorded in Hollywood with the Ernie Freeman group during his last trip to America. Too bad Johnny didn't have the first version of "Last Dance."

PRE-RELEASE orders for the new Allen Brothers single, "Pretty Keen Teen," must have had the people at Pye patting each other on the back. It already looks like being another big hit for the "My Secret" team of local songwriter Elaine Goddard and Peter and Chris. The boys, by the way, try their own hand as songwriters with the flip, a slow romantic ballad, "There's No Need."



Jimmy Clanton

HIS second disc for the Pye label offers the choice of Rob EG as guitarist ("Railroadin'"), another good composition of his own or as a vocalist with "My First Love." The instrumental side sounds like the one to get the votes.

LOCAL cover versions of "So Sad" and "My Heart Has a Mind Of Its Own" are out on the one Rex 45. Lily O'Conner and her sister Bonnie, formerly well known as country and Western singers, and now teamed as The Dewettes, do the first, an Everly Brothers hit in the States. Pam Liversidge, the TV star, does the second, originally heard from Connie Francis.

Pops: "Humdinger," the explosive Freddy Cannon's new one, has plenty of pace and peppy, bright lyrics. The humdinger's a girl, of course. Flip is a strongly individual treatment of the old "My Blue Heaven." (Top Rank 45.)

FEW people can have more drive than Floyd Robinson when he feels like it. But he's in a tender and sympathetic mood on his new R.C.A. single with a heartfelt "Why Can't It Go On?" and a slow and dreamy "A Girl Like You." The last one he composed himself.

UP-AND-COMING American four-girl vocal group The Shirelles are now out with their current U.S. hit, the rocking "Tonight's the Night," on a Top Rank 45. Fresh and punchy though this one is, some people are going to prefer the girls' highly effective handling of the tuneful flip, "The Dance Is Over."

Personnel of this talented group is: Shirley Owens (leader), Addie Harris, Doris Coley, Beverley Lee. The first three are 19 and Beverley's 18. They all come from the same town in New Jersey.

LAST time it was "Another Sleepless Night" for 20-year-old Jimmy Clanton, of Baton Rouge. He's here again and ready to do some chart-climbing with a slow romantic ballad entitled "Come Back." Flip to this one is "Wait."

Movie music: A taste of good things to come: an M.G.M. single with Bing Crosby singing a song from both "Let's Make Love" (the Marilyn Monroe film in which he makes a guest appearance teaching Yves Montand to sing) and "High Time"—said to be one of the brightest film surprises of the year.

Both numbers, "Incurably Romantic" ("Let's Make Love") and "The Second Time Round" ("High Time"), have all the melodious polish you'd expect of a Cahn-Van Heusen ballad. The Old Man's in top form, too.

Classical: Performed for the first time at the insistence of Robert Schumann 11 years after the composer's death in 1828, Schubert's 7th Symphony, the "Great," was considered too weighty and difficult for performance during his lifetime. George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra reveal the rich and massive splendors of this once-neglected work on a Philips "Classical Favorite" LP.

VIOLINIST Isaac Stern, who has been booked to visit Australia next year, has been called "the youngest of the great musicians, and the greatest of the young musicians." He is now 40, and to mark his 25th year as a concert artist, Coronet has issued a Stern Brahms D Major Violin Concerto. With Stern on this outstanding disc is the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. (Mono or stereo LP.)



THE NEW Paul Anka (above) and (at left) as he was before the plastic surgeon changed the shape of his nose.

Paul's new nose

● Paul Anka is no longer a baby-faced boy whose singing, song-writing, and acting have made him a millionaire at 21.

HE has a new look — a straighter and less bulky nose — thanks to a plastic surgeon.

In addition, his face has filled out, his hair is now closely cropped, and his clothes are neat, but neat.

The reason? Paul is branching into nightclub appearances at places like the sophisticated Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas and the cosmopolitan Copacabana in New York.

His new look also suits his new singing style — a straighter swing style with big-band backing, which is a far cry from his first rollicking smash hit, "Diana."

It all sounds quite a change from the Paul Anka we saw in Australia nearly two years ago.

His "Train of Love" and "Hello Young Lovers" are still selling well here and his next release, "It's Christmas Everywhere," is tipped to be a sure-fire hit this festive season.

Paul has come a long way in the past three years — all the way from a high-school desk in Ottawa, Canada, to headline-making success in show business.

He has also seen the world, with tours to Japan, Australia, England, Europe, and South America.

● There's a pin-up of the new Paul overleaf.

WORTH HEARING

RAVEL: Daphnis and Chloe

RAVEL and his elder contemporary, Debussy, are called "impressionists" because the new and subtle effects of tone and color that they searched for in music reminded people of the effects that the impressionist painters tried to put on canvas. It is a handy label, but it cannot be carried too far; though Ravel was a master of delicate and exotic colors there was a clear-cut, "classical" element in his music, too, especially in his later works.

However, "impressionist" is a fully appropriate word for his 1912 ballet, *Daphnis and Chloe*. The whole work is a gorgeous play of orchestral lights and colors.

Daphnis and Chloe, which is based on an old Greek legend, is one of the many important works commissioned or inspired by the great ballet impresario Serge Diaghilev. (Two other such works have already been discussed here: Stravinsky's *Petroushka* and De Falla's *Three Corners Hat*.)

Ravel extracted two suites from the ballet for concert performance, of which the second is the most popular. But the whole work is worth having, and there is a brilliant recording of it by Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra (Decca).

—Martin Long



TEENAGERS!
SEEN
'MAYPOLE'?
TURN TO
PAGE 18 FOR
THE COOLEST
NEW BEACH
TOWELS EVER!



PAUL ANKA

HOMES



● "Holmsdale," Neutral Bay, N.S.W., home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McIntyre. It was built about 1863 by Scotsman Robert McCready for approximately £2000. At right is a stone doorway at "Holmsdale."



TWO of Sydney's oldest homes are "Holmsdale," Neutral Bay, owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McIntyre; the Rectory of St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, occupied by the Rev. and Mrs. Clive Goodwin.

Stately two-storeyed "Holmsdale," in Kurraba Road—a well-known landmark—is believed to have been built by convict labor.

All the stone used in its construction was hewn from rocks on the land.

Proof of the use of convict labor is said to be a large cellar, or vault, with steps leading down under the closed-in verandah to the north. This, so the story goes, held the convicts "in safe keeping." The cellar was believed to lead out to the bay, then known as Careening Cove, where the convicts were brought in by boats.

"Holmsdale"—or "Claraville" as it was originally known—was built in 1863 or a few years earlier for the late Thomas Loxton.

The rectory of St. Mark's Church, Darling Point,

is believed to be one of the last domestic buildings still standing designed by architect Edmund Blacket. The foundation stone of St. Mark's Church was laid in 1849. Building of the rectory began at the same time. It was enlarged in 1873.

Edmund Blacket, who designed 58 churches in this country, was called the "Christopher Wren of Australia."

Other churches credited to his architectural design include St. Andrew's Cathedral; St. Philip's, Church Hill; St. Thomas', North Sydney; St. John's, Glebe; St. Stephen's, Newtown; St. Paul's, Burwood, all in Sydney, and St. Saviours', Goulburn, N.S.W.

He also designed the main building of the University of Sydney.



● "The Rectory," St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, N.S.W. (right), is more than 100 years old. The rector, the Rev. Clive Goodwin, and Mrs. Goodwin and their son Clive have lived there for ten years. Above is the arched stone porch entrance.



Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

NOW—here's the quick, easy way to keep your toilet bowl sparkling clean and hygienic.

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard-water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.

Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the S-bend — where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC

Regd.

LAVATORY CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning
Septic Tank
Toilet Bowls



910

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH FOR PLAN No. 910 shows the recessed terrace under the main house roof.

A recessed terrace for winter living

● Designed for a large site, this house has a recessed terrace under the main house roof which serves as an ideal winter living area.

ENTRANCE to the house, Plan No. 910 in our series, is through the paved terrace to a gallery which gives access to the living and dining areas, utility rooms, and the bedroom wing.

The living and dining rooms are combined, and open on to the recessed terrace. A large open fireplace in the living-room warms the kitchen as well as the living-dining area.

The spacious kitchen, 12ft. x 10ft., opens into the laundry, which has a door leading to the service yard. Bathroom, laundry, and kitchen have been grouped together to cut building costs.

Three spacious bedrooms have built-in furniture, including built-in desks in the second and third bedrooms.

The bathroom, which is easily accessible from both living and sleeping areas, has a shower recess, and the toilet has been placed in a separate room.

If built in timber, this house would cover 13 squares and cost £4000-£4750.

These prices are approximate only and do not include the price of your land. For accurate prices on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

Experienced architects

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and the Centres are also supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications

and the Centres will deal with your problems and return your plan promptly.

Modifications can be made to any plan, but if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations an extra charge is made.

All plans are available in mirror reverse positions.

They can be placed at any angle on the site. Generally, they can be built on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill.

Both contemporary and traditional style homes are available.

Windows, window areas, and positions can be varied. Often a kitchen is shown opening directly on to the living-room, but it can be walled off if required.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for single brick garage.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre.)

BRISBANE: WeWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

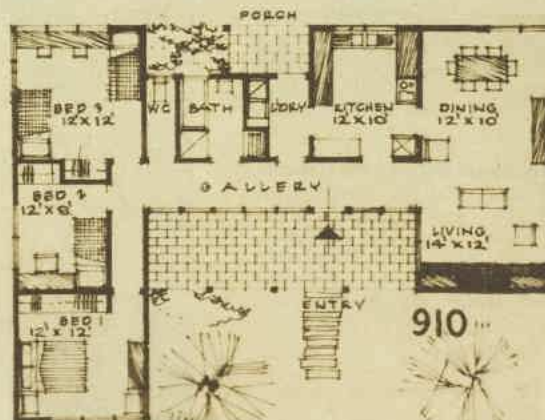
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0209.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)



FLOOR PLAN of DESIGN No. 910 shows the gallery, giving access to living, utility, and sleeping areas.

910

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THESE NEW AMERICAN-STYLED

SIMPSON TAPPAN RANGES



LIFE WITH SIMPSON

This
is the
new

Fabulous 400



The most exciting range ever built! It has everything and everything just where you want it . . . between the level of your eyes and your finger tips. You can grill, bake or barbecue in the TWO ROOMY OVENS and Simpson-Tappan's automatic clock and timer, automatic roast meter and probe — give you complete oven control at all times. While radiant hotplates, ALL IN ONE LINE, make everything you cook easy to see, easy to tend. So many other features on this fabulous new range, too. Be sure to stop in at your Simpson Dealer and feast your eyes on this beautiful new range . . . and all the other exciting models of the new Simpson-Tappan American styled line of cooking stoves. Every model available for either gas or electric cooking.

3 WAYS THE "FABULOUS 400" WILL FIT INTO YOUR KITCHEN



May be hung on wall



Placed on a base cabinet



Built-in with surrounding cupboards



Two ovens! Automatic heat controlled. One has rotisserie with electric motor driven spit.



Four Radiant High Speed Hotplates with simmer switches.



Handy cutting board right where you need it. Drops down when not in use.



Two illuminated eye level control panels make controls easy to see.



Electric power outlet conveniently located for home appliances.



ALL THESE EXCITING NEW FEATURES!



Super capacity ovens are a full 20" wide! Have big glass view windows and automatic interior oven lighting on Ambassador model.



Separate full width grilling compartment is placed at ideal waist height for easy turning of grilled foods. Has smokeless grill dish, too!



Radiant High Speed Hotplates with simmer switch give you seven distinct heats from simmer to high. Removeable reflector bowls are easy to keep clean.



Smartly designed control panel is at eye level. Easy to see, easy to reach. Holds automatic heat control for oven, electric clock with timer and all element switches.

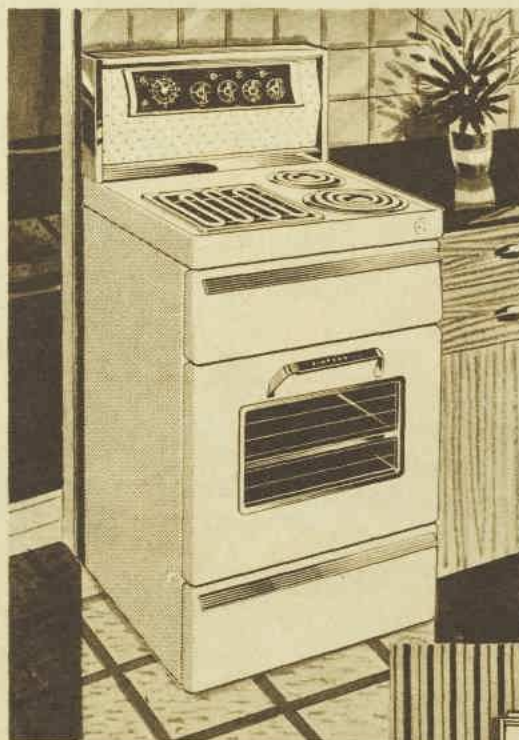


Oven door lifts off easily — no tools needed. Lets you reach every part of oven for quick and easy cleaning. Silicone oven door seals are also removeable for washing separately.

SIMPSON makes efficiency

THE WORLD'S FASTEST ELECTRIC RANGES

Designed to give you electric cooking at its very best. Smart, new, modern in every way . . . with the very latest American styling and features. Built to Simpson's incomparable standard of quality . . . to last you a lifetime and to give you every possible cooking convenience.



AMBASSADOR

Super capacity 20" oven has big glass view door that lifts off for easy oven cleaning. Separate full-width grilling compartment with smokeless grill dish. Two radiant High Speed Hotplates, now with Simmer Switch and one large griller hotplate. Oven is automatically heat-controlled and has oven light. Automatic clock with oven timer, too!

ARIZONA

Super capacity 20" oven has big glass view door that lifts off for easy oven cleaning. Separate full-width grilling compartment with smokeless grill dish. Two radiant High Speed Hotplates, now with Simmer Switch and one large griller hotplate.

BELVEDERE

Separate full-width smokeless grilling compartment. One large, one small and one griller hotplate are Radiant High Speed Hotplates, one with Simmer Switch. Large capacity oven has big glass view door that lifts off for easy oven cleaning. Full width handy storage drawer at base of range.

RIGHT HAND BOTTOM

BOSTON

This slim, trim model is just 21" wide, fits into any kitchen. Has large oven capacity lift-off oven door with glass view window. One large, one small and one griller hotplate are Radiant High Speed Hotplates, one with Simmer Switch. Full-width smokeless griller drawer.



Improvement is a
continuous thing
with
SIMPSON

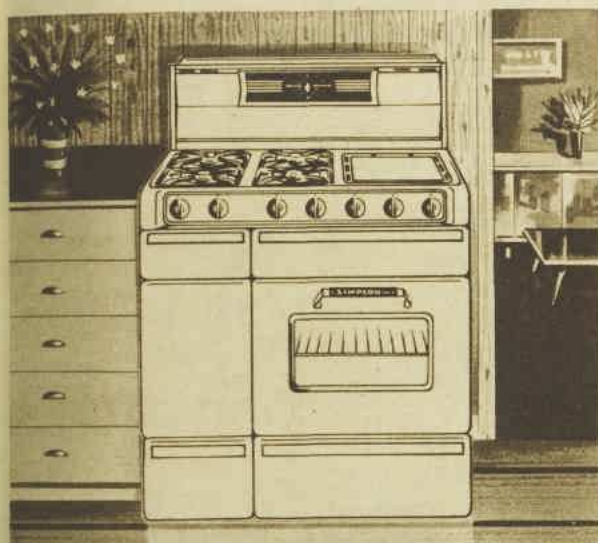
Over one hundred years ago, Simpson made their first home appliances for the Australian homemaker. These were the finest of their time. Now . . . Simpson offers you the new Simpson-Tappan ranges, the most exciting stoves ever built! Gas and electric ranges with over one hundred years of continuous improvement behind them. These new Simpson-Tappan ranges are beautiful to look at and superbly efficient in every way. Designed to add new glamour to your kitchen and to let you breeze through your cooking with the utmost ease.

It is the Simpson policy of continuous improvement that has also developed for you the new Simpson Fluid Drive TWO-SPEED Washing Machines. The only washers that can get the heaviest, grimmest work clothes thoroughly clean . . . or gently wash your finest woollens and daintiest nylons with perfect safety. Exciting new developments are continually happening at Simpson and the famous name of Simpson is your assurance that you are purchasing a home appliance, designed for today's modern way of living!

kitchens come alive with and glamour

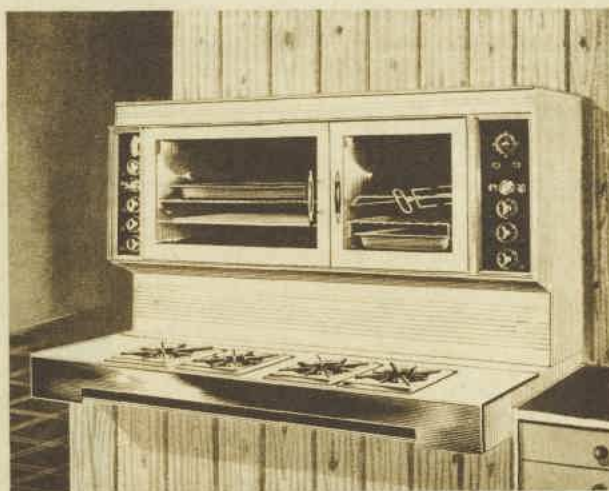
From the "Fabulous 400" gas cooker to the slim, trim "Madison" model . . . you'll find exciting new American styling and features especially designed to give you better . . . cleaner . . . gas cooking than you ever enjoyed before!

THE CLEANEST GAS COOKERS EVER BUILT



MANHATTAN

Super capacity 20" oven has big glass view window in oven door that lifts off for easy cleaning. Separate full-width grilling compartment with smokeless grill dish. Two rear boiling and two front high-speed "Sizzle'n'Simmer" burners; a big family size griddle! All burners have "matchless" lighting and self-locking safety taps. Thermostat heat controlled oven. Five hour ringing timer set in handsome white enamel back panel. Full-length warming cupboard and roomy storage drawer are other features.



FABULOUS 400 GAS COOKER

Can be hung on wall, placed on base or used as a built-in unit with surrounding cupboards. Two ovens have big picture frame glass doors. One oven has motor driven rotisserie. Surface units are all in one line, have "matchless" lighting, and are the exclusive new "Sizzle'n'Simmer" burners that give you fingertip control from very high heat to a low, low simmer. Two control panels at eye level let you cook everything automatically. Many other features, too!

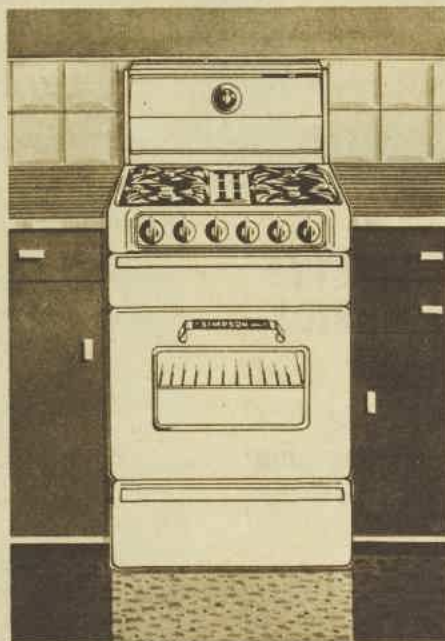
SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE "FABULOUS 400"

- TWO OVENS
(one with motor driven spit for rotisserie cooking)
- AUTOMATIC CLOCK AND TIMER
- AUTOMATIC ROAST CONTROL PROBE
- ELECTRIC APPLIANCE POWER OUTLET
- AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROLLED OVEN
- LIFT OUT BOTTOM
(for easy cleaning)
- REMOVABLE SILICONE OVEN SEALS
- EYE LEVEL CONTROL PANELS
- SMOKELESS GRILL DISH
- MATCHLESS LIGHTING



MADISON

This slim, trim model is just 21" wide, fits into any kitchen. Has large oven capacity and lift-off oven door with glass view window. Two rear boiling and one front "Sizzle'n'Simmer" burners. Self-locking safety gas taps and full-width separate smokeless grill drawer.



MONTEREY

Separate full-width smokeless grill compartment. Two rear boiling and two front high-speed "Sizzle'n'Simmer" burners; "matchless" lighting. Super capacity 20" oven has ringing timer and big glass view-window. Control panel features self-locking safety gas taps.



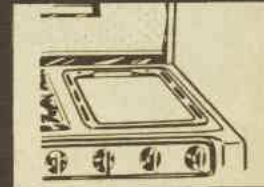
GAS FEATURES YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED



Revolutionary new type of burner has unbroken ring of heat. Fingertip control from a very high heat to low simmer. Lifts out for easy cleaning.



Large glass view windows let you watch what's cooking in the big 20" super capacity oven. Porcelain enamel oven lining is easy to clean.



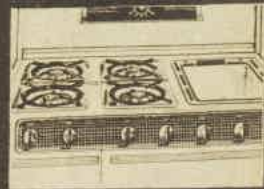
Real family-size griddle is of aluminum. Ideal for those big family breakfasts, hamburgers and other grilled foods.



Oven doors lift off for faster easier cleaning. Removable silicone oven door seals may be washed away from cooker.



Waist high grill is in separate full-width drawer. Smokeless grill dish provides perfect smokeless grilling every time.



New self-locking safety gas taps are cleaner, safer, more convenient. Light automatically — no matches needed.

THE NEW **SIMPSON** AUSTRALIA'S FIRST TWO-SPEED FULLY AUTOMATIC WASHER!



WASHES EVERYTHING WITH PERFECT SAFETY! —EVEN WOOLLENS AND DELICATE FABRICS

When you buy an automatic washer, don't take the word "Automatic" for granted. Be sure the machine you buy is a Two-Speed Fully Automatic; that it will safely wash everything that's washable from start to finish, while you only have to set the automatic controls. Don't settle for less than a . . .

SIMPSON

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FULLY AUTOMATIC TWO-SPEED WASHER

One tub does the entire job!

No messy, heavy, wet clothes for you to transfer from one tub to another. With Simpson you don't even get your hands wet. Everything is automatic! All you do is choose the washing time, the washing speed — then turn your machine on. Simpson does all the work. Washes, rinses four times, spin-dries, empties itself, then shuts itself off. All in one continuous automatic operation. You don't even have to be there. You're free to go shopping or do other tasks around the home.



Every possible washing cycle!

Simpson lets you choose every possible combination of washing, rinsing and spin-drying time. Cycle can be varied to give 1 to 15 minutes' washing action. Rinsing can be skipped or repeated. You can spin-dry quite thoroughly or for just a short period. Interchangeable cycles let you make every possible combination you could want!



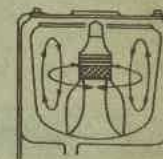
Two speeds let you wash everything that's washable!

Simpson slow speed is designed to gently and safely ease the dirt from your precious woollens and dainty nylons. Washes them both carefully and thoroughly. Use normal speed for regular and heavy-duty washing — and Simpson's special four-way agitator action surges suds and water — up, down, round and back — sixty times a minute to loosen all the stubborn dirt from clothes.



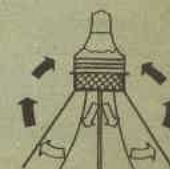
Simpson washes cleaner — cannot tangle clothes!

The Simpson superior agitator gives you an exclusive four-way washing action that lets water and suds move freely about through your clothes. Up, down, round and back — sixty times a minute — to loosen all the stubborn dirt from clothes. Every part of every garment is exposed to Simpson's washing action! There are no hidden folds to hold the dirt because the Simpson agitator is specially designed to keep your clothes from tangling, to let them wash separately so they always come out sparkling clean.



Simpson rinses cleaner — dirt cannot get back into clothes!

The best washing action in the world is not enough if, after releasing the dirt from your clothes, your machine does not rinse it completely away! With Simpson's modern SOLID TUB, dirt cannot be strained back through clothes. And Simpson's Super-Filter guarantees that all loose lint and fluff are caught and held throughout the rinsing process while a specially designed sediment trap captures all the dirt and grime.



Exclusive double action "spray and overflow" rinse!

Two separate spin rinses thoroughly saturate the clothes and remove loose dirt and suds. The third rinse, is a deep penetrating overflow rinse with the four-way agitator action moving the tub-full of clean, fresh rinse water up, down, round, back and over the top of the tub. Finally, a fourth spin rinse makes certain no suds remain and prepares your clothes for spin-drying.



AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● Margaret Sydney's account of life "At Home" is already a big hit with readers. She is a typical Sydney wife, and writes about her growing children, her husband, and the everyday dramas that crop up in the family circle.

AT tennis the talk is all of end-of-year dances for the girls who are leaving school.

This year the fashion here is for combines — three or four or six or eight mothers getting together, hiring a hall and a band, and giving a joint dance for their daughters.

Katherine's dressing-table mirror is already well decorated with invitations stuck between the frame and the glass, and Diana is green with envy.

One of my tennis friends, a born worry-wart, was saying how terrified she was of giving a dance of this sort, and to back her worries she had a wonderful collection of horror stories about gate-crashers, teenage immorality, drink, and houses left looking as though they'd been looted by robber bands.

"I think 99 per cent. of these stories are wildly exaggerated," I said.

"But, Margaret, how can you say that?" she said. "Just look what happened at your house when you had that party last year for Katherine and Diana."

"What happened at my house?" I asked, genuinely at a loss.

She had the grace to look a little embarrassed. "Well, of course, it was only what I was told," she said, "but I heard that half the furniture was smashed and even some of the picture rails were torn from the walls."

Just for a moment I found I was almost speechless with fury, then I had to laugh.

The picture rails in our house are such a sore point. Hugh and I are dying to get rid of them, but we can't get them down without damaging the paper, so they have to stay there until we have time and the money to redecorate. In spite of the girls' party the picture rails are still very much there!

Actually the only damage done to our house should be blamed on the shoe designers, not the teenagers.

When the kids give they dance on one spot, instead of progressing round the room as we did at their age. And when the girls give on one spot in stiletto heels it's murder on your floors.

Gate-crasher

"not a bad kid"

GATE-CRASHERS are another matter, and I do think they have to be dealt with pretty firmly.

Before our party I'd been doing a wardrobe, saying that was something I wouldn't tolerate, and that if I knew the gate-crashers I'd ring their parents, and if I didn't know them I'd ring the police.

Hugh, who has more sense than I have, was calmer about it. He agreed that gate-crashers who were just hoodlums coming in from the street should be dealt with drastically, but he thought that gate-crashers who belong to the same circle had to be treated a little differently.

I couldn't see this at first, and I still think that it's outrageously ill-mannered to go to a party you haven't been invited to.

But Hugh pointed out that in the past a lot of our friends have brought complete strangers with them to our parties, and we haven't minded that; admittedly, the friends who have brought them have usually telephoned first and said, "I've got so-and-so staying—do you mind if we bring him along?"

But where parents are giving a party for their children they've usually fixed a rigid limit to the number of guests; and Hugh's

theory is that gate-crashers who belong to the same circle of friends, or who go to the same school, have usually been given a certain amount of encouragement by their teenage hosts.

As it turned out, we had one solitary gate-crasher.

After all my threats I was inclined to take the coward's way out—keep an eye on him and leave well alone. But Hugh decided that wouldn't be good for the young man's soul, so he tapped him on the shoulder and said, "I understand you haven't been invited to this party."

That reduced the boy from dare-devil to stammering kid muttering denials. "No, you weren't invited," Hugh said firmly. "But you're here now, so we haven't any objection to your staying as long as you behave yourself."

Needless to say, he did behave himself, and I decided he wasn't such a bad kid after all, because instead of just quietly fading away at the end of the evening he came and thanked Hugh for having let him stay, which must have taken quite a bit of courage.

One person.

one cat

THIS is the cat season for us, with a constant stream of neighbors' children ringing the doorbell and saying, "Please may we see the kittens?"

When I was a child one cat and one dog were considered enough in any well-regulated household. I have to admit that I'm responsible for the situation in ours because it was I who suddenly discovered that having two cats was a lot more fun than having one.

When my Siamese Melisande first had kittens somehow we couldn't part with her prettiest daughter, so she was named Vanessa and given to Katherine. Diana claimed one of the second litter, a handsome male who was named after a former King of Siam, but then had his name shortened and altered so that he now answers to Plum.

Then Mike arrived home with a black stray and announced that he was going to have a cat, too, as everyone else had one.

When I suggested that three were surely enough and they could share them he looked at me in horror and said, "Next thing you'll be expecting us to share toothbrushes." So the principle of one person, one cat was established in our household, and Bo-Bo joined the herd.

Exams can

be "guggy"

KATHERINE had a Leaving Certificate exam the other morning. I was worried about her having lost some sleep, but she went off looking bright and fairly cheerful.

Now that the dreadful moment has arrived she seems to be coping with the exams quite well.

With Kate there are only two sorts of examination paper—"absolutely ghastly" and "fairly guggy." If you press her for a definition, a fairly guggy paper is "just so-so, neither good nor bad."

Judging by her views on examinations in the past, I'm keeping my fingers crossed and expecting a pass in the absolutely ghastly paper and an A-pass in the fairly guggy one.

Isn't it mad the way you get so involved! I'm sure I'm worrying more about this Leaving exam than I ever did back in the past in the dim ages when I sat for it myself.

Suds are old-fashioned

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SUNSHINE PEACH DREAM

1½ cups ginger-snap crumbs; 2 pts. Sunshine Dairy Ice (slightly softened); ¼ cup melted butter; ½ cup sugar; large can tinned peach halves.

Blend thoroughly ginger-snap crumbs, sugar, melted butter. Pat into bottom and sides of 8-inch pie tin. Chill in refrigerator. Chop half the peaches and spread over bottom of pie shell, then spoon three-quarters of Sunshine Dairy Ice on layer of peaches. Arrange peach halves on top and spoon an extra scoop of Dairy Ice in hollow of each peach half. Place in freezing compartment until ready to serve.

SUNSHINE® the powdered milk you know is full cream

SUNSHINE DAIRY ICE (makes about 2 pts)

1 teaspoon gelatine; ½ cup hot water; 6 tablespoons Sunshine full cream powdered milk; 3 tablespoons sugar; 1½ cups hot water; 1½ teaspoons vanilla essence. (All spoon measures are rounded.)

Dissolve gelatine in ½ cup hot water. Beat together Sunshine, sugar, 1½ cups hot water; add gelatine mixture and vanilla. Beat well, turn into freezing trays. When frozen to consistency of thick cream, remove; beat until double in bulk. Freeze firm. For even richer Dairy Ice, reduce hot water to 1 cup and add one 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Cream.



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TEA MAKES SUMMER DRINKS

● Iced tea makes an ideal base for those long cold drinks so popular for quenching a summer thirst. It adds zip and a pick-up quality to many types of refreshing beverages.

By

LEILA C. HOWARD

Our Food and

Cookery Expert

ICED tea can be made several hours before it is to be served, but it is not wise to refrigerate it. Addition of ice-cubes chills the tea sufficiently.

If tea is chilled in the refrigerator it tends to become cloudy. This does not affect the flavor. If it has to be put in the refrigerator in heat-wave weather, the tea can be cleared quickly by adding a small quantity of boiling water.

The following recipes include an orange cream sherbet to add variety to desserts and a sugar syrup that is useful to keep on hand for sweetening summer drinks of any type.

All spoon measurements are level and an 8-liquid-ounce measuring cup is used.

SUGAR SYRUP

One cup sugar, 1 cup water.

Place sugar and water in saucepan, stir gently over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boiling point without stirring again, simmer 5 minutes. Strain and chill. One tablespoon of this syrup is sufficient to sweeten 1 glass of iced tea.

FRUITED TEA DRINK

Two cups boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup loose tea, 1 cup sugar syrup, 3 cups cold water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced sweetened strawberries (fresh or frozen), 2 small bottles dry ginger ale.

Throw the tea into the water immediately it begins to boil. Brew, uncovered, 5 minutes. Stir, strain, and add sugar syrup. Cool to room temperature, then add all other ingredients. Do not place in refrigerator. Pour over ice-cubes in glasses and serve immediately. Makes 3 quarts.

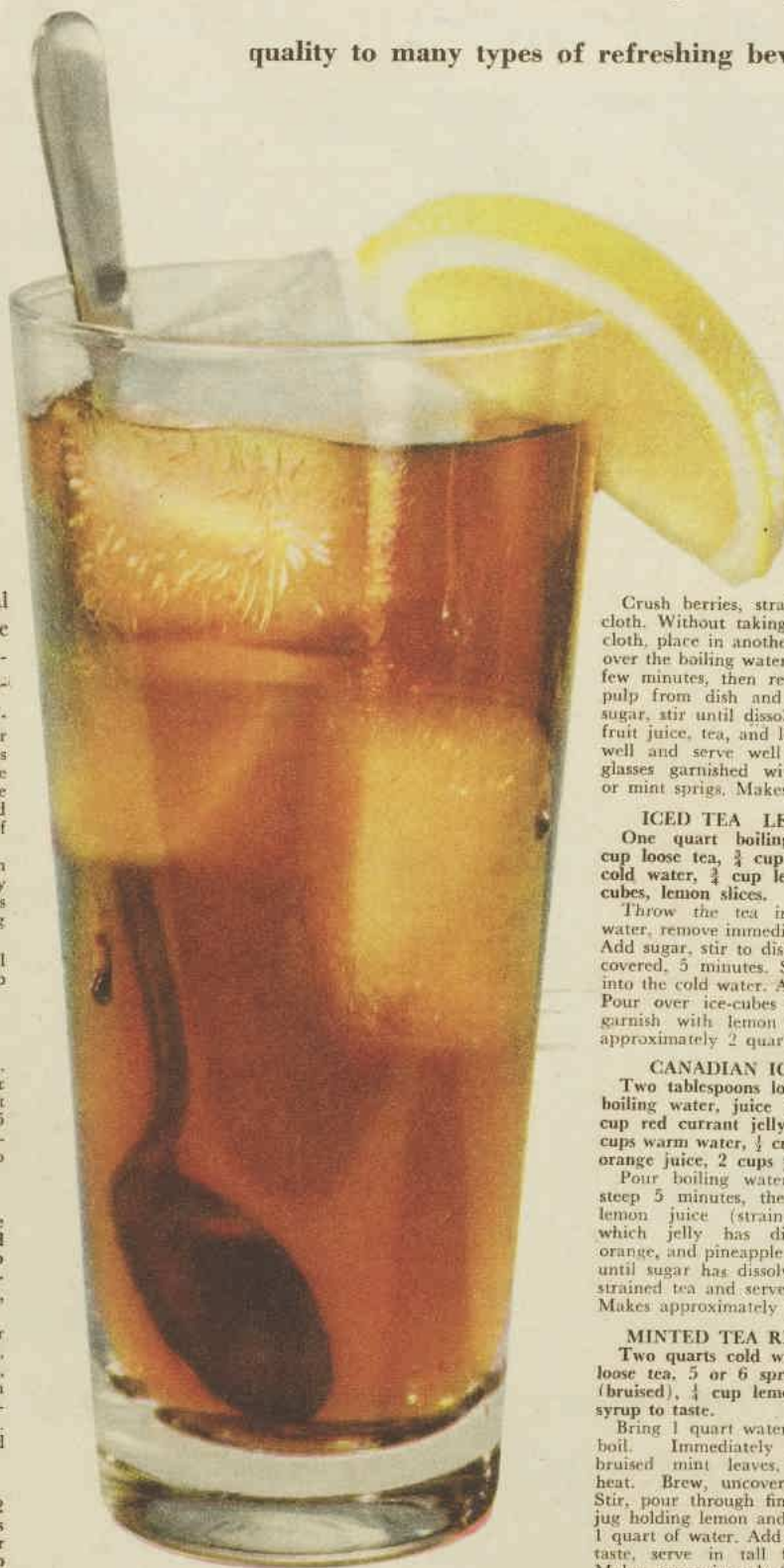
GRAPE-JUICE PUNCH

Two pieces of stick cinnamon, 12 cloves, 3 tablespoons loose tea, 2 cups boiling water, scant $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar syrup, 2 cups grape juice, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 medium bottles dry ginger ale.

Combine spices and tea in heat-proof bowl. Add boiling water, brew, uncovered, 5 minutes. Stir, strain into sugar syrup, and cool at room temperature. Add remaining ingredients except ginger ale. When ready to serve, pour over ice-cubes in bowl, then add ginger ale. Serves 8 to 10.

BERRY PUNCH

Two cups raspberries, strawberries, or any other berry fruit desired, 2 pints boiling water, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups strained tea (made in the usual way), juice of 1 lemon, lemon slices or mint sprigs to garnish.



ICED TEA

(Illustrated above)

A refreshing glass of sparkling iced tea is an ideal thirst quencher on hot summer days. To make 2 pints of iced tea, bring 2 pints water to the boil, add 2 tablespoons of your favorite brand of tea and stand 3 minutes. Strain and cool, sweeten to taste. Pour into ice-filled glasses and serve garnished with lemon wedges.

Crush berries, strain through fine cloth. Without taking the pulp from cloth, place in another dish and pour over the boiling water. Allow to stand few minutes, then remove cloth and pulp from dish and discard. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Chill. Add fruit juice, tea, and lemon juice; mix well and serve well chilled in tall glasses garnished with lemon slices or mint sprigs. Makes 3 pints.

ICED TEA LEMONADE

One quart boiling water, 1-3rd cup loose tea, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 quart cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, ice-cubes, lemon slices.

Throw the tea into the boiling water, remove immediately from heat. Add sugar, stir to dissolve. Brew, uncovered, 5 minutes. Stir, then strain into the cold water. Add lemon juice. Pour over ice-cubes in tall glasses, garnish with lemon slices. Makes approximately 2 quarts.

CANADIAN ICED TEA

Two tablespoons loose tea, 3 cups boiling water, juice of 6 lemons, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup red currant jelly dissolved in 2 cups warm water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 cups orange juice, 2 cups pineapple juice.

Pour boiling water over tea, let steep 5 minutes, then strain. Mix lemon juice (strained), water in which jelly has dissolved, sugar, orange, and pineapple juices; stir well until sugar has dissolved. Chill. Add strained tea and serve in tall glasses. Makes approximately 10 servings.

MINTED TEA REFRESHER

Two quarts cold water, 1-3rd cup loose tea, 5 or 6 sprigs mint leaves (bruised), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, sugar syrup to taste.

Bring 1 quart water to full rolling boil. Immediately add tea and bruised mint leaves, remove from heat. Brew, uncovered, 5 minutes. Stir, pour through fine strainer into jug holding lemon and the remaining 1 quart of water. Add sugar syrup to taste, serve in tall frosted glasses. Makes approximately 2 quarts.

To frost glasses: Dip rims of glasses in slightly beaten egg-white on flat plate, then in crystal sugar. Stand upright, allow to dry before using.

GINGER TANTALISER

One dessertspoon loose tea, 1 cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup preserved ginger, 2 pints cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each lemon, pineapple, and orange juices, ice-cubes.

Pour boiling water over tea, let stand 5 minutes, then strain. Finely chop ginger, add cold water and sugar; simmer 15 minutes. Cool, add fruit juices. Chill, just before serving add tea and ice-cubes.

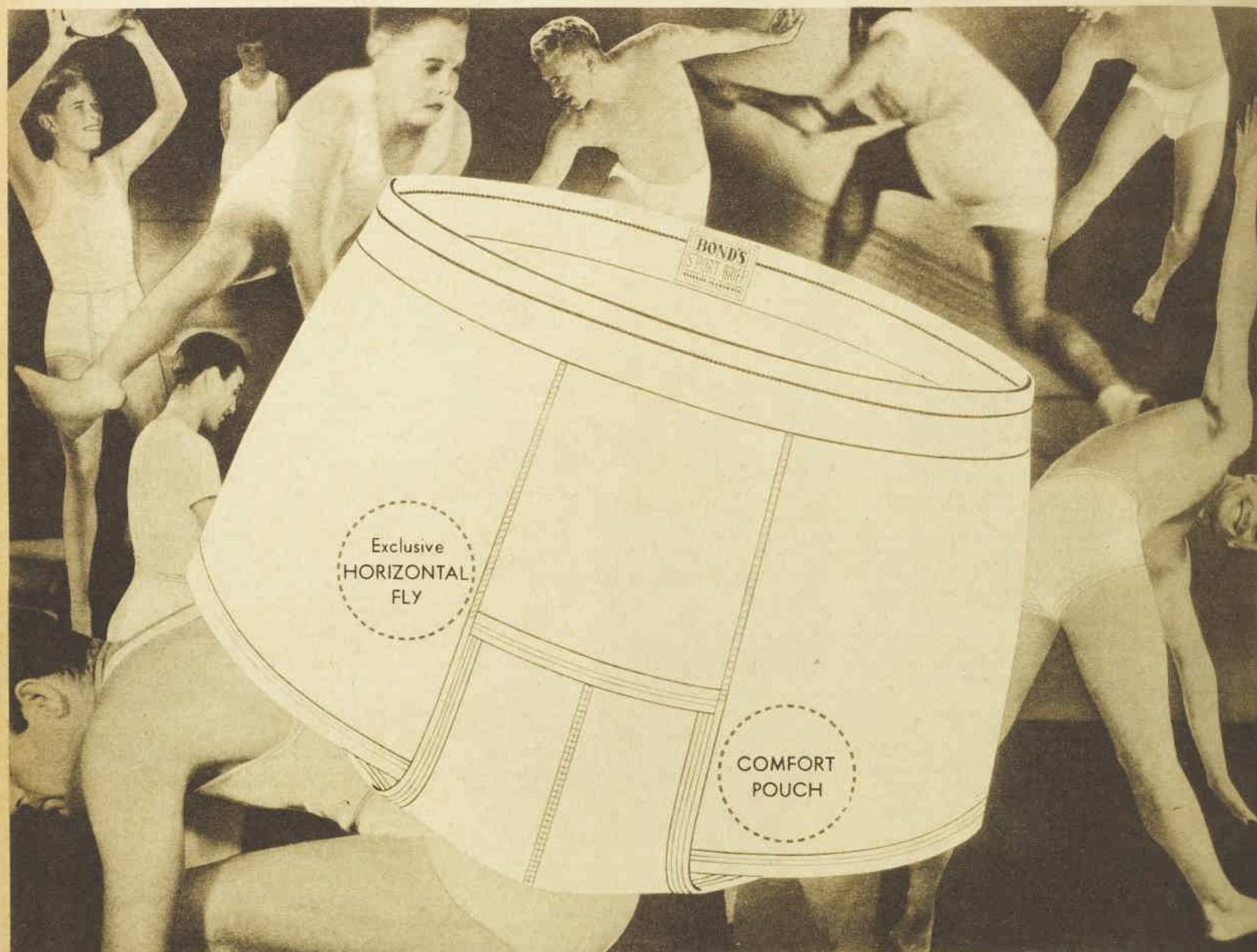
continued on page 51

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

Banana loaf wins

● This week's main prize of £5 is awarded for a banana loaf recipe which will prove popular with budget-wise homemakers because at present bananas are so cheap and plentiful.

OUR £1 consolation prize winner—savory tuna snacks—is a recipe suitable for Christmas and New Year parties.

All spoon measurements are level.

BANANA LOAF WITH BAKED-ON FROSTING

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 ripe bananas, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift self-raising flour, plain flour, and salt together. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg-yolk, beat well. Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in the milk, add alternately to creamed mixture with the sifted dry ingredients. Add bananas which have been well mashed; beat well. Stir in vanilla essence. Spread mixture evenly into paper-lined loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven and spread over prepared frosting. Return to oven, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until cake is firm and frosting dry, but not too brown. Reduce heat if necessary during

latter half of cooking time if cake becomes too brown. Cool in tin.

Baked-on Frosting: One egg-white, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnut pieces.

Beat egg-white until stiff but not dry. Add brown sugar gradually, continue to beat until well blended. Mix in half the walnuts and spread evenly over the cake. Sprinkle with remaining walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Day, 9 Howard Street, Oxley S.W.5, Brisbane.

SAVORY TUNA SNACKS

Six ounces flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons water, 1 small tin shredded tuna, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, 1 cup finely grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, lemon wedges and parsley.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute and mix to dry dough with water. Turn out on to lightly floured board and roll out into oblong shape approx. 18in. x 6in. Combine tuna, lemon juice, and mayonnaise, spread thinly over pastry. Sprinkle with grated cheese, salt and pepper. Cut into finger-lengths approx. 3in. x 1in. and bake on greased slide in moderately hot oven 15 to 20

minutes. Serve hot or cold garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss L. James, 1/54b Simpson Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

DELICIOUS banana loaf with a simple baked-on frosting will be a sure winner with your family and friends. Recipe on this page.



Continuing TEA MAKES SUMMER DRINKS

ICED TEA JULEP

Two cups strong, freshly made tea, 1 small bunch crushed young mint, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups grape juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, ice-cubes.

Pour the strained tea over mint leaves. Stand $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, strain again, and mix with lemon and orange juices, sugar. Stir well to mix, chill several hours. Just before serving add grape juice and pineapple juice. Pour over crushed ice or ice-cubes in glasses. Makes approximately 6 or 8 medium glasses.

SPICED CITRUS TEA

Two cups sugar, 2 cups water, 4 dessertspoons loose tea, leaves from 2 or 3 sprigs of young mint, 1 teaspoon allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 3 quarts iced water, ice-cubes.

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Pour over tea leaves, mint, and allspice. Cover lightly, allow to stand 10 minutes. Strain through fine strainer, add fruit juices, then the iced water. Pour over ice-cubes in tall glasses. Makes approximately 16 to 18 glasses.

ORANGE TEA PUNCH

Two cups strong, freshly made tea, 2 cups orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raspberry or loganberry syrup (from tinned fruit), $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar syrup, 3 small bottles dry ginger ale, ice-cubes.

Mix the strained tea with fruit juices, sugar syrup. When quite cold, and just before serving, add ginger ale and pour over ice-cubes in glasses. Makes about 20 servings punch-cup size.

NEXT WEEK: Cooking the Christmas Ham



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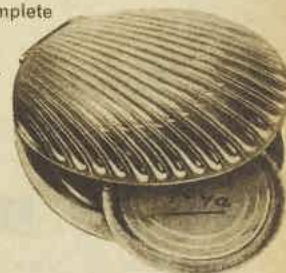
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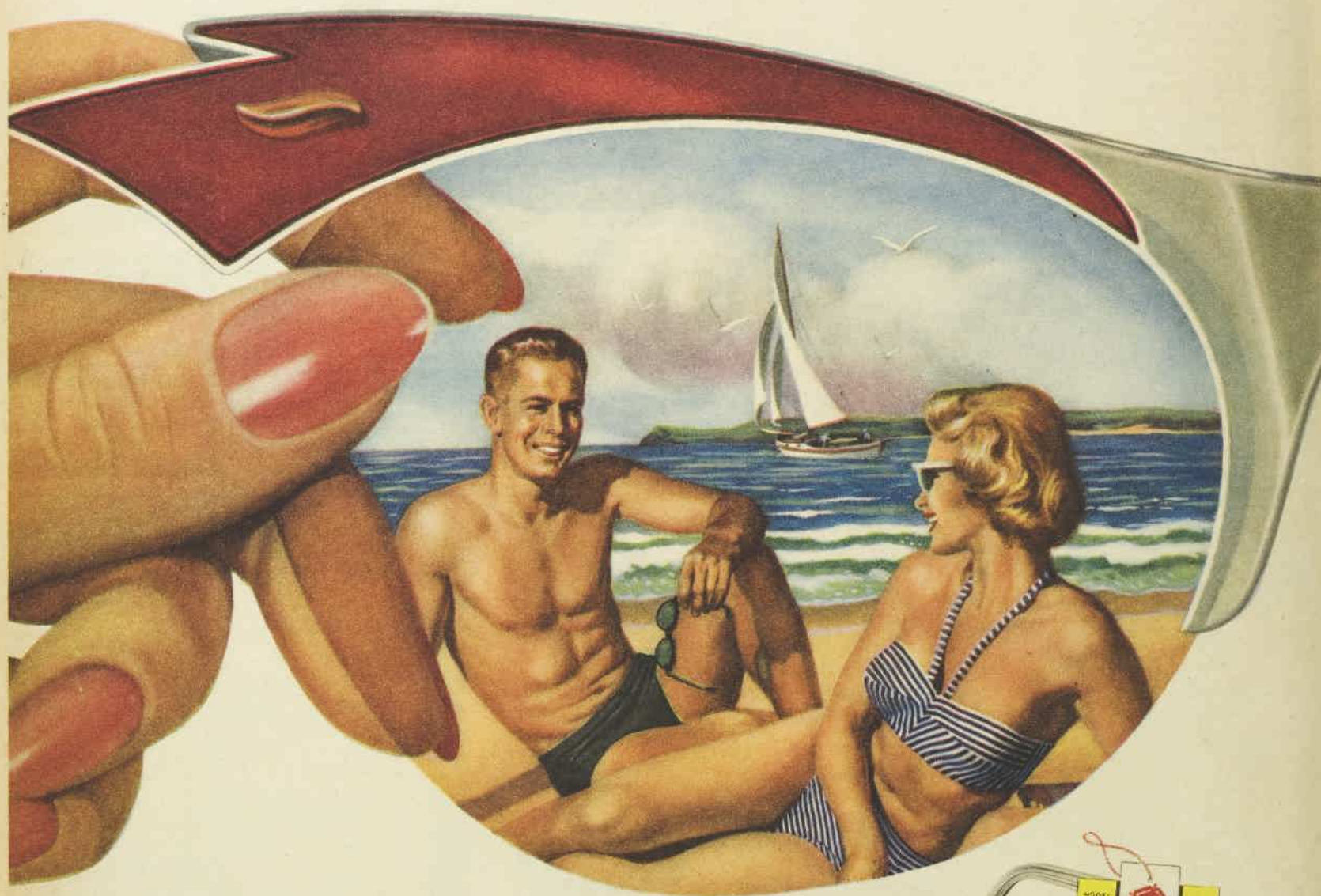
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

doing the housework—and came off second best.

"I'M FOR FREE"

By GWEN COVEY

● A few years ago, no self-respecting wife would have dreamed of quoting her £s.d. value to her husband.

SHE cooked and sewed and washed and ironed, kept house, raised a family, and never gave a thought to how much she was actually worth to her husband.

Today, thanks to a few would-be troublemakers (mostly men), housewives all over the country are constantly reminding their husbands: "Man, if I didn't work for free, where would your bank account be?"

Nobody would dare hazard a guess as to how many new dresses and hats have been wormed out of guilt-ridden husbands on this basis.

I know, because I tried it.

It worked too, once.

The second time I tried, it backfired and, as a result, I now find myself in debt to the tune of £48/5/-.

It all began because I happen to be one of those morons who take note of everything they read.

I think it's called a reader-identification complex.

I read about a lady, for instance, who included a claim in her divorce action for £11,440 for nearly twenty-two years' service as a housewife: £10 a week.

I read about other ladies who value themselves much higher.

I shouldn't be surprised if today's market value is roughly £15 to £20 per week per wife.

Or more.

A new hat

I guess I know a bargain when I see one.

If I'm worth £20 a week that I don't get, why should my husband complain about letting me have a ten-guinea hat, even if the TV set is on the blink, the car needs a complete overhaul job, and he's worried about where the money for the next income-tax instalment is coming from?

I kept a fairly straight record of one week's duties and at the end of the week presented my husband with a bill for £25.

It wasn't padded, not more than £5, so of course he was happy to get out of it with a 7-guinea hat.

The trouble with women is that they never learn when to stop.

At least I didn't.

After all, I needed a new dress to go with the hat and the worst he could do would be to say "no" on the second try.

I even cased up a little so that the total of the second bill was a measly £24/17/6.

I didn't get a flat "no," but, on the other hand, I didn't get a new dress.

I got a bill. It totalled £73/2/6 and it covered his work round the house for a week.

I didn't faint or sink weakly into a chair or reach for the smelling salts.

I screamed blue murder. His jobs were outlined as follows:

As dish drier — 5 hours at 5/- an hour ..	£1 5 0
Yardman — 10 hours at 10/- an hour ..	£5 0 0
Plumber — 1 hour at 17/6 ..	17 6
Electrician — 2 hours at £1 an hour ..	£2 0 0
Mechanic — 3 hours at 10/- an hour ..	£1 10 0
Host — 8 hours at £1 an hour ..	£8 0 0
Babysitter — 6 hours at 5/- an hour ..	£1 10 0
Escort service — 12 hours at £1/10/- an hour ..	£18 0 0
Home psychiatrist — 2 hours at £7/10/- an hour ..	£15 0 0
Accountant — 2 hours at £2/10/- an hour ..	£5 0 0
Flat sum for odd jobs, such as chief jar-opener, chief button-doer-upper, and talking back to people you're afraid of ..	£15 0 0
TOTAL ..	£73 2 6

When the roof settled back in place, I calmly and precisely asked for an explanation, particularly of certain items that I thought a little out of line.

Plumbing, for instance. What plumbing? There was nothing wrong with the water heater, the taps in the sink turned on and off, one emitted hot water and the other cold, so what was this plumbing bill?

"Remember last Wednesday, dear?" he cooed.

"How about your wedding ring falling down the hand-basin pipe? Who recovered it?"

That was only the beginning.

He reminded me of my vacuum-cleaner.

I've kicked it so many times it practically bleats whenever I get within five feet of it.

My "psychiatrist"

Who took it apart and repaired its worn-out insides so that it runs as a vacuum-cleaner should?

Who fixed three flats and disconnected the wire when the horn stuck last Saturday morning?

Monday morning I woke up with a cold.

I burned the toast, cut my hand and couldn't eat my breakfast.

During the day, I lost 2/- while shopping, put in and ripped out the same seam ten times, tripped over the dog, and refereed five fights between the children.

Who suggested I take the evening off and go to a movie?

My home psychiatrist, that's who.

Who balances my budget and hands out a little extra cash when ends won't meet towards the end of the month?

He says it's my accountant.

At any rate, I learned my lesson.

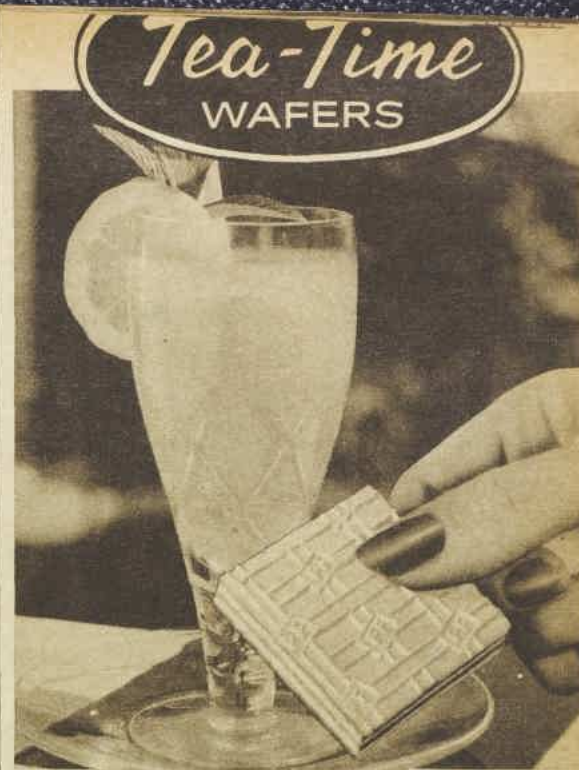
He was very generous. He didn't insist on payment of the entire £73/2/6. He very graciously deducted my little £24/17/6, which leaves me in the red, as I said, to the extent of £48/5/-.

Of course, I have a new hat, but, frankly, that's small comfort.

The only way I'll ever get out of debt is to declare a truce.

I'll do my jobs, he can do his, and monetary value won't even be mentioned.

My husband can have me for free.



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Mothercraft Leaflet

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NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.



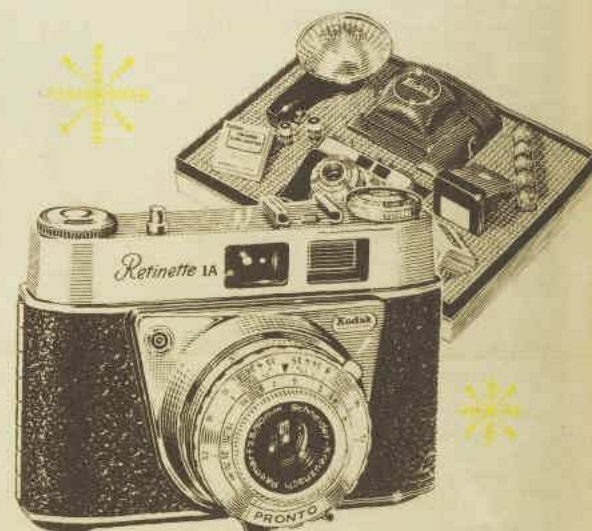
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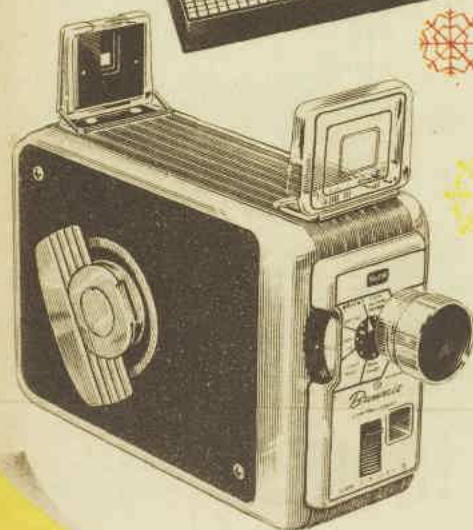


◀ **Brownie Starflash Camera or Outfit.** Both take 12 colour slides, black-and-white or colour snapshots anywhere, anytime. Outfit complete is just £5/17/6. The Camera alone is £4/17/6.

◀ **Kodak Retinette 1A Camera or Outfit.** This famous 35mm. German camera has f/3.5 lens, 5-speed shutter — ideal for colour slides. Outfit containing camera, case, flash and viewing aids, is £22/10/-. Camera and Case £17/5/0.



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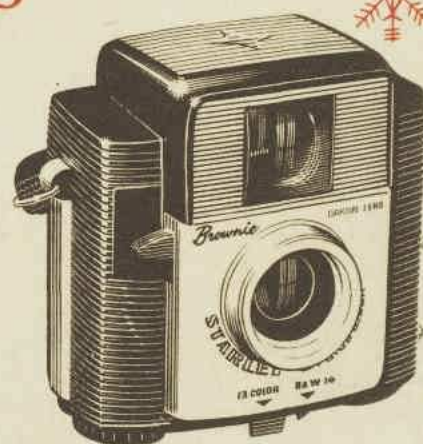


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The stick can be held in place by another bandage tied beneath the wound. Keep the tourniquet firmly in place and loosen every twenty minutes or so.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FIRST-AID

● This handy chart can be hung or pasted on the bathroom wall. It will be useful in household emergencies, and will add to the whole family's general knowledge of practical first-aid measures.

AILMENT	WHAT TO LOOK FOR	HOW TO TREAT
ABSCESSSES	If the abscess is near the surface of the skin, there is usually heat, pain, swelling, and tenderness in the area. If the abscess is located deep in the body, there may only be fever and other signs of generalised illness.	Put the patient to bed or rest the infected area. If the abscess is near the surface, apply hot, moist dressings. Make sure the compress will not burn the patient's skin. <i>Do not attempt to open an abscess.</i>
ATHLETE'S FOOT, or TINEA	There is an increased "sogginess" of the skin between the toes, and sometimes scaliness on the skin, small blisters, and itchiness.	Tinea in a mild form usually responds to careful daily bathing, thorough drying between the toes, and the use of a fungicidal foot powder. If there is any severe swelling or pain, call a doctor.
BITES—venomous	The symptoms of a venomous bite are dizziness, lassitude 15 to 20 minutes after the bite, sweating, nausea, headache, vomiting, and nervous shock.	It is important to remember here that <i>speed is essential</i> . Apply a tourniquet (see above) to the limb, loosening it every twenty minutes or so. Then wash around the wound, make an incision over the bite, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, along the direction of the limb, and let this bleed freely. Apply suction with the mouth if there are no cuts in the mouth. Rub Condy's crystal into the wound. When you have done this, call a doctor. Keep the patient warm until he arrives. If breathing is failing, apply artificial respiration.
BLISTERS	These are slightly raised areas of skin filled with a clear fluid. If there is a deep injury to the skin, the fluid may be tinged with blood.	It is always wiser not to interfere with blisters—they usually go down themselves in a few days. If the blister is in a place which is being constantly irritated, however, it could be opened at home. Clean the skin gently with soap and water, using gauze or cotton. Rinse, then swab with alcohol. Puncture the blister with a needle which has been sterilised over a flame. Press out fluid, cover with sterile gauze.
BOILS	There is a round, reddened, and painful swelling in the skin. As the boil develops, there may be a core in the centre of the swelling. This core may be white, yellow, or green in color.	<i>Never squeeze a boil, pimple, or carbuncle—this only spreads infection.</i> If it is only small, leave strictly alone. If the boil is painful, or coming to a head, hot wet dressings may be used. When the boil "breaks," be careful not to touch any of the pus. Wipe it off with a sterile gauze pad, then apply a sterile gauze dressing. In severe cases, call a doctor.
BRUISES	Bruises are caused when a fall, or a blow, breaks some of the small blood vessels beneath the skin. Blood oozes out of these broken vessels into the tissues.	Apply a cold compress or an ice-bag to the bruise as quickly after the injury as you can. Later heat may be applied. The patient will be more comfortable if a severely bruised limb is raised.
BURNS—chemical, electrical, and sunburn	<i>First-degree burns</i> show a reddening of the skin, but there is no damage to the deep layers of the skin. <i>Second-degree burns</i> are diagnosed when there is blistering of the skin. <i>Third-degree burns</i> are the most severe. The patient appears to be charred. The skin is burned off or badly damaged.	● Parents should remember that burns in children are much more serious than burns of the same severity and extensiveness in adults. As well as treating the patient for burns, treat for shock. For minor burns, apply petroleum jelly to the burned area, and cover with sterile gauze dressings and bandages. If the burns are more serious, lie the patient down gently with his head lower than the rest of his body. If any clothing sticks to the burns, <i>don't attempt to remove it</i> . Avoid touching the burned area with your hands or clothing. Use a clean hanky or folded towel to cover your mouth and nose. Don't put anything on a serious burn. Leave this to the doctor. Cover the burns with sterile dry gauze compresses and bandage firmly. <i>Never put cotton-wool directly on a burn</i> . Keep the patient lying down, and keep him warm, though not too hot. <i>Get a doctor as soon as possible.</i> Chemical burns—wash away the chemical immediately with plenty of cold water. Tear away any clothing with the chemical on it. Electrical burns usually sear the skin and cause damage to underlying tissue. First-aid measures are the same as for burns. The best way to treat the possibility of sunburn is by prevention. Keep under cover on beach and use an anti-sunburn preparation. If sunburn does occur, cover with petroleum jelly or calamine lotion.
CONCUSSION	Symptoms are loss of color, vomiting, loss of appetite, bleeding from ears, nose, or mouth, drowsiness, headache, and in children prolonged crying.	Keep the patient warm and lying down. If there is any swelling, use ice-water compresses to help reduce it. <i>Do not let the patient walk</i> . Call a doctor immediately.
CONJUNCTIVITIS	There is itchiness and smarting of the eyes and a mucous discharge. The eyes may be stuck together on waking.	This is a very contagious disease, so it is best to call a doctor. Prompt treatment ensures that other members of the family are not infected. Keep hands very clean and contaminated cloths away from eyes.
EAR—foreign bodies in	The ear is a very accessible part of the body, and insects and other foreign bodies often find their way into the ear. Children frequently put small objects into their ears and unless discovered promptly this can lead to complications.	If an insect is in the ear, drop some mineral or olive oil in. If this is not available, use a little clean water. Take the patient to a doctor to remove the insect. For other objects such as a pea or a seed, take the patient straight to a doctor. If this is not possible, use the mineral oil to lessen the swelling. If the object has been forced well into the ear and there is a possibility of its damaging the eardrum, <i>do nothing</i> . Get a doctor.
EYE—foreign bodies in	The foreign object may lodge on the inner surface of the upper or lower lid, or on the eyeball itself, or it may be moving freely in the space between the eyeball and eyelids. The eyes become inflamed and red, and are usually very sensitive to light.	Where a foreign body is the trouble, <i>wash the hands before touching the patient's eye</i> . If the object is floating freely in the eye, pull the lower lid down and remove the object with the corner of a clean handkerchief or piece of damp cotton-wool on a toothpick. If the object is embedded in the eyeball, <i>do not try to remove it</i> . Call a doctor. If you cannot locate the object, it may be flushed out by bathing the eye with a solution of warm salt water ($\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt to 1 glass warm water). Otherwise drop a little warm oil (castor, olive or mineral) into the eye.

D CHART

COMMON-SENSE FIRST-AID KIT FOR THE HOME

● Make sure that your household medicine-chest contains common-sense first-aid supplies. **DON'T** keep dangerous drugs or poisons in an accessible place. They should always be kept under lock and key. Here is a sample kit:
Absorbent cotton (sterile); adhesive compress; adhesive tape; antiseptic; aromatic spirits of ammonia; aspirin; baking-soda; bandages (sterile); eye-cup; gauze compress or pads; muslin square for triangle bandages; petroleum jelly; roller gauze bandages, 1in., 2in., 3in. widths; scissors; thermometer (mouth); universal antidote for poisons.

AILMENT	WHAT TO LOOK FOR	HOW TO TREAT
EYE—styes	There is a small, painful, reddish swelling on the eyelid. In the later stages a head will probably develop.	<i>Do not squeeze a sty.</i> If the swelling has just started, apply ice-water compresses to it for fifteen minutes every three or four hours. If the sty has come to a head, apply hot compresses. If it is very large and painful or shows signs of spreading, call a doctor.
FAINTING	The warning signals of fainting are—a ringing in the ears, a feeling of weakness, perspiration on the forehead, paleness, and blurring of vision. The patient has a weak pulse, and his skin feels cold and clammy.	Lie the patient down with the head slightly lower than the rest of the body. If there is no head injury involved, aromatic spirits of ammonia may be held under the patient's nose. Do not give stimulants by mouth if the patient is unconscious. Cover with blankets. Do not move unless absolutely necessary, and then keep the patient lying down.
FOOD POISONING	The symptoms of food poisoning usually occur within two to four hours after eating. The patient suffers from nausea, vomiting, stomach cramps, and diarrhoea, and usually headache and fever.	<i>Do not give any laxatives or purgatives to the patient.</i> When vomiting subsides, fluids such as hot tea or strained broth may be given. Call a doctor, as the symptoms could also indicate some other illness, such as appendicitis.
FRACTURES	There is sometimes bruising of the fractured area. It becomes swollen and painful.	Call a doctor immediately. <i>Do not move the patient or handle the fractured part.</i> Treat for shock, and try to keep patient comfortable.
HEAT EXHAUSTION	The symptoms of heat exhaustion are dizziness, faintness, headache, and blurred vision, cold, clammy skin, heavy sweating, weak pulse, normal temperature.	The patient should lie down in a cool place. If he is conscious, give him cool mildly salt water. If he is prone to heat exhaustion, it is a wise precaution for him to take salt tablets in the hot summer months.
HIVES	Smooth, rounded pinkish weals on the skin. They usually have a white centre, vary in size and shape, are itchy, and sting.	Apply a solution of 3 teaspoons of baking-soda to a glass of cold water. Calamine lotion is also useful in reducing the itchiness. If the hives are not relieved by this treatment, call a doctor.
NOSE — foreign bodies in; NOSEBLEED	FOREIGN BODIES. —An insect may fly into the nose, where it causes a painful burning sensation. Children often poke small objects into their noses—stones, buttons, peas, for example. NOSEBLEED symptoms are obvious.	For foreign bodies, drop a few drops of mineral oil into the nose. This will stop the insect's movements and will keep a seed or a pea from swelling. Have the patient blow his nose carefully. If the object remains in the nose, see a doctor. <i>Do not attempt to remove it at home.</i> For nosebleed, have the patient sit up with his head tilted slightly backward and breathing through his mouth. Press the nose gently between the thumb and index finger for four or five minutes. Release the pressure gradually. Apply cold cloths to back of neck and across nose. If bleeding continues, plug nose gently with gauze (with some sticking out for easy removal). Discourage nose-blowing for several hours.
POISONING UNIVERSAL ANTIDOTE for NON-CORROSIVE POISONS <i>Two parts powdered activated charcoal, 1 part magnesium oxide, 1 part tannic acid (all these are available from the chemist). Mix together and give, with a little water, in doses of 1 tablespoon at a time. Repeat doses frequently. If you do not have these ingredients in the house, an emergency antidote can be made from 2 parts burnt, scraped toast, 1 part milk of magnesia, 1 part strong tea.</i>	CORROSIVE POISONS are those which burn and stain the lips, mouth, and throat. They include lye, caustic soda, quicklime, or any of the acids—battery acid, nitric, acetic, or oxalic acids. Noncorrosive poisons are those which do not cause any injury to the lips, mouth, and throat. They include insecticides, weed-killers, and overdoses of drugs, such as aspirin, sleeping tablets, and barbiturates. The commonest child-poisoner is kerosene, which is classified as an irritant poison. This inflames the delicate tissues of the lungs and prevents them from absorbing oxygen. Remember, <i>one teaspoon of kerosene could kill your child</i> , so keep it well out of reach.	In all cases of poisoning, call a doctor immediately. Try to find the poison container. Prompt identification of the poison is essential. Corrosive Poisons: <i>Do not give an emetic.</i> These burns are caused by alkalis or acids. For alkali poisoning (i.e., caustic soda, etc.) give large doses of vinegar and water in equal parts, or citrus fruit juice, then doses of olive oil, melted butter, or milk. Treat for shock. For acid poisoning give large doses of milk of magnesia in water, or raw egg-whites beaten up in water, or a large drink of milk. Treat for shock. Non-corrosive poisons: Try to get the patient to vomit by putting your finger gently down the back of his throat. Hold a child over your knee, so that the vomit will not be sucked back into the windpipe. If this doesn't work try to make the patient drink large quantities of water to which salt or baking-soda has been added. Repeat several times. Counteract poison by an antidote. If you do not know the poison taken, give universal antidote for non-corrosive poisons.
SHOCK	Shock may be caused by severe pain, poisoning, or prolonged bleeding. Its symptoms are—trembling, paleness of the skin, sweating, nervousness, rapid pulse rate, and fainting. Shock can be present without any of these symptoms, so it's as well, in all but the most minor of injuries, to treat the patient for shock.	Lie the patient down, with his head on a level with or lower than the rest of his body. Make him as comfortable as you can and try to stem any bleeding. Keep as warm as possible without overheating. Give shock solution (1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-soda to 1 quart of water), otherwise very sweet hot tea or coffee. If patient is vomiting, unconscious, has abdominal injury, or cannot swallow, <i>give nothing by mouth.</i>
SPRAINS	Swelling, discoloration, pain on movement. If fracture is suspected, treat for fracture.	Apply cold compresses and bandage firmly to reduce swelling. When cold compresses no longer give relief, change to hot fomentations.
STINGS	There is severe pain and swelling at the site of the bite. In the case of a bee sting, the stinging apparatus may be found in the bite.	Remove the sting if it is present, and apply a small cloth moistened with ammonia, diluted with an equal part of water. If ammonia is not available, apply baking-soda moistened with cold water.
SWALLOWED OBJECTS	Foreign objects, such as fishbones, safety-pins, or coins, are sometimes swallowed accidentally, particularly by children. If they lodge in the windpipe, the patient's air supply to the lungs will be cut off and he will choke. In choking there will be a flurry of coughing, the face will turn red, then blue.	If the patient is choking, reassure him—his fear will add to his need for air and aggravate his condition. Bend him forward over a table, so that his head and shoulders are hanging down. If the object is not dislodged, get him to a hospital as soon as possible. If the object has been swallowed completely, get a doctor. Do not give a purgative—it may perforate the digestive tract.
TRAVEL SICKNESS	The patient has a tendency to yawn, and breathes faster and deeper. He may have a greenish tinge, and cold sweating. He usually vomits.	Prevention is the best cure here. Don't eat or drink too much before or during a trip. Do not read to excess, and take some of the new drugs which prevent motion sickness.
WOUNDS	Symptoms are obvious. Wounds include abrasions, cuts, incisions, and lacerations.	Treat for shock. Clean the wound. Bathe with 1 part antiseptic to 20 parts warm water. Cover with a sterile dressing and bandage. If wound is a puncture, do not probe or attempt to clean it. Get a doctor as there is danger of tetanus. For severe bleeding in an arm or leg, apply a tourniquet.



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HOLIDAY BOOKING

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Naturally she got no reply. She didn't expect one. Just as effectively as at Broydon Court, Mr. McAndrew was slammed down again. While he was checking the bill, moreover, Louisa managed to transmit through her friend the waiter so urgent a message to the doorman, there was a taxi waiting for her at the kerb as they emerged. (Probably five shillings back to Paddington, but well worth it. "Cannot I drive you?" suggested Mr. McAndrew. "Thanks. I think this is mine," said Louisa—slamming him down again.) For so large a man Mr. McAndrew looked almost disconsolate as Louisa abandoned him on the pavement outside Stack's, in the Strand.

She wouldn't have been able to abandon F. Pennon so, at Gladstone Mansions—Enid or no Enid. At Gladstone Mansions, if she hadn't discovered the picking of Enid's brains an excuse, she'd undoubtedly have discovered some other, for not abandoning old Freddy. Since then she'd learnt sense. Not only did she abandon Mr. McAndrew (on the pavement outside Stack's, in the Strand), she immediately put him out of mind.

During what remained of the afternoon Louisa put Jimmy Brown out of mind, too—along with Hugo Pym, Number Ten, and even F. Pennon. It was a tour de force, but Louisa's subconscious achieved it: releasing her unhampered by past emotions to concentrate on Mr. Clark.

Their rendezvous was for five-thirty; Louisa was so afraid of being late, five-fifteen saw her lurking outside his office, weighed down by airline give-away bags, waiting for the nearest church clock to chime the half-hour. No less prompt was Mr. Clark, however; as Louisa entered (on the dot) he emerged from the lift before she had time to summon it.

"My dear Miss Datchett," exclaimed Mr. Clark warmly, "what admirable punctuality!—May we perceive," he added shyly, "a good omen?"

Earnestly Louisa hoped so; but in fact recognised a good omen already in his mere recollection of her. More than once in the course of her career had she been disconcerted by an overnight act of oblivion—had turned up for a film test, for example, to find all trace

of the project washed by slumber from her sponsor's mind and it may now be admitted (it was the first time Louisa admitted it herself, so painful the possibilities) that half her day-long anxiousness had been centred on this very point.

Mr. Clark plainly remembered not only who she was, but also, so to speak, why she was; and Louisa regarded him with such open gratitude and admiration, the modest man looked quite surprised—though by no means displeased.

"I only hope you'll like the house," said Mr. Clark.

"I'm sure I shall!" said Louisa.

"And the children," added Mr. Clark. "I hope you'll take to them . . ."

"I'm sure I shall!" repeated Louisa.

"That they'll take to you I've no doubt," said Mr. Clark, confidently. "If that's all your baggage, shall we be on our way?"

The house was called Glenarvon.

It was a family house. So estate agents, nine bedrooms on their hands, advertise a decaying vicarage; or failed private school; or any other interesting property needing repair. Glenarvon, though mid-Victorian, as kept up by Mr. Clark, was so to speak the platoon ideal of their imaginings, and could probably have changed hands at seven thousand cash without a nail driven into a wall.

Mr. Clark led Louisa systematically over the entire ample accommodation. (None of the children were in, and, however eager to meet them, Louisa wasn't altogether sorry; the house was quite enough for her as a start.) With every step her enthusiasm grew. There was a dining-room and a drawing-room. There was a study—though Mr. Clark refused to dignify it by the name.

"Just where I do a little extra bread-winning at night!" explained the modest man. Louisa peeped over his shoulder respectfully. There was a kitchen slightly larger than the whole of Louisa's flat—actually with a servant in it preparing dinner. Louisa was struck afresh; much more so than she'd been

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by anything at F. Pennon's. The Pines, in essence, was a small-scale luxury hotel, where one expected to find staff; to find a staff of even one in a family house like Glenarvon was far more remarkable . . .

"Mrs. Temple," introduced Mr. Clark casually. "Mrs. Temple, this is the Miss Datchett I mentioned to you at breakfast."

Just like the old family servant Louisa cast her for, Mrs. Temple darted a suspicious glance. "We'll see about that later!" thought Louisa confidently.

Only at the doors of the children's bedrooms did she hang back a moment. "You're sure they wouldn't mind?" began Louisa.

"Dear me, no!" said Mr. Clark. "It will fall to your lot, I'm afraid, to try to keep them a little tidy . . . This is Cathy's."

THUS encouraged, Louisa looked inside; and beheld flowery, rosy paper, flowery, rosy chintz, a dressing-table petticoated like a dancer, a thick, white sheepskin rug; the bedroom of a young girl's dreams. That it was also indeed untidy gave her nothing but pleasure; how she would enjoy, if not making Catherine tidy, tidying for her! The boys' rooms offered equal scope; but, just as boys' rooms should be, littered with fragments of ironmongery. Louisa wasn't quite sure how one got out oil-stains, but she'd have a darn good try

"Mrs. Temple," explained Mr. Clark fairly, "simply comes in to cook; also once a week performs what she calls a 'going over.' I'm told we're fortunate—but you see how much such a person as yourself is needed to make us pull our socks up! Now, shall we take a look at the garden?"

The garden was as spacious as the house. The front part had only a gravel drive and laurel bushes, and didn't count, but at the back there were practically grounds. First stretched a wide lawn, with beds of polyanthus roses; beyond, separated by a beechen

hedge with a wicket in it, the rougher grass of a sizeable orchard.

Mr. Clark and Louisa had quite a walk before they reached the final boundary of a quiet, trafficless road; upon which fronted, at the orchard's end, a couple of small out-buildings. Like everything else about Glenarvon, they were beautifully kept up; as Louisa approached, she could see the pointing between the bricks.

Pausing at the first—

"Where the boys keep their motor-scooters," explained Mr. Clark. "They're at an age—as you must have gathered from the state of their rooms!—when they're mad about machinery. Of course, both will eventually join me in publishing, but just at the moment they're mad about machinery."

"I suppose most boys are," said Louisa. "But they don't all get motor-scooters!"

Mr. Clark smiled, and led her on. Inside the second building, housed in a neat stall, stood what looked to Louisa a very superior pony.

Like the Queen of Sheba, she hadn't seen the half!

"Cathy's," said Mr. Clark. "Cathy's Tomboy. She takes care of him entirely herself. I should tell you," added Mr. Clark, with a pleasant mixture of pride and resignation, "that my daughter Catherine is mad about horses."

Louisa wasn't entirely surprised. She'd read in more than one newspaper article of the rising generation's passion for horses. But the kindness and understanding of Mr. Clark, in actually providing his daughter with a pony of her own, struck her with uncommon force, and she looked all the admiration she truly felt.

"One does one's best," said Mr. Clark simply.

"But lucky Catherine!" cried Louisa.

"I hope so," admitted Mr. Clark. "Tomboy certainly takes up all her time . . . I wouldn't wish it otherwise," he added—as it were defending his daughter from any breath of criticism—though heaven knew Louisa wasn't going to criticise—"isn't youth the time for enjoying oneself? I'm afraid you won't find Cathy as helpful in the house as she might be—but mayn't we forgive her, while

word "we" fell like music on Louisa's ear. (Or perhaps because he had spoken unconsideredly?) As Mr. Clark put his hand in his pocket and brought out two lumps of sugar—as he gave one to Louisa, as Tomboy blew, and then gobbled, first into Mr. Clark's palm then into hers—Louisa felt herself already on the verge of acceptance as one of the family.

Everything still depended on the children. For all her quick optimism, Louisa remained thoroughly aware of this. If her three potential step-children didn't accept her, from no mere self-indulgence would Mr. Clark allow his happy home to be disrupted. Thus it was with the most anxious expectation that Louisa, some half-hour later, observed from her new bedroom window the return of Catherine, Toby, and Paul.

They all came back together.

It might have been by chance; nonetheless the impression Louisa immediately received was subsequently to prove correct: an impression of unitedness. Whatever they were discussing, so quietly and seriously, as they crossed first the orchard and then the lawn together, they were evidently in complete agreement. They looked as though they were always in agreement, as though they hadn't quarrelled since the nursery . . .

Catherine, the eldest, was tall, slim, and blond, and even in

elf-locks, but was combed back and plaited in a door-knocker behind—the very thing to go under a hard hat. Nor was her sweater the fashionably baggy sort; it fitted from beneath the turned-down points of a white collar to the ribbing at a trim waist. However dishevelled she might leave the counterpane and dressing-table, Catherine's personal neatness was indeed so striking, Louisa instantly resolved to let the room go hang, in case it was a kind of compensation.

Of the boys, Paul already reached towards his sister's poise. Toby was still rough as a puppy. Paul appeared to use brilliantine. Toby had a double crown. (Louisa's heart fell in two parts like a cleft apple—just the slightly larger half towards Toby.) Though stockier in build, both echoed Catherine's coloring—as all three probably echoed their mother's, Mr. Clark being so noticeably dark.

As the trio of matching heads bent together they made a really delightful picture: which Louisa would have enjoyed still more if she hadn't received a further impression: that Catherine and Toby and Paul, joined in such earnest conference, weren't merely discussing but plotting something . . .

On the surface, at least,

To page 67

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Orlando WINES

TV golf scores with viewers



PANORAMA of the W. D. & H. O. Wills Golf Tournament at Wollongong links, N.S.W. Player at left is Mike Souchak; at right, Peter Thomson.

● Two TV golf shows, Top Pro Golf and World Championship Golf, have noticeably increased the interest in golf in Australia, increased membership in golf clubs, and added considerably to waiting lists for membership vacancies.

THESE days they are the big talking point at clubs, and great money-changing goes on at the 19th hole over bets on the outcome of the week's matches.

So avid is the interest in winners of the matches that TV publicity officers have stopped giving the names of players in forthcoming matches in advance to TV magazines and newspapers.

They found that when they did this, people could bet on a certainty because they could work out names of winners before the telecast took place.

Big Mike Souchak, one of America's top pros and golf millionaires, who was in Australia recently playing in the W. D. & H. O. Wills Golf Tournament, has played successfully in both of the TV tournaments.

He tells me interest in the two TV shows is just as great in America.

Top Pro Golf is stroke play, in which the winner is the player with the lower score for the round; World Championship Golf is match play, in which the player with the lower score for a hole wins the hole. The player who wins the greatest number of holes wins the match. The total stroke score doesn't enter the winning calculation.

Best test

I asked Souchak which he liked best.

"Score play is the best test of golf," he said. "The better player wins."

"Match play takes a lot of the work out of golf. It is generally more thrilling play to watch. Players take greater chances. You go full tilt and try to win the hole; it doesn't matter if you take an extra stroke as long as you win. That extra stroke doesn't count in the final score against you."

Playing golf for a living,

a living that's turned you into a millionaire, sounds like a cushy job, but talk to a pro and your ideas change.

Long hours of training, rigid dieting, separations from family and home, flying hundreds of thousands of miles, living mainly out of a suitcase in a hotel room make up the life of the professional golfer.

"I love golf, I am a pro because I love golf," Big Mike said. "Playing the world for a living hasn't altered that, otherwise you couldn't put up with the life; you would have to get out of it."

I asked him about his training.

"I try to strike the happy medium," he said. "I like to socialise, but I do very little of it when I am playing, because at such times I am a pretty rigid trainer."

"I always see I get at least nine and possibly ten hours' sleep when I'm playing."

"I eat a very light breakfast—fruit juice, cereal, and a glass of milk. I have no lunch at all, and for dinner at night I have a meal. I'd have a seafood cocktail or soup, a steak or grilled chicken and salad. I don't eat anything fried or very fatty. Just once in a while I'd eat a baked potato. Sometimes I might eat an ice-cream or a sherbet."

Mike is just on 6ft, and has the broadest shoulders I've ever seen. While he was in Australia he said he "fell off his diet" and put on six pounds, eating three meals a day, and tipped the scale at 14st. 9lb. His usual tournament weight is 14st. 3lb.

Mike is a big, amiable man of 33, who looks not a day over 23. He is married and he and his wife, Nancy, have three children: Michael John, 6, Patty, 3, and Frank, who is nine months old. They live at Durham, North Carolina.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Mike turned pro in 1954, and the next

year made a number of records, which still stand.

His best score is 60 for 18 holes, which he made in a Professional Golfers Association of America tournament at San Antonio, Texas, in 1955. He played the second 9 of the 18 holes in 27.

He holds the P.G.A. record for 18 holes with his 60 score,

Hogan, but today I couldn't tell you.

"Ben is not the player he used to be. I don't think there's another player as outstanding as Ben was. He dominated all the big tournaments he ever played in."

Mike isn't thinking of retiring. I asked him did he ever think of it, or wish for it. He was quite surprised.

"I don't know when I will retire," he said. "I wish I did know. But I intend to go on as long as I am in good sound health. I have a lot of things I want to accomplish in golf."

"I want to win the U.S. Open, the P.G.A. Championship, the Masters' tournament in Augusta, Georgia, which I think is the finest tournament in the world."

Pro's hint

As the interview was ending, I asked Mike, who has the nicest manners, whether he would give Australian golfers his best tip for improving their game.

"I think the best tip for all golfers, especially the average golfer, is to relax on the tee," he said.

"In Australia and all over the world, the average player tries to hit the ball too far."

"They are impressed with long hitting. Their greatest pleasure comes from hitting a long, straight drive."

"I think they stand on the tee and try to hit that ball too hard."

"If they would stand on the tee and keep in mind to hit the ball solid and to keep their balance while they are hitting, they would do better."

"If you hit the ball properly you do better than if you stand there and belt it and try to hit it farther than ever before. You can't accomplish good drives unless you are completely relaxed on the tee and well balanced all through your swing."



BOB CROSBY, an 11-handicap golfer, who does the commentary for World Championship Golf.

and the P.G.A. record for 72 holes with a score of 257, made in the same tournament.

His 18-hole scores for the 72 holes were 60, 68, 64, 65, a total of 257.

I asked him whom he considers the best golfer in the world.

"That's a hard question," he said. "I can't answer that one. A few years ago I would have said straight out Ben



MIKE SOUCHAK warms up at Manly Golf Club.

SHOW BUSINESS

New "Rawhide" series on 9

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The whips are cracking again on Hollywood's gigantic cattle drive "Rawhide," and faithful fans are about to be rewarded with a brand-new series, starting on Sydney's Channel 9 on Thursday, November 17, at 8 p.m.

RAWHIDE is an epic Western. It lasts an hour, which is far too short for its many fans, who have unusually kept up a solid rating for it in the past months when repeats of the original series were shown.

This isn't the only unusual thing about "Rawhide." The most unusual thing about it is that it is equally popular with men and women.

Swoon votes from female viewers for Eric Fleming and Clint Eastwood, its co-stars, account for some of its popularity; but these are equalled by approval votes from males who enjoy watching this adventurous wide-open-spaces show.

It is hard to say what makes a show a success. Sometimes it is the star alone, other times the mixture of personalities and story, but I think the strong friendship that exists between the co-stars off-camera does help "Rawhide."

Fleming plays the role of trail boss Gil Favor, and Eastwood is his offside, Rowdy Yates. Between them, on-camera, although they have their differences, there is a nice relationship, a kind of elder-brother-younger-brother.

That this kind of relationship does exist between them off-camera adds realism to their TV show.

Ace swimmers

The friendship between the two stars is rare among Hollywood star "teams," who are much more inclined to feud off-camera.

Fleming and Eastwood spend a lot of time together off the set.

Asked why, Eastwood told. "It's simple," he said. "We like each other."

Eastwood is married, but Fleming, who is older, is not. Most nights Fleming eats at home with the Eastwoods or takes them out to a restaurant.

Both of them are keep-fit fans and go to the same health club. Eastwood is said to be the best swimmer among the actors in the TV world, but Fleming is not far behind.

One of Eastwood's hobbies is teaching blind and partially blinded children to swim. He devotes his Saturdays to this, and often co-opts Fleming to help.

Fleming, incidentally, is regarded as at the very top of TV's most-eligible-bachelor list, and is always having to sidestep gossip-column talk about who he's going to marry.

He got carried away recently, and really talked.

"I am frequently linked in gossip columns as a romantic item with various actresses," he said.

"I can't holler 'foul' because a pretty starlet is something I could never resist, but any implication that this kind of dating will wind up at the altar is pure fiction.

"I know a few couples who have their careers and a happy marriage, but the casualty rate is high.

"If a girl is a starlet she's hell-bent on becoming a star.

"Recently I took one to a party that was sprinkled with a number of producers and directors. Although we were together, she wasn't with me. She concentrated on making herself be seen and talking to people who could aid her career.

"The sad part of the whole thing was that she didn't even realise her actions were rude.



CLOSE friends and co-stars of TV's epic Western "Rawhide," Eric Fleming (trail boss Gil Favor) and Clint Eastwood (Rowdy Yates), take a shower after a workout in a Beverly Hills gym.

My ego wasn't punctured, but my judgment of the lady was."

Alas, poor Pennyweather

MURDER is an ugly thing.

One of the ugliest murders I've ever watched is that committed by The Late Show on that quaint TV character Mr. Pennyweather, created by Noel Brophy.

Brophy's Pennyweather used to be worth watching. He was a quiet, sly little man with a flavor of Dickens about him.

He first appeared in Joe Martin's Late Show, and made a welcome reappearance when George Wallace started his Late Show so promisingly.

The original promise of the show has not been fulfilled, and the Late Show now is generally a hodge-podge of vul-

garity, pie-throwing, and female impersonations, with Noel Brophy in the middle of it.

Brophy's peculiar charm as Mr. Pennyweather is not enhanced by the pie-throwing and female impersonation scenes in which he takes part.

If the Late Show powers-that-be must murder someone, why not those pie-throwers or female impersonators? They're not funny; they're nauseating.

Perry Mason's tops in Thailand

● Perry Mason, still winning every case even though he cross-examines in the Thai language, is one of the favorite programmes on Thai TV.

MRS. SOMCHIT SIDDICHAI, who told me this, is chief of the talks section and assistant programme manager of Thai TV.

She is at present in Australia studying rural education programmes for both radio and TV.

Suspense and private-eye shows are the most popular films shown on Thai TV.

Westerns are not so popular there.

"A Thai's life is different," she added. "We cannot understand much of cowboy stuff, although the children get quite excited about it. Some of them have cowboy costumes and two guns, and run round and threaten each other."

"Gunsmoke" was one of the Westerns that was not very popular in Bangkok. This is not hard to understand when you think of translating Chester's drawl into Thai, although it does evoke a fascinating picture.

Some of the films have Thai dialogue dubbed in, others are shown straight with Thai subtitles.

"Lassie," "Fury," and "Spunky and Tadpole" are very popular with Thai children.

Thailand has two TV stations, both in Bangkok. One

By
NAN MUSGROVE

is a national station, the other a commercial one. Both are run by the Thai Government.

Stations transmit programmes for six hours a day, from 5.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Of the programmes telecast, 60 per cent. are "live" and 40 per cent. are filmed shows, mostly the American ones that Australian viewers know so well.

Music, dancing

The five programmes are special children's programmes, women's programmes, drama, light entertainment, and talks.

"We don't have many variety programmes," Mrs. Siddichai said, "but we telecast a lot of popular Thai music played by Thai orchestras. We are also trying to build appreciation of Thai classical music. Then, too, we telecast a lot of classical Thai dancing."

Thai TV, now centred in Bangkok, covers only one-third of Thailand's people, but Mrs. Siddichai said that by the end of next year the Government hopes to open three regional stations, one in the north, one in the north-east, and one in the south.

"When these regional stations are opened, people up-country will be able to see TV, and we hope to educate them by both radio and TV," she said.

At present, 60,000 Thais own TV sets. They are very expensive. We hope when the regional stations are set up that villages will buy a communal set so that all the people in the area can enjoy TV and its benefits.

"I just keep hoping that with TV we can help farmers in my country to farm much better."

"While I am here I am looking into how I can best prepare talks and TV programmes to show how to increase our food production.



Mrs. Somchit Siddichai, of Thai TV.

"I have been trying to learn from you in Australia how best to help women on the land. This I think is very important.

"Farmer's wives in my country are not well educated generally, and TV could teach them how to help one another, how to improve their lives, to bring up their children, and teach them handicrafts."

Australian programmes for women have interested Mrs. Siddichai very much. She said that half-hour programmes for women in Thailand generally only deal with one subject, but she preferred the variety of subjects and interviews that make up most of the specialised programmes for women.

Mrs. Siddichai is very impressed with rural life in Australia. "Somehow I thought when I heard of Australia's food production that it was easy, that you had all the help of nature here," she said.

"But I find you have had to fight to turn a barren land into a fertile one. You have had to fight drought, flood, and bushfires. You have lots of problems, but never cease to overcome them."

Teacher

Mrs. Siddichai, whose Christian name, Somchit, means "Contented Heart," is a tiny bright-eyed woman of 35, married, with a daughter of 12. She is a B.A., a Master of Science and Education.

Teaching is obviously a passion with her. She began her career as a schoolteacher, but after some years began searching for what she described as "a more vivid

method of teaching, one not confined to chalk and blackboard."

She found it in TV.

She has travelled all over the world and spent a lot of time in America. She thinks our TV is excellent and Australians much more than that.

"You all work very hard," she said, "yet you are a happy people and have time to relax. And if you discover things in your life, about farming and so on, you are happy to share it with others."

Paul Robeson took charge

THERE have been few half-hours as delightful as A.B.C.-TV's "Spotlight" interview with Paul Robeson. Robeson took charge of the interview (the panellists were hardly necessary) and talked and sang his way through the half-hour, which went in a flash.

He is a tremendous personality, with a bright mind and a dignity that matches his wonderful voice.

Robeson himself was very pleased with the "Spotlight" interview, and said how much he enjoyed it.

"I felt it was good as it went along," he said.

"TV is my major work now," he told me. "I like it. I have my own session on England's ITV.

"Just before I left London I did a show that I enjoyed very much. I was the host, and I interviewed Yehudi Menuhin. It was very good. We both enjoyed it."

SHOW

BUSINESS



WHEN cute elevator girl Shirley MacLaine is drawn into the office-to-apartment parade, Lemmon—her secret admirer—realises he must decide what he wants from life and take a stand. A refreshing personality, Shirley has—in five years and 10 pictures—soared from a chorus line to film stardom.

"THE APARTMENT"

ACCORDING to producer-director Billy Wilder and clerk Jack Lemmon, it takes more than ability to get to the top in big business—it takes an apartment.

In this United Artists comedy, "The Apartment," Lemmon is an ambitious worker in a large New York insurance company. By chance, he occupies a nearby apartment.

In a rut and determined to work his way out into a position of some prominence, Lemmon trades the use of his flat for salary increases.



"THE APARTMENT" is the second film Jack Lemmon has made for Billy Wilder, the first being the comedy hit "Some Like It Hot." This film is more a biting satire.

A PHILANDERING cad-executive in the insurance company, Fred MacMurray—one of Lemmon's immediate bosses—hands gullible Shirley MacLaine a line which results in her attempted suicide.



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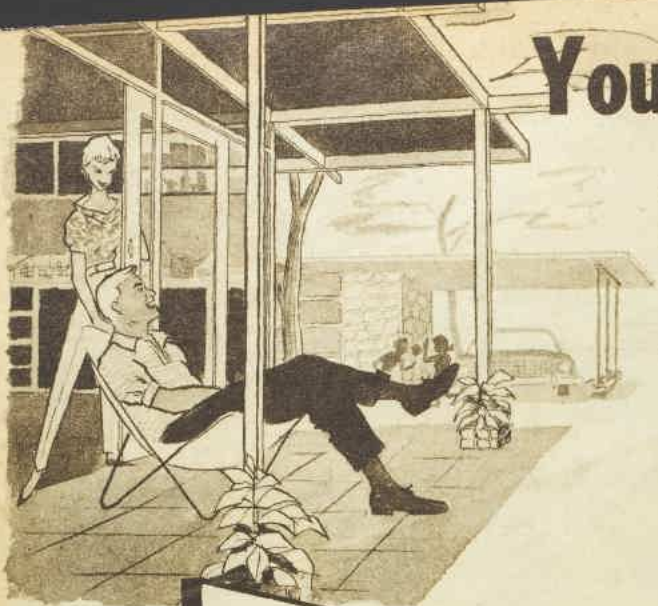
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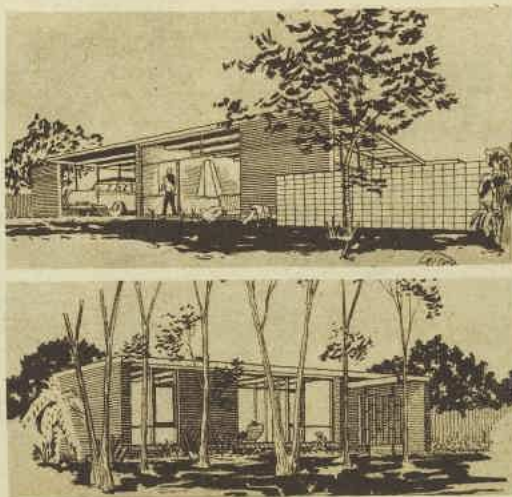
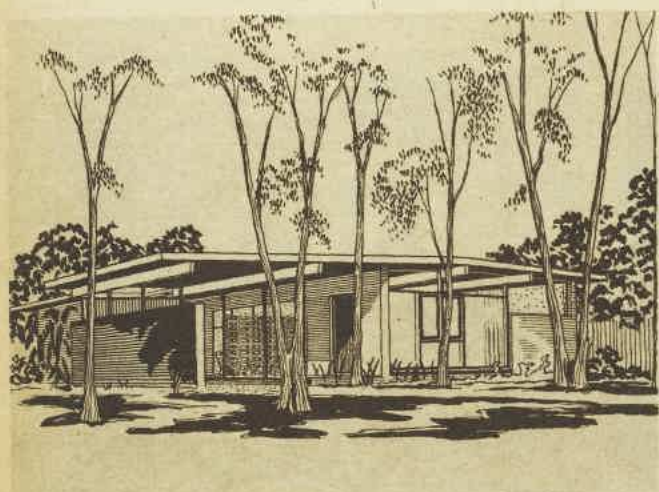


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Overeating lost her star role

● For the first time in her troubled, confused, and headline-making life, 21-year-old Eurasian beauty France Nuyen has a goal.

"I WANT to become a good actress," she says, "and I want the world to know the truth about what happened to me in that movie."

That movie is, of course, "The World of Suzie Wong." France was the original star of the film, re-creating her Broadway role, until she was replaced by Nancy Kwan.

The official reason for dropping her, announced by producer Ray Stark, was that France's throat ailment would hold up production too long.

The unofficial rumor was that compulsive-eater France had eaten herself out of virtual stardom because of emotional strife over her romance with Marlon Brando.

France admits she was grossly overweight for the role of the exotic Hongkong waterfront girl.

"But it was all a plot," she said. "I really wasn't the one they wanted for the film. They felt they had to sign me because I was associated with the role."

"I'm sure they knew they were going to fire me from the beginning. They made me, oh, so very nervous. And when I'm nervous I eat too much. They knew this."

"So, when I did get too fat, they fired me and the film gained a million dollars' worth of publicity. I was the centre of a little scandal and served my purpose."

France hasn't let the affair break her. Her immediate reaction was to run away and hide — at home in Marseilles. Then she took a stand and decided to continue in her career.

Under a six-year contract to 20th Century-Fox, France returned to Hollywood, although they had no assignments for her.

After several months, France was offered a job by the studio — but the colony expected her to turn it down rather than lose face.

It was a periodic running part in a new TV series, "Hong Kong," produced by the TV arm of the company. France surprised them by accepting.

"To act is to act," she said. And France is determined to make the top of the bill again.

● HE'S the greatest child actor since Jackie Coogan starred with Charlie Chaplin in "The Tramp," claims veteran moviemaker Julien Duvivier about Jean-Pierre Leaud, whom he is directing in "Boulevard." Leaud, it will be remembered, made his memorable screen debut in "The Four Hundred Blows" as the delinquent. "Boulevard" is only his second film.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS reportedly plans to holiday in Rome next year at the same time "Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor will be there for 'Cleopatra.'" But Debbie wishes friends would stop worrying about a possible meeting. "It's a big city!" she tells them.

● THE producers of "El Cid," starring Charlton Heston, have reportedly offered producers Christian-Jacques and Maleno Malenotti 500,000 dollars to borrow Sophia Loren, whom the two have signed for "Madame Sans-Gene," for "El Cid." The money would cover the costs of production delays until Loren could do the film, plus a handsome stipend to the producers for their trouble.

● MORE than one newcomer to Hollywood has unhappily dubbed the film colony a "dead town." But socialite-turned-actor George Hamilton and his friends are trying to do something about it. "The bookkeepers have taken over," he declares. "Hardly anyone does crazy things any more — they're all too busy discussing deals with their managers and tax lawyers." George says the younger set is getting infected with this "middle-age outlook," so he, Susan Kohner, and the rest of their group have planned to do one outlandish thing a week to bring back life to Hollywood.

● ALTHOUGH Robert Mitchum hasn't spent more than a week at his Maryland horse farm for over a year, he has just invested 100,000 dollars in new studs — purchased with his movie salary. Bob still claims he'll quit the films forever in five years and settle down to a life of the landed gentry in Maryland's tallgrass country.

● ANNA KASHFI has been squirmed around Hollywood lately by actor Roger Moore, while her professor friend Fred Mayer is in South America. "But don't let people start calling me a homebreaker," Anna said. "Roger's wife is away on a nightclub tour, and she knew he would be escorting me now and then. We're all friends."

● SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER has hired a real estate agent to search Bel Air for a "honeymoon cottage" for him and Joan Plowright to coincide with the time he'll be making a film in Hollywood early next year. Both Larry and Joan reportedly plan to get quickie divorces in Mexico and remarry just as soon as Vivien Leigh and Joan's husband file for divorces in England.



EXOTIC France Nuyen and her latest off-camera and on-camera interest, Australian Rod Taylor — the star of her new TV series "Hong Kong."

THE Orient will be home to Marlon Brando until the end of 1962, now that he has agreed to star in the life story of Dr. Tom Dooley, the Missouri medical missionary who went to Laos. The film, "The Night They Burned the Mountain," begins immediately after Brando produces and stars in another best-seller, "The Ugly American," for his own company. In turn, it goes before the cameras after Brando completes "Mutiny on the Bounty" in Tahiti.

● GARY GRANT and Elizabeth Taylor have both tentatively agreed to star in "Mary, Mary" — a romantic comedy by Jean Kerr, author of "Please Don't Eat the

Daisies." No definite starting date has been set for the film, but it will be made in London and both Grant and Miss Taylor will receive a million dollars plus a percentage of the gross.

● IS Liz Taylor expecting a baby? Friends say "No." But fellow workers on her million dollar movie "Cleopatra" say "Yes." A series of illnesses have caused delays on the film, prompting the story that Liz and husband Eddie Fisher have a date with the stork — which, if true, may jeopardise the film's production schedule. Liz's friends claim her poor health has been caused by the English weather and too strenuous dieting to get into "temptress" shape.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★ NO TREES IN THE STREET

Groovy theme music encouragingly introduces just another disappointing slum-street drama, with its teeming inhabitants, its slick crim. tycoon, and its clean-cut cop. Embittered by tough breaks, young back-streeter Melvyn Hayes turns killer-on-the-run in an electrifying performance. But his sister, Sylvia Syms, is unreal in her refinement. The climax will jerk some tears. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . BLEAK.

★ THE ANGEL WORE RED

A powerful cast in a weak plot. Victimised by their love and local anti-Church hysteria, Dirk Bogarde — a sensitive Spanish priest disillusioned by clerical pettiness — and Ava Gardner — a sympathetic cabaret hostess — play in-

tense and moving roles. But they can't carry the show. Caught in the crossfire of the Spanish Civil War, their efforts are bogged in the film's background of colorless action. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTS.

★ THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

Tons of T.N.T. explode before this unexciting war picture grinds to a halt. A U.S. Major in charge of a small demolition squad, James Stewart, leads his weary unit over an ancient Chinese road — pushing past streams of dejected refugees and blowing up bits-and-pieces to thwart the (unseen) Japanese advance. Clever in its sustained dusty atmosphere, the film cracks because of dull action. — Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . COLORLESS.

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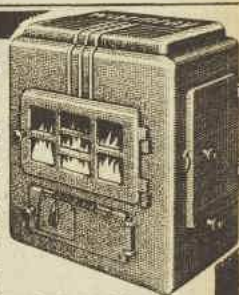
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Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 59

her reception of her at dinner was quite perfect. "Catherine, Paul, Toby," Mr. Clark introduced them cheerfully. "Children, this is Miss Datchett, who is going to see if she can put up with us and keep us in order."

The eyes of all three turned intelligently towards Louisa. That the device they were thinking she couldn't guess.

"But how nice!" said Catherine warmly.

Had she or hadn't she kicked out under the table? In any case, both boys were ready on the mark.

"You'll find my underwear an absolute chaos," offered Louisa. "To anyone who cares for darning, I'm an absolute life."

"I haven't had a clean vest for months," offered Toby.

"Don't be silly, Toby," said Catherine sharply. "Of course it's not quite as bad as that, Miss Datchett, but we do honestly need you like mad. Perhaps I should do more myself."

"No, no," said Mr. Clark. "You have Tomboy to look after. Enjoy yourself while you can! Miss Datchett will see to things."

"That's what I'm here for," agreed Louisa brightly.

The three children looked at her again. Their eyes were really quite disconcertingly intelligent. "Yes, but is that ALL?" Louisa fancied each thinking; and to cover her nervousness plunged into chatter of pony-clubs and praise of Tomboy.

"I'm told they're spreading all over the country," babbled Louisa. "What a lovely soft nose he has!"

"Yes, they are, and hasn't he?" agreed Catherine politely. "I half expected to find you out on him this evening," observed Mr. Clark.

Catherine at once looked martyred.

"Tuesday's my First Aid class, Daddy."

Mr. Clark glanced proudly at Louisa. Mad on horses as she was, his daughter Catherine attended First Aid classes. What conscientiousness, what self-sacrifice, his look implied, with Tomboy waiting in his stall! Indeed, Louisa thoroughly agreed.

"I don't suppose you boys were exactly kept in, either?" said Mr. Clark—as it were bringing forward Paul and Toby for their meed of praise.

"Though Cathy was her father's girl, obviously he tried hard to make no favorites."

"What was it tonight—the Scouts?"

"No, sir; overhauling our motor-scooters at the shop," said Paul.

"I'm glad to know you take

such care of them," approved Mr. Clark. "Those infernal machines, Miss Datchett, are overhauled at least once a week! However, it doesn't affect their schoolwork; they both get very good marks indeed, and I expect great things from them at the University. Now, children: shall we ask Miss Datchett to give us our pudding?"

Louisa flushed with pleasure as Mrs. Temple deposited before her an enormous Spotted Dick. She still glanced warily at Catherine and Toby and Paul, alert for any sign of resentment. It was practically taking a mother's place already! But all three returned her look with perfect cheerfulness, Toby volunteering that he liked the middle; and Louisa sank a knife happily into the warm, rich, yielding, domestic duff.

NEXT day was one of the happiest of Louisa's life. Mr. Clark went off to work just as a breadwinner should, the boys were to lunch at school, and Catherine took out Tomboy and a packet of sandwiches. Louisa, as soon as she had the house to herself, plunged into domesticity with all the joyous abandon of a dolphin released in the waves.

She had more qualifications for domesticity than might be imagined. Long years of being found of men had made her an expert darning of socks, washer of woollen underwear, sewer-on of buttons. Even at Cannes, a good proportion of her time had been spent on Rene's and Kurt's and Bobby's drip-dry shirts. Now with happy anticipation she went methodically through the linen basket and extracted all smalls.

"Laundry goes tomorrow," offered Mrs. Temple, pinning on her hat. They had come to terms—over washing up breakfast. Louisa knew better than to attempt Mrs. Anstruther's method with Karen upon any true-born Briton coming in to oblige; instead, she let Mrs. Temple talk. Mrs. Temple dwelt in a council house which some might look down upon but for labor-saving no more to desire, also being a bare ten minutes off was why she could nip in to do breakfast and dinner without inconvenience, apart from fighting her way through wind, rain, and fog.

Mrs. Temple also achieved the necessary shopping through wind, rain, and fog; she was quite a byword for it. "What the trades-people'll think to see someone fresh come in I'm

sure I don't know," said Mrs. Temple. "They won't see me come in," said Louisa cheerfully. "Mrs. Temple, you're a wonder!"

It was delightful, after the narrowness of Paddington, to have a whole separate kitchen to splash in. Louisa's mood was such that she'd have rejoiced to find a copper; the kitchen at Glenarvon was too modern for that, but it wasn't modern enough for a washing-machine: Louisa plunged to the elbows in authentic suds. She soaked, she squeezed, rinsed in two waters, rolled in towels; and at last staggered out with the clothes-basket to peg in the open air of the orchard.

Only those who have perpetually dried smalls on radiators (or, at a pinch, above a gas-ring) can appreciate the pleasure of pegging on an open-air clothesline. To Louisa, as she strung up the last sock—in the warmth of a summer morning, on green grass, under old apple trees—the moment was almost poetic in its beauty. Drops of moisture from Mr. Clark's long underwear sparkled on a dandelion like drops of dew; a gentle aroma of clean wool enhanced the scent of trodden grass. Somewhere up in the apple-boughs a bird went tweet . . .

And every week it would be the same, thought Louisa happily. She pulled herself up, with housewifely forethought: winter wash-days would obviously be more rugged. But even on winter wash-days she'd have a whole kitchen to dry in; would but exchange the scent of trodden grass for the warm smell of winter cooking. "Where are the songs of spring, aye, where are they?" thought Louisa—an echo from K for Keats in B for Biography. "Think not on them, thou hast thy music too!" Autumn was in fact quite far enough for her to look ahead; but she couldn't help seeing drops from Mr. Clark's long underwear sparkling upon—sugaring, so to speak—her first batch of mince pies.

"I'll put suet out for you!" Louisa promised the bird. She didn't know what sort it was; it might be the sort that wintered in Africa—but in any case there'd be robins. "Just pass the word round!" Louisa adjured the bird. "Suet on the house!"

So soft and warm blew the drying wind from the west, Mr. Clark came home to find her seated before a big basket of clean mending.

"My dear girl—!" began Mr. Clark; and checked himself. "My dear Miss Datchett," he began again, "have you set to work already?"

"I'm enjoying myself," beamed Louisa.

Mr. Clark stood quite still, contemplating her.

"It's something I never thought to come home to again," he said solemnly. "I believe I'm going to be a very lucky man."

Louisa still wasn't going to hurry him. On this point her mind was made up quite firmly. If she'd at the last felt scruples about hurrying Jimmy Brown (as it turned out unnecessarily, but that wasn't Louisa's fault), how much more scrupulous should she feel towards a man so in every respect more deserving?

Louisa had never been at close quarters with a breadwinner before, so perhaps her reactions were exaggerated; but as Mr. Clark set out each morning to win bread for three

FROM THE BIBLE

• "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

— Lamentations 3: 26.

This book is made up of a series of poems which were probably of different authorship. Here the poet realises the value of quietly and patiently waiting on God for help and deliverance. Our own rushing and haste are of no avail.

children and four adults—besides Mrs. Temple there was a part-time gardener—Louisa's respect for him was something quite uncommon. His actual setting out no doubt a factor: F. Penno, for example, supported both a villa at Bourne-mouth and a flat in Gladstone Mansions, also Karen and Hallam, and Hallam's understrapper and all the help Karen could get hold of, and would soon have Enid on hand as well; but he didn't set out, he sat back. Mr. Clark worked at bread-winning six hours a day.

"You should have a glass of sherry as soon as you come in," Louisa told him, firmly.

"You really think so?" said Mr. Clark.

"It's there ready for you," said Louisa, firmly.

Actually it wasn't difficult, not to hurry. Every word and look of Mr. Clark's tacitly implied that the period of a week had become a dead letter.

All still depended, and Louisa knew it, on the children.

It was surprising how little they were at home. (Or not surprising? reflected Louisa uneasily. If they in fact couldn't stand the sight of her?) They seemed to keep roughly their father's hours; even Catherine departed daily with a packet lunch. Louisa was too wise to probe, but she was disappointed; with Cathy in particular she longed for nice cosy chats. As it was, as the days passed, she felt she knew her three potential stepchildren hardly better at all.

Only in the most general terms could she have summed their characters. Briefly, they were the opposite of juvenile delinquents.

Let it not be supposed for a

moment that Louisa was disappointed. She would have been horrified and alarmed to find Paul and Toby carrying flick-knives, or Catherine smoking marijuana. But she did feel it would have helped her position had she been called on to smooth over some slight misunderstanding with their father, for instance, or to hear and soothe some tale of youthful frustration.

If Catherine hadn't owned a pony already, how eagerly would Louisa have pleaded with Mr. Clark to buy her one! The same went for the boys' motor-scooters: Louisa would have fought for the boys' motor-scooters tooth and nail—but there they were, too, like Tomboy in his stall. In fact, it was Louisa who was frustrated, no call made on her special expertise; and though this in a way was precisely what she wanted, after years of being a good sort she felt slightly lost.

So might the coxswain of a lifeboat feel, retired from service; or a fireman drawing his pension. It was wonderfully restful, but took getting used to.

Whenever the children appeared, their manners towards Louisa continued perfect. They expressed warm appreciation of everything she did for them. Paul and Toby came separately to thank her for darning their socks. Catherine exclaimed more than once how lovely it was not to find any chores waiting, when she came in from grooming and feeding Tomboy.

Louisa, recalling how difficult this sort of thing is to adolescents, was both touched and heartened; but she recalled also the remarkable aptitude of adolescence for concealing its true sentiments.

Distasteful as it was to put herself in the position of her Aunt May, Louisa made the effort; and came to the conclusion that she really hadn't the slightest idea what the children truly thought of her.

It didn't stop her looking ahead. Louisa devoted a considerable portion of her solitary hours to wondering what Catherine and Toby and Paul were going to call her after she was married to their father. "Mother" was out of the question—Louisa humbly, regretfully, set "mother" aside at once. The Victorian "mamma," which she believed currently fashionable among such sophisticated son-in-law types as Henry Peel, was unsuited to their age-group. The appellation "mummy" on the lips of Catherine would have made Louisa happy indeed—but hardly suited the lips of Paul and Toby. (The shorter version "mum" Louisa set aside as too common. She had travelled a long way already from Paddington.) In the end, she mentally settled for the plain-spokenness of "stepmother."

Fortunately for a peace of mind thus sufficiently precarious already, Louisa's apprehensions as to Miss Lindrum were scotched almost before they took shape.

Miss Lindrum was Catherine's riding-mistress, from whose Pony Club stables had been purchased Tomboy; so at least a business relationship existed, with Mr. Clark, and Louisa couldn't help asking herself, nervously, whether there existed any other. (To have no rival at all, for such a potential husband, struck her as too good to believe.) True, Mr. Clark did no more than once or twice pronounce Miss Lindrum's name, and then always in connection with Cathy's riding; but since he pronounced no other female name whatever, apart from that of a History don engaged on his M-dieval Europe series, Louisa was very glad to have her mind relieved.

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upset?



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YOUR BOOKSHELF With Joyce Halstead

"Innaminka"

Elizabeth Burchill (Hodder & Stoughton).

Innaminka lies 400 miles north of Broken Hill on the border of Queensland and South Australia. To this remote inland spot in 1930 went two nursing sisters, Elizabeth Burchill and Ina Currey, members of the Australian Inland Mission, to take charge of the Nursing Home. They saw the beginning of radio medical service and the Flying Doctor Service. Before that they coped alone, taking medicine to outback families who trusted them as though they were fully-trained doctors. There was the boundary rider whose poisoned hand was going black by the time he could be brought for treatment. Sister Burchill saved it with poultices and prayer.

The heat was appalling—there was no refrigeration—and the girls' health suffered. A moving story, and a vivid picture of Australia's "Hot Heart."

"Lion in the Sun"

G. M. Glaskin (Barrie and Rockliff).

The story begins in Perth during the war. Two young men wounded on war service—the narrator Geoffrey Graham and Bradley Chase—are in hospital together, and become close friends. Brad marries Vivienne, a beautiful refugee from Singapore, and after the war they go to Singapore, where Geoffrey is working.

Though Brad is the central character, the narrator, in his passive role, comes through more strongly. His growing friendship with the Chinese girl Helen provides one of the book's most interesting situations. It comes as a surprise therefore to find that it is Brad who is thought to have gone with Helen—to Communist China. Though a bit confusing, it is an absorbing story, with a colorful background, and some excellent studies among the minor characters.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

her ride," said Mr. Clark, one evening just as he came in. "Shall we go and meet her?"

Of course Louisa accompanied him down the short gravel drive, to see Cathy pass the gate on her way round to Tomboy's stable; and Cathy wasn't alone.

Beside her trotted Miss Lindrum on a stocky bay. It was a rather handsome animal, well up to weight; it had need to be—Miss Lindrum was well up to weight herself, as a pair of ill-advised white breeches emphasised. Nonetheless her bare, flaxen Saxon head and weather-ruddied cheeks had a certain earthy attraction. She glanced swiftly at Mr. Clark. But obviously he had eyes only for his daughter. His greeting to Miss Lindrum was briefly courteous, no more. And Miss Lindrum merely waved her whip and trotted on.

Louisa still flew a slight kite, so to speak, watching Catherine rub down Tomboy in the stable. (Mr. Clark stayed only to see her unsaddle.)

"I dare say Miss Lindrum usually comes in for a drink?" suggested Louisa.

"What, our Lindy? Not on your life," returned Catherine absently. "She's never been inside the house."

Louisa hung about a bit, very willing to lend a hand if she could. But Catherine rubbed away with such fierce concentration, it was plain that any offer of assistance would only be resented.

Louisa didn't mind. She felt Catherine's fixation on horses entirely acceptable, so long as Catherine's father hadn't an eye for Catherine's riding-mistress.

Louisa's nerves steadied. They were still daily over-stretched between enjoyment of the present and hopes for the future; but after this particular incident they definitely steadied.

Which was just as well, considering what the very next evening held in store.

Another instance of Mr. Clark's sympathy with youth was that Glenarvon possessed a television-set. He himself disapproved of the invention; as the telephone had killed the

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

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who prefers to remain anonymous. Let's just call him, shall we, a Man with a Message?"

"It's the first time I've ever seen that," commenced Paul interestedly. "I believe it costs the earth . . ."

Even Mr. Clark's attention was held. Louisa froze. What Freddy was doing with a Message she couldn't imagine—unless he was going to make an appeal on behalf of Distressed British Admirals. She could think of nothing else; but still, presently, froze.

F. Pennon cleared his throat with easy deliberation. He

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

might have been appearing on television every night of his life.

"There are times," he opened largely, "when what a chap wants above all is to hear a voice from the past. What I meaner say is, the sound of a voice that is silent, the touch of a hand that is still."

"That's very true," observed Mr. Clark, showing unexpected emotion.

"It's just going to be another Appeal," sighed Catherine.

"And in a Welfare State—" murmured Louisa censoriously.

But as his next words showed, Freddy's message was uncapitalised. It was simply and strictly a message—like a telegram.

"Not necessarily from the far past," continued Freddy, "say just a couple of weeks ago. Still an' all it may mean much, let alone the Admiral mislaying his full-dress uniform. For though a chap may be right as rain—no doubts as to the future, no intention of skating out of his obligations—there are times when that voice from the past would fall like

refreshin' Highland dew. All telephone charges to be reversed," finished Freddy, "because I'm not here really, I'm back at Bournemouth. Good-night!"

He faded like the Cheshire Cat. It was absurd to fancy that his eyebrows faded last; but that was the impression.

"What an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Mr. Clark.

It wasn't in the least extraordinary to Louisa. As soon as she'd had a moment to think she saw commercial television absolutely made for old Freddy. She saw him employing it, over the years to come, quite recklessly: to advertise for a cook, to relieve his mind on the subject of super-tax, or just to complain about the weather. It was probably the most rewarding use of money he'd yet encountered. He was probably rarin' to go again already—especially if that voice from the past didn't immediately respond . . .

Louisa's nerves had been steady enough to carry her through his first effort; but if his next, as it well might, began with a "Dammit Louisa, where are you?" she felt disinclined to trust them. She would almost certainly give herself away; and had a strong impression that Mr. Clark might consider the whole thing out of place.

As soon as she was alone next day Louisa telephoned Bournemouth (reversing charges).

"Hi," called Louisa. "This is the voice from the past."

"Did you see me on television? I thought you might," said F. Pennon complacently. "How are you, Louisa?"

"Fine," said Louisa.

"Well, where are you? I've been telephoning your flat, I've been telephoning that morgue at Broydon—"

"I'm staying with friends," said Louisa. "How are things at Bournemouth?"

"Oh, we're all fine, too," said Freddy cheerfully. "You

Louisa, about Enid and the Admiral. Enid's all over him, and the difference it's made to me no one could believe. You don't happen to know what became of his full-dress uniform?"

"No," said Louisa. "He'll have to hire one. For heaven's sake, Freddy, you didn't go on television just to ask me that?"

"Of course not," said Freddy. "It slipped in. What we really want is to get you to the party. It was Colley's idea," added Freddy loyally, "when I couldn't find you on the phone, to send out some sort of a signal. I thought of television, though."

There was no doubt, reflected Louisa, that the Admiral and Freddy were as much made for each other as were Freddy and commercial television. What with the Admiral's ideas and Freddy's money she foresaw a thoroughly enjoyable future for the pair of them.

"Dear Freddy, I think you're both very sweet," said Louisa fondly. "When is it, the party?"

"Tomorrow. That's what the hurry was about. Tomorrow at six, here. Of course you'll stay overnight —"

Just as though he could see her, Louisa shook her head. She was sorry. The beano at Broydon Court was still fresh in her mind; however vowed to domesticity, the idea of such another—and probably her last—had its appeal. If she could have nipped up to Town and back, to Gladstone Mansions, or Claridge's, the thing might have been feasible; but not an absence of two days in the middle of her first week at Glenarvon . . .

"I'm sorry, I can't possibly," said Louisa.

"I never knew such a gel for refusing," complained F. Pennon. "First I ask you to marry me, then I ask you to come and live with me and Enid, now you won't even come to a party. It isn't an ordinary party," persuaded F. Pennon.

"I don't suppose any of yours are," said Louisa.

To page 72

HAIR GONE!



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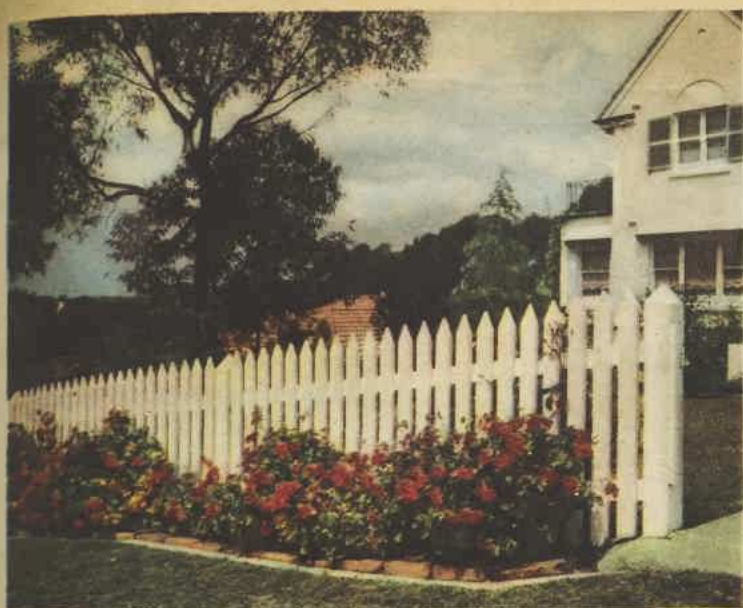
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BRILLIANT scarlet geraniums grown outside on the street set off this white picket fence. Geraniums, are one of the hardiest plants for this purpose.

Footpath color

- Footpath gardens can provide a frame to the rest of the garden design and, in some cases, a finishing touch to "uplift" an outside wall or fence.

WHEN planning a footpath garden check local government regulations. Some lay down that no flag, rock, or concrete borders shall be included that may trip pedestrians.

Some by-laws also ban, for obvious reasons, thorny, spiny, or sharp-edged plants, shrubs, or trees in footpath gardens.

Shrubs such as crataegus, hawthorns, roses, spiny species like cacti, those with razor-edged foliage, such as some of the palms (particularly Phoenix canariensis and others), and pampas grass, are rigidly barred from footpath gardens. They

can cause injury to people who blunder into them at night.

Some councils also stipulate that trees and shrubs that will eventually grow high must be protected by tree-guards at least 6ft. high. These must be painted either white or bright yellow so that they show up at night.

Lumps of sharp rock, border tiles with sharp edges, and metal strips designed to hold back grass from garden beds are also barred by some councils.

In preparing a footpath plot, dig it over well to remove all roots, stumps, lumps of rock, and any rubbish, and perennial weeds and couch and kikuyu grass.

A good spraying of a recognised weed killer will destroy most of the native and introduced grasses.

Having cleaned up the soil, dig in old manure. A supplementary dose of balanced fertiliser will be all to the good before you set out seedlings or small plants or sow seeds.

Shrubs and trees should be well spaced. If there are power or telephone cables above the footpath avoid trees that will grow tall. Sprawling trees or shrubs that will spill on to the pavement are also unsuitable.

If you plan some sort of border, use a hardwood batten 4in. by 1½in. painted mid-green on both sides before putting down. It should only just appear above the surface, about 1½in. and no more. Fasten securely to uprights driven down at least 14 or 15in.

Alternatively, use large rounded stones, buried securely in the soil with just enough showing to keep back the grass and hold securely the soil in the narrow beds.

Suggestions for footpath gardens: Plants such as gazanias, most of the mesembryanthemums, nierembergias, Alyssum saxatile, Cerastium tomentosum, Alpine phlox, some of the flowering thymes, verbenas, silenes, Stachys lanata, Ophiopogon Jaburan variegatus, Liriope spicata, Jasione perennis, iresine, heuchera, Livingstone daisies (in season), geums, crigerons, echeverias, dianthus, Phlox drummondii, petunias, and most small bulbs such as sparaxis, babianas, ixias, grape hyacinths, scillas, and bluebells.



MRS. F. W. BURGONE'S garden at Bondi, N.S.W., is a showplace of the district. On the street side of her fence are petunias, daisies, and nasturtiums.

"For me? A waterproof WOOL Underblanket!"

His mother has discovered what a wonderful boon are these Warrnambool "Proof-Matt" waterproof wool Underblankets! Extensively tested at the Australian Wool Testing Authority's Laboratory at Parkville, Victoria, this wonderful Warrnambool Underblanket was proved to actually REPEL water!

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FAMOUS WARRNAMBOOL PRODUCT

Just what the doctor ordered...



"Leave me one corn to tell the weather by!"



"Let's ignore symptoms for a minute—how do you feel?"



"Mac speaking."

SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 69

"Actually, in a way, it's more Enid's."

Louisa waited. "She's invited a lot of nice friends."

"From Poole?"

"That's right. She started out with just a couple, but it's quite remarkable how they've bred. To tell you the truth, Louisa," said old Freddy, coming clean at last, "it's an engagement party."

Louisa understood. Right as rain though he might be—no intention of skating out of his obligations—an engagement party called for reinforcements. She did her best to encourage, if only by telephone.

"You'll have the Admiral," pointed out Louisa.

"He just keeps telling me what a lucky chap I am. He just wants you to come because he likes you," argued Freddy, "whereas what I need is, well, moral support. Don't think I'm squealing," added Freddy bravely. "I'm not. No one's ever heard a whimper out of me. But it 'ud mean a lot, Louisa, to have you there just to catch my eye from time to time, perhaps nip out for a spot of brandy."

BUT however touched, and she was, Louisa had at last learned to put her own concerns first. Only a month before, so appealed to, she would probably have wrecked all her chances with Mr. Clark to rush to old Freddy's aid. But not now! Now, she wasn't even torn.

"I hate to say it, Freddy, but there's no question. I can't possibly be away a night. Not possibly."

"If that's all—" began Freddy resourcefully.

"And it's no use saying you'll send me back by car—and getting me here at four in the morning."

There was a slight pause. Then—

"Wait," said Freddy. "Hold on."

He was away a couple of minutes. Louisa (the charges reversed) quite agreeably employed the time in composing suitable messages to Enid and the Admiral. She felt sure of the Admiral's getting his; the one to Enid she composed on the off-chance.

"Louisa?" called back Freddy.

"Still here," said Louisa.

"Is there a decent-sized lawn where you are?"

"Fair," said Louisa, surprised.

"The Admiral says we could charter a helicopter."

Again Louisa reflected with pleasure, and now admiration, on the happy results of money allied to enterprise. Not that old Freddy wasn't enterprising enough on his own hook, but undoubtedly the Admiral stimulated him; while for Admiral Colley how delightful to see his good ideas—each as wild as helpful—so immediately and unquestioningly translated into action! "In two shakes they'll be buying themselves a helicopter," thought Louisa.

For a moment she was undeniably tempted on her own account. Not only was the gesture uncommonly flattering; she'd flown only twice in her life before, to Cannes and back, and had adored it. (To whom ever under B for Biography equated heaven with caviare to the sound of trumpets Louisa

would confidently have recommended trying lunch in a jet.) But now, for once, she thought before she leapt.

Prudently.

Prudently Louisa attempted to visualise the reactions of her new-found, potential family to the sight of a helicopter descending on their back lawn—come to fetch herself, Louisa, to a cocktail-party at Bourne-mouth.

Though with the children, especially Paul and Toby, it might send her stock up, Louisa fancied their father not caring for it at all.

In Mr. Clark's picture of a conscientious, home-loving help-mate—a picture Louisa hoped he was picturing—that helicopter, felt Louisa, was distinctly out of place.

Especially to take her—to a cocktail-party. (To a lighthouse would have been another thing; and had Louisa been a female surgeon. Louisa whipped out an appendix in parentheses, but not seriously; had her oilskins off almost before she put them on.)

She sighed; but didn't weaken.

"Dear Freddy," said Louisa, "try to get it into your head. I couldn't be fonder of you, but it's no go. Tell the Admiral to phone Moss Bros. about his uniform, lay on enough champagne for the party, and you won't have a care. But get it into your head: the voice is silent, also the hand is still. I'm very, very fond of you, Freddy; but it's no go."

With which last words she cut the connection.

Unhappily, this act of prudence and sacrifice looked like being ill-rewarded. It was that same night that Louisa overheard the row between Catherine and Mr. Clark.

Louisa always went up to bed first; she punctiliously left the Clarks alone together whenever possible, in case they wanted to discuss her. It was rarely more than a few minutes, however, before Toby, then Paul, then Catherine came up, too; and then ensued the cheerful sounds of a family settling down for the night. There were no unnecessary inhibitions, Louisa was glad to note; not only did Paul march in on Toby soaking too long in the bath, Catherine marched in on Paul (and audibly pulled the plug out).

A little Alsatia each night was the first-floor landing, a little riotous conclave within the bounds of a benevolent dictatorship; and Louisa loved to hear its rumor. There was nothing at Glenarvon she enjoyed more than hearing the children come up to bed.

On that Saturday night she heard something else besides—from down below, in Mr. Clark's study. Paul had left the bath-taps running for his sister; Louisa, when Catherine didn't come up, crossed the landing to turn them off; and the study door below was open.

Not this time—as once at Bournemouth—did Louisa deliberately eavesdrop. The ethos of the family was already sacred to her: as Catherine's voice rose, and the voice of Mr. Clark rose in answer, she loyally hurried back to her own room. All the same, she couldn't help catching a phrase or two.

"But we don't want to have a home made for us!" cried Catherine.

"Be quiet; Miss Datchett will hear you," ordered her father.

Louisa crept into bed and put her head under the pillow. If there were to be any arguments, before the children finally accepted her, she wisely



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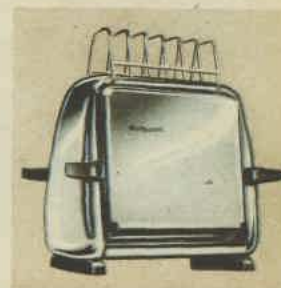
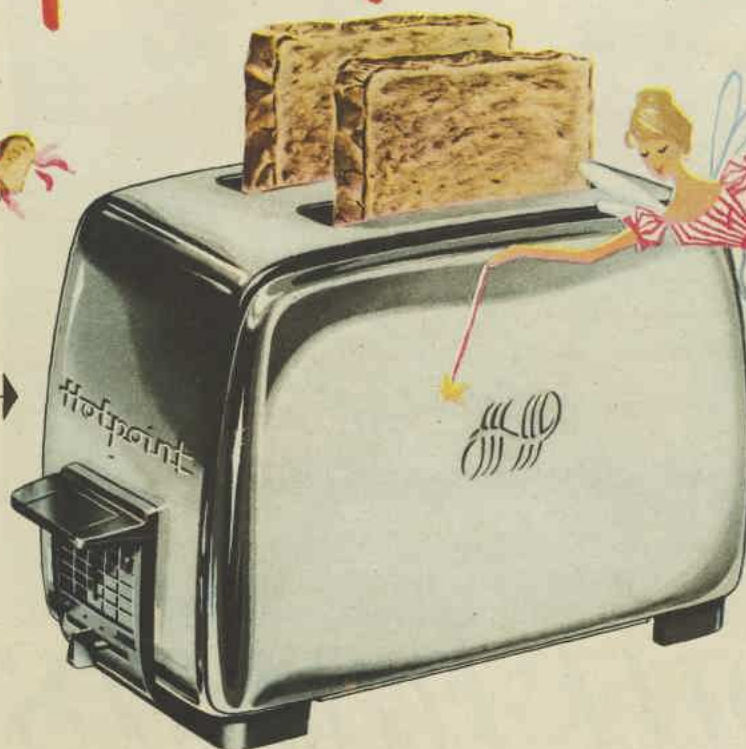
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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 23, 1960



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SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 72

determined to know as little of them as possible.

And how loyally, and successfully, must Mr. Clark have defended her! Because at breakfast next morning Cathy couldn't have been more amiable.

"Marmalade, Miss Datchett?" asked Catherine sweetly. (Louisa shot Mr. Clark a grateful glance.) "Toby, pass Miss Datchett the marmalade!"

"Unless she'd rather have honey?" suggested Paul. "Was it you who got it for us in the comb, Miss Datchett? It's smashing!"

"Mrs. Temple never did," said Toby.

Three fresh young faces turned innocently towards her like flowers to the sun. "They've been talking," thought Louisa, with sudden insight. She saw them all talking and talking — probably into the small hours of that morning: Paul wrapped in an eiderdown on the foot of Catherine's bed, Toby squatted on the sheepskin rug — and finally agreeing to accept her. How otherwise explain this more than even their usual courtesy?

"Unless it's part of a plan," thought Louisa warily . . .

At least Mr. Clark had no such unworthy suspicions. (That is, Louisa hoped they were unworthy.) He basked in domestic sunshine; his glance, from his children to Louisa, was warm with self-congratulation. Whatever storm had raged the night before, to Mr. Clark the barometer was evidently set fair, glass rising; and if he didn't know his family, who should?

"Who's coming with Father to church?" inquired Mr. Clark pleasantly.

"But all of us, sir!" answered Paul at once.

"That will be very nice indeed," said Mr. Clark. (Louisa fancied his eye to rest with particular pleasure on Catherine.) "And you, Miss Datchett?"

"I'd like to," said Louisa sincerely, "very much. Only Mrs. Temple doesn't come on Sundays, and there's the dinner to cook."

"Mightn't we have something cold?" suggested Mr. Clark.

Evidently the idea was revolutionary. From the corner of her eye Louisa saw the children exchange a glance of mingled astonishment and elation. Instantly —

"Or an omelet?" co-operated Catherine.

"Or bangers?" offered Toby.

"In any case, I don't see that we need leave Miss Datchett behind," adjudged their father. "Whatever she provides I'm sure we shall find very acceptable. All ready, then, at ten forty-five?"

As she entered the Clark pew at St. Michael and All Angels, such was Louisa's happiness that she temporarily forgot every anxiety.

It was a splendid pew, well up in front, and she entered it immediately after Mr. Clark; with Toby and Catherine and Paul filing in behind, she felt just like one of the family. ("Every Sunday!" thought Louisa uncontrollably.) The fact that she hadn't her own prayer-book was but a trifling fly in such precious ointment, and in any case there was a spare one on the ledge.

Louisa had been brought up chapel, but she soon found her way about, and with genuine reverence and thankfulness joined vigorously in all parts open to the congregation . . .

During the second lesson — what a landmark in her career — she said, "Hush," to Toby. The footstool before him was the big old-fashioned kind adapted to take a top-hat; his fidgeting toecap prised the top open, so that it fell back with a gentle thud. "Hush!" said Louisa . . .

It was only during the sermon that her mind wandered. St. Michael and All Angels had an uncommonly broad aisle all her talks with Enid Anstruther rushing back on her. Louisa absolutely couldn't help filling it with three pairs of bridesmaids. Even in crinoline there'd be ample room; while for the cloud of white tulle about four foot clearance on either side . . .

What color for the bridesmaids? Pale amber?

"Not that I'd ever round up six," thought Louisa, more practically; in fact Catherine (if Catherine would) was the only name that came immediately to mind. Louisa cast a fleeting glance towards Pammie — towards Pammie and four other Pammies. "But they'd ham it!" thought Louisa — and in their place substituted Enid Anstruther as Matron of Honour in very pale blue. Undoubtedly Enid would do Matron of Honour very beautifully — and why not F. Penmon to give away the bride?

Or the Admiral? Freddy could provide the wedding breakfast, decided Louisa; there was nothing he'd enjoy more; she herself would make a better effect on the arm of Admiral Colley's full-dress uniform.

"He'll be hiring one anyway, for Enid," thought Louisa. "He may just as well use it twice!"

To strains inaudible, except to herself, of the "Wedding March," she stationed Mr. Clark by the front right-hand pew — only two up, Louisa noted, from where they actually sat. To those joyful pom, pom, per-umph-um pom strains —

("I'll ask Number Ten," thought Louisa. And why not Mr. McAndrew? At least he'd look well and he'd stood her a splendid lunch.)

— the small but exquisite cortege advanced: first Louisa in a cloud of white tulle on the arm of Admiral Colley in full-dress uniform; then Enid in very pale blue and probably a hyacinth toque, followed by Cathy in an amber crinoline. (Which she could afterwards wear to dances, reflected Louisa — with already maternal forethought.) How to work in Paul and Toby? It was a pity they were too old to be pages; but perhaps they'd care to have a bang at ushering . . .

The sermon neared its end. Louisa was in fact just saying "I do" as they all stood up for the final hymn. She had experienced such happiness, she thoroughly regretted not having more than a shilling for the collection, but that was all she could find in her purse. The children, she observed, put in shillings, too; their father a folded note.

Paying for the family! Sunday dinner was almost a picnic. They didn't actually have it out of doors, but because Louisa decided on omelets, ate in the kitchen; the unusualness, the general sketchiness of which arrangement produced a picnic-ish euphoria. Catherine laid the table, Mr. Clark and the boys sat around watching Louisa crack eggs. And it was just as

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Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 75

I'm utterly exhausted, I have to go out and ride it. Even if it snows, I have to come back glowing with healthy exercise, actually my feet are always frozen, and start feeding and grooming and polishing—

"But your father told me," protested Louisa, "you were mad about horses!"

Catherine returned a patient glance.

"He'd read somewhere in a paper that all teenagers were mad about horses. Just because I quite enjoyed hacking once a week didn't mean I was mad about them. But that never occurred to him. Because he's never thought of me as an individual. I was just a mad-about-horses teenager."

"She never asked for a horse," put in Toby loyally. "It just came."

"As a lovely surprise," agreed Catherine with irony. "The day after I left school, there it was. Outside the front door. Lindy holding it and grinning all over her face. And no wonder, because whatever Dad paid for it, he was hooked. It's a horrible horse. But he went and asked her which was my favorite, and she palmed Tomboy off on him . . ."

"Well, that was when you should have said you didn't want it," said Louisa sharply.

CATHERINE looked at her again. "If you found a horse outside the front door, and your father bursting with glee because he was giving you such a wonderful surprise, could you have said you didn't want it?"

"Perhaps not," admitted Louisa.

"People talk about children being ungrateful," said Catherine somberly. "They don't know what children go through not to be ungrateful. Then Dad led me round to the old out-house—I knew there'd been some sort of alterations going on there, but I thought it was just for improvements—and there was this lovely little stable

for me to look after all by myself and ruin my hands."

There was a brief silence. Though Louisa was beginning to see Catherine's point of view, her sympathies were still far more with Mr. Clark. He might have been in error, but wasn't the imaginative generosity of such a gift something quite remarkable?

"Wasn't it still wonderfully kind of him," persuaded Louisa, "to give you Tomboy?"

"It was a bribe," said Catherine sternly. "Like the boys' motor-scooters. To keep me in the nest—because he thought I was mad about horses. What I want to be is a nurse—not a stablehand. That's what the row was about—I don't know if you heard—last night."

Now they were back to really important matters. Not that the Tomboy-excursus hadn't been useful in its way; as each young Clark realised, it had softened Louisa up. She was, in fact, still recognising an in the circumstances forgivable error: not horsewomanly, the neatness that had so struck her the first time she saw Catherine, but a nurse's apt to meet with confidence the most formidable of sisters' eyes. Not a bowler hat were those neat braids designed for but a nurse's cap . . .

"It's quite true," repeated Paul, in this fresh context. "It's what she wanted to do ever since I can remember. She goes to the hospital here every day as an aide. She has to tie Tomboy up with the ambulances."

"Can you think of anything more respectable," continued Catherine bitterly, "than nursing? From Dad's attitude, you'd think I wanted to join the chorus of the Folies Bergere. Simply because I'd have to live in a hostel! As for the boys—"

"Jets," said Toby simply.

"Jet engines," corrected Paul. "D'you know, Louisa, we're both of us such bright boys, Rolls would take us on

as apprentices in the next batch? They've practically applied for us, through our head. What one means to say," added Paul, pointedly echoing his sister, "is that one isn't trying to join the Foreign Legion. One would simply have to go and live in carefully selected digs. Only, being under age, we need Dad's signature on the dotted line."

"Matrons want it, too," said Catherine sadly. "That was what the row was about."

"Couldn't we forge it?" asked Toby suddenly.

"A fat lot of good that would do," retorted Paul. "He'd come and buy us out, or something

● As soon as a wife presents her husband with a child her capacity for worry becomes acuter: she hears more burglars, and smells more things burning.

—James Thurber

equally embarrassing. Besides, we now have hope. We have Louisa. As soon as she marries our Dad the whole picture changes, because we shall no more — to quote his favorite sickener — be leaving him all alone."

Louisa felt it high time to speak up on her own account.

"Yes, but what about me?" she demanded indignantly. "You don't seem to realise that what I want is a family!"

They regarded her with their usual bright intelligence.

"That's what Cathy thought," said Paul. "But surely it isn't too late to start?"

"Look at Sarah, wife of Abraham," encouraged Toby.

"Thanks," said Louisa. "What I'm trying to get into your heads is that I want a family now. It's not fair, if I marry your father and you all clear out next day."

"Ah, but think how we'd

"With you here, Louisa, we'd be back whenever we could — rushing home to our step-mamma."

"Personally, I'd call it ideal," offered Catherine. "Just think, Louisa — part of the time a blushing bride, then wham! — a mother of three. If that isn't having the best of both worlds, tell me what is. Dear, dear Louisa, say you will!"

"But I haven't been asked!" cried Louisa.

"Of course he'll ask you. We know he'll ask you. Then as soon as he feels safe and cosy you can talk to him about us—"

"Only she mustn't leave it too long," put in Paul anxiously. "We want our applications in."

"Louisa must handle it as she thinks best. Of course, there's no question of her going after just a week — and I dare say Dad needs a little time."

"Yes, but before June the 30th, or we'll have to wait another year."

"Well, that gives her nearly a month. That ought to be loads. Then the gates will open—"

"The nest will fall—"

"No more bird-lime!"

Louisa looked from one radiant face to another; at something in her glance the children paused.

"We aren't rushing you, are we?" asked Catherine anxiously.

"No," said Louisa. "But aren't you fond of your father at all?"

It was as though she'd thrown a cloth over a bird-cage. Louisa deliberately allowed the silence that followed to prolong itself while the children's attention concentrated.

"He's fond of you, you know," said Louisa.

They looked at each other. Tacitly, the word was left with Paul.

"But that's just what we don't think," stated Paul thoughtfully. "Quite honestly, we think he's just got a thing about families. We think that if we weren't his children, he'd probably rather dislike us."

"And no wonder!" said Lou-

isa, "his children, as he's your father. Aren't you fond of him at all?"

Almost unexpectedly, a little catpaw of uneasiness ruffled their calm. As they looked at each other again, Louisa thankfully recognised at least an attempt to be fair.

"When we were little—," began Catherine uncertainly. She broke off, evidently recalling as might a centenarian the days of her youth. "When I was really little he once made me a Noah's Ark with a gang-way."

"When I was about ten and had mumps he read Kipling to me," acknowledged Paul.

"He used to be pretty good about fireworks on Guy Fawkes," recalled Toby.

For a moment, while Louisa held her breath, rockets burst above the roof of a home-made Noah's Ark; a boy sat up in bed listening to the tale of Mowgli . . .

"If you think we don't mind, not loving our father," said Catherine abruptly, "you couldn't be more mistaken. It's not just that we worry, quite enormously, over what sort of complexes we may be building up; we'd much rather love him. Only when he just clamps down like bird-lime on all our absolutely vital projects it makes him very difficult to love . . ."

Louisa sat back against her pillows and let a tide of happiness flow over her. How earnestly had she longed to do something for Catherine and Toby and Paul! Now a gift greater than she'd ever contemplated lay within her power; by setting them free to fly she could give them back their love for their father.

"All right," said Louisa as lightly as she could. "I'll do my best. And I promise you not to marry him until he's signed on the dotted lines!"

Catherine kissed her first; then Toby, then Paul. It was like having a litter of puppies on the bed, thought Louisa; only they weren't puppies, they were a family.

To be concluded

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Page 77

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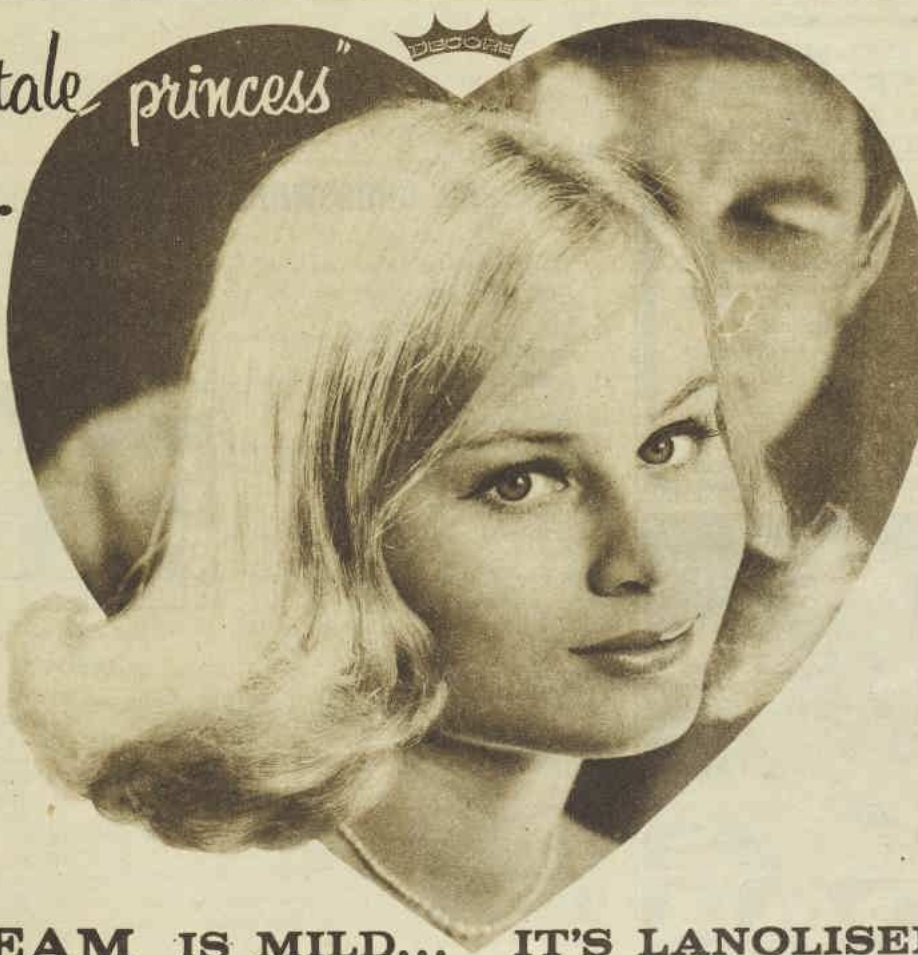
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Page 78

Continuing . . . STAND-IN FOR SADIE

from page 30

she wondered—having a wonderful supper at Roderigo's? Not that she envied Sadie, but . . . Surely the film couldn't last much longer!

"Well," Norman said when the lights went up, "enjoy it?"

"Oh, yes. It was very interesting," Pamela went on saying that, with variations, while they had supper. It was a rather dreary supper—fried fish, lukewarm and limp, but Norman, eating heartily and talking about camera angles, seemed not to notice.

"What brings you to London?" Pamela asked him. She had a sudden irrational hope that he would reply: "You." But he said: "Oh, a contract my firm is after. And how is your job going?"

Pamela told him, and he listened and asked some politely interesting questions. Pamela didn't know why their conversation should be so halting. It hadn't been like that in Wiltshire, but perhaps it was easier to talk when you were walking.

"I must be thinking about going home," she said. He called for the bill. Perhaps, Pamela thought, they could walk part of the way to the flat. It was a nice evening.

"You know," Norman said, "the interesting thing about—"

Pamela made a sudden discovery: she was bored.

"Yes," she said when Norman stopped for breath, "it was most unusual. Norman, I can get a bus back to the flat. Thank you for a very pleasant evening."

It was raining the following evening. Pamela got back to the flat cold, tired, and damp, and went at once to switch on the electric fire. Nothing happened. She clicked the switch on and off and gave the fire an impatient little shake. It remained black and cold.

"Oh, curse!" she muttered crossly. She went for a screwdriver and started to take the fire methodically to pieces. The plug seemed all right, so probably there was some loose connection inside.

She had been at it for ten minutes when the doorbell rang. Going to answer it, Pamela caught sight of herself in the mirror. She looked pale and dejected; that pink jumper didn't really suit her, and her

hair had gone limp in the rain. If this was some man calling for Sadie she just wasn't going to ask him in. Anyhow, she didn't know where Sadie was.

"Oh!" she said, opening the flat door.

"Good evening," said David. So he was having another date with Sadie already.

"Sadie isn't home," Pamela told him. It was humiliating the way her heart went slambump at the sight of him.

"Not back yet? I am a bit early," David agreed, following her into the sitting-room.

"Sit down," she said briefly. "I'm having a bit of bother."

● The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

—Jonathan Swift

He came to stand beside her. "Can I help?"

"No, thanks," Pamela said in her most independent voice. "I know just how all those pieces go back. If you wouldn't mind standing out of the light."

She went down on her knees again, with her back to him. She was glad to have something to do with her hands, even if they shook over it. It meant that she needn't carry on a conversation.

Pamela sensed he was ill at ease. Of course, the kind of girl David liked would have turned over the job to him and stood by making admiring noises while he finished it.

"I don't want to set the world on fire," David hummed. "I just want to start—"

He caught her eye and grinned. "Sorry. That must have been the subconscious."

Pamela screwed the back of the fire in place again, and switched it on. It glowed warmly.

She picked up the cut-off pieces of wire, the scissors, and the screwdriver and stood up. She felt efficient and indepen-

dent—and unglamorous and forlorn.

"I must go and wash my hands," she said. "I don't expect Sadie will be long."

"Pamela," David said, "wait a minute. I didn't come to see Sadie."

Pamela turned and stared.

"As a matter of fact," David went on doggedly, "I didn't come to see Sadie on Tuesday evening, either. Sadie—well, she's a nice little featherbrain, but scarcely my type. I just brought her home that first evening because I was asked to, and I meant to escape at the first possible moment, until I saw you. Then the only possible way of getting to know you seemed to be to keep in touch with Sadie, so—"

BANG! went the electric fire, suddenly and explosively. Bang-bang-bang!

There was a series of alarming blue flashes beside Pamela's ankles.

"Watch out!" shouted David. "It's a short—that wire!"

He dived at the wall plug and switched it off.

The fire went black again; a smell of burning rubber hung on the air.

"Oh!" wailed Pamela. Suddenly it was all too much; she burst into tears, just like any helpless woman.

"There, darling," soothed David, holding her, "it's all right." His arms were strong but gentle. He patted her back and let her cry against his shoulder.

"Suppose," he suggested, "you go and wash your face and powder your nose, and then we'll telephone for a taxi and go out and have supper somewhere where it's warm. How would that be?"

"W—wonderful," Pamela gulped. She lifted her eyes to his and gave a little, wavering smile.

David's expression told her that it didn't matter a bit if her hair was out of curl or that she was wearing an unbecoming jumper and no make-up.

The way David was looking at her made her feel beautiful, feminine, and fragile, and—yes, that was the word: cherished.

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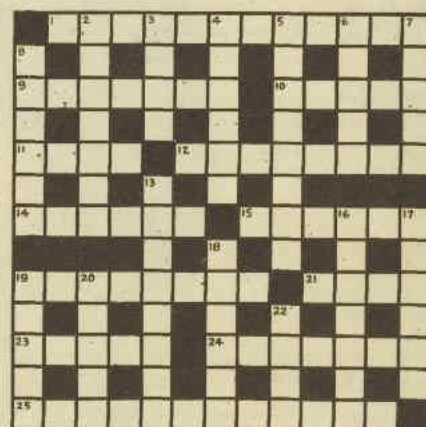
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. It is a very boring job to make it (8, 4).
9. Tear gases, best quality used by the Zulus (7).
10. Even an irregular sonata can hide a criminal act (5).
11. Equally smooth with a very feminine start (4).
12. Ed's pest (Anagr., 8).
14. It takes place on the first Sunday after the full moon that falls on or next after March 21 (6).
15. Introduces (6).
19. It takes a saint to force onwards a fish (8).
21. A grip of a trembling rabbit (4).
23. A mass of metal (5).
24. Idle talk of a rat which has its torn pelt on (7).
25. A ver presence of sedulous endeavor (12).

MANIFESTATION
A E U A V C E
D A T E D B R E A T H E
A T G L R U D
M A L T E S E N A S A L
E S U E
I N S E R T O S C A R S
N S W E L L O P P R E S S
U M E R R E R I
L A B I A L T R I B E
A E S E E C P
R E D L E T T E R D A Y S

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. They must be impetuous bacon or ham (7).
3. They accompany 2 down in the morning (4).
4. I do sit with these silly people (6).
5. Sneer at a land called the Levant (4, 4).
6. Painters' wooden frame (5).
7. Yearns cannot be short (5).
8. In this riding institution the man is perfect but the horse went to pieces (6).
13. Get trees to get this material (8).
16. To make mistake with a convulsive twitching is irregular in conduct (7).
17. The bustle could be let out anew (6).
18. Let pop totter and fall (6).
19. Be parsimonious and the devil will take the end (5).
20. He may provide the force in 19 across (5).
22. Festive occasion in receiving a lady (4).

Tampax
is the
sanitary
protection
more and more
young women
are using!

It's easy to see why! You women won't tolerate bulky internal protection that might make them feel self-conscious about wearing a close fitting dress . . . that might chafe . . . that's difficult to change and dispose of. In other words, they say: "Why should I add to my problems at 'problem times'?"

Why, indeed, when Tampax internal protection can do so much for a woman. Its discretion itself . . . can be seen or felt when in place. It even prevents odour from forming. Can be worn in the bath or under the shower, and is so small that a month's supply slips into a handbag.

It's reassuring to learn, too, that Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women. It's made of pure white surgical cotton in disposable applicators . . . comes, to suit your needs, in two absorbencies: Regular and Super. Available at chemists and stores everywhere.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were a recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope.

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied: "They certainly seem to be doing you good."

(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply). The economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M21A

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4090, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN
F5897. — Simple V-neck blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. braid. Price 3/.

F5766. — Pretty sunfrock has matching jacket with large white collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast. Price 4/9.

F5819. — Sleeveless slim-line frock has bodice drape and bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5795. — Useful shirtwaister has attractive panels of ribbon. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 5½yds. 5in. embroidered ribbon. Price 4/6.



F5897



F5757

F5757. — Button-through frock has full skirt, round neck, and pretty sleeve trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. pleated nylon edging. Price 4/6.

F5767. — Pretty two-piece swimsuit has matching beach-coat gathered from a narrow yoke. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 370—INFANT'S NIGHTIE
Wrap-around nightie for a baby is available cut out ready to sew. Material is plisse, in pink, blue, and white. Price 13/6, postage 2/- extra.

No. 371—INFANT'S MATINEE JACKET
Pretty style in infant's size only is available cut out ready to make. Material is pink, white, and blue plisse. Price 9/6, postage 2/- extra.

No. 372—LUNCHEON SET
Dainty luncheon set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on pink, blue, white, cream, green, and lemon Irish linen. Price for set of eight (four place-mats and four serviettes) 23/9, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 373—HOUSEGOWN
Floor-length housegown is available cut out ready to sew in an unusual printed cotton featuring a basket design. Colors are blue, pink, coffee, and green. Lace trim is not supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 42/6, 36 and 38in. bust 45/6. Postage 4/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 21

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, lt. blue.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a journey.

★ Whether you go on a day-long or weekend trip, or whether you are planning your summer holidays, thoughts and talks about travel may be highlighted. If you revisit old scenes or explore new territory there's keen anticipation, with interest in details of wardrobe and accommodation. You may meet an interesting new man on the trip.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, black.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in treasure trove.

★ Seek and you'll find perhaps a picture that intrigues you, a piece of furniture in a second-hand shop, the recipe for an exotic dish which you enjoyed, a new friend with similar tastes, a number of people pursuing your favorite pastime, or even a man who fulfils your ideal. Your treasure is most likely to appear when you least expect it.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in being one of a team.

★ The rugged individualist won't get as far this week as one who is prepared to join with others for added wisdom, experience, strength. A working bee can accomplish more than each on his own; a harmonious committee can speed events. Join with associates in a big effort. If you belong to a disagreeing minority don't snub.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in routine matters.

★ This is the time to answer that letter or invitation, call up a friend who has been away, or fulfil any social obligation which courtesy requires. Go over your wardrobe with a view to minor repairs, straighten drawers and cupboards, put away winter garments, give your home a spring-cleaning with the holidays in prospect.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in romance.

★ If still in your teens that first love affair is in bud. If slightly older, you meet your future life partner with an engagement just around the corner. If a young married, you may renew your romance, perhaps through an expedition to places with sentimental associations. The middle-aged experience a heart-warming autumn love.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in your own four walls.

★ This is the time to seek pleasure in your home, potter around in the garden, or give your room a facelift with a new color accent. Members of the household are likely to be undemanding and easy-going, willing to fall in with your plans. If young, in love, why not invite him home to dinner? This is the nicest way to say thank you for all those dates.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy-blue.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck in games, pastimes.

★ If you play any game, practise to improve your score. If you have a hobby, get busy with it. Should it be a creative hobby, a domestic art or craft, such as pottery, hand-weaving, lamp-shade making, it is not too late to prepare a few gifts for friends. Those who have attained a high standard may be able to make money as a sideline.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in finances.

★ In balancing the ledger you may find yourself with more cash in hand than you supposed. An account may be less than you expected, or you discover a bargain that is a real money-saver. It may now be possible for you to indulge in that bit of luxury of which you have been dreaming. You are not likely to be extravagant.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in initiative.

★ Take the first steps towards better acquaintance with interesting people with whom you come in contact. If a committee member, stand up boldly and give the discussion a sound lead. In your business department sell your talents with conviction. Socially you can now act as hostess with outstanding success. Make the most of your new cycle.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a quiet interlude.

★ With so many hopes, wishes, plans in your mind, and the prospect of an exciting period beginning in a few weeks, here is your chance to attend to odds and ends, relax, get your beauty sleep, and store up energy. Read, watch TV, or indulge in your favorite pastime. You can save money towards the holidays. Love affairs are on an even keel.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in clubs, organisations.

★ Many groups may be staging a social event, before going into recess for the summer. You may serve on a committee, plan details, help with decorations. Other groups may be starting a programme which will heighten enthusiasm for outdoor interests. You may have very little time to yourself this week, but you'll have fun.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in your career.

★ If sitting for examinations, applying for a first job, or seeking a better post, the stars smile on your ambition. If a voluntary worker, a distinction may be conferred on you. Your attention will be centred on outside interests rather than in your home, and you are likely to come before the public in some capacity.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Arnott's

famous

Nice Biscuits



Floats at the
MARDI GRAS
Carnival at NICE
Mardi Gras (Shrove Tues-
day) is the last day of the
Nice Carnival

ARNOTT'S NICE BISCUITS

So crisp, sweet and dainty; with
a fine, sparkly coat of sugar,
reminiscent of the sparkle of the
blue Mediterranean. They don't
need any preparation and that's
what makes them just right for
picnics and parties and that quick
cup of tea.

There is no Substitute for Quality

